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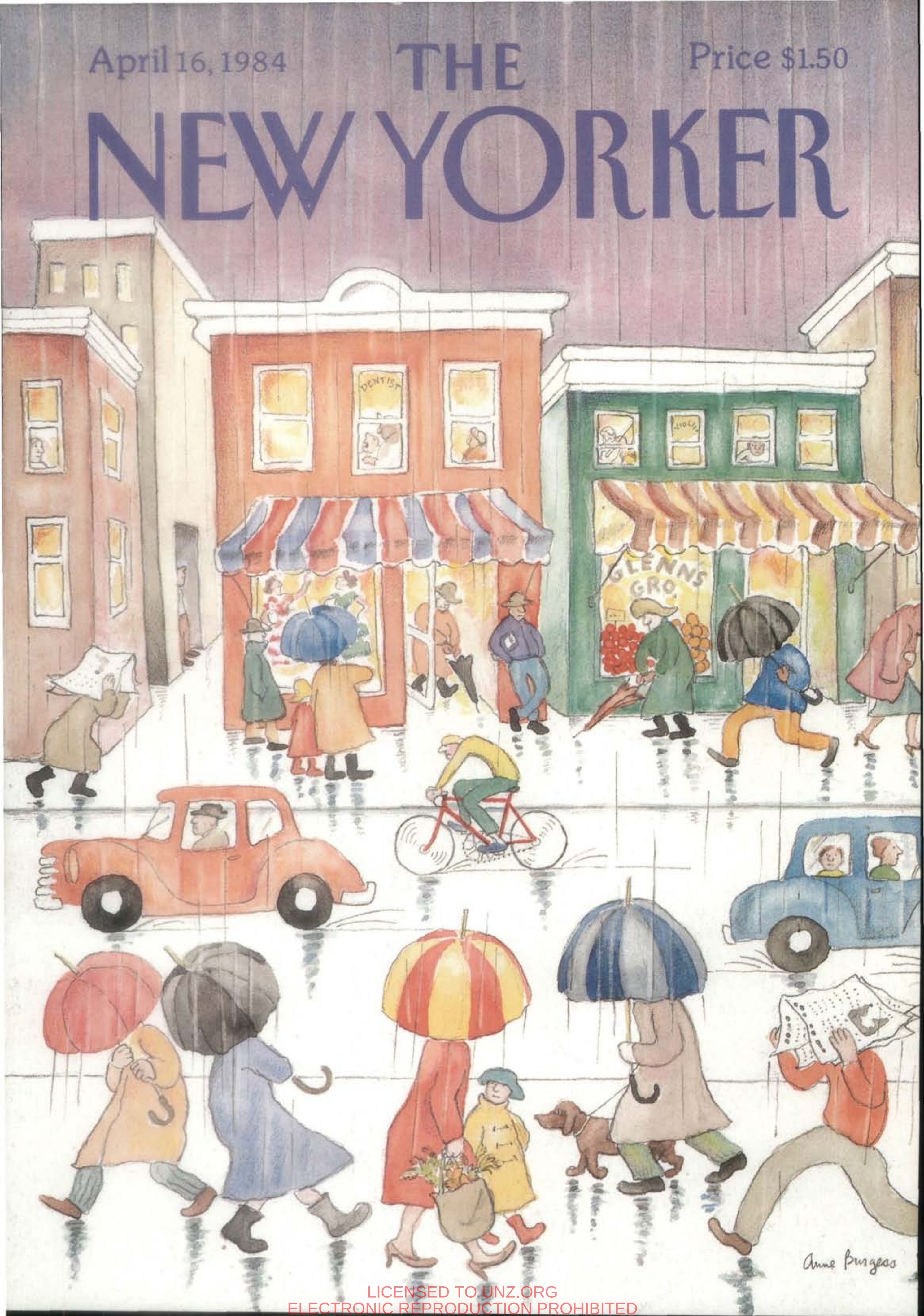
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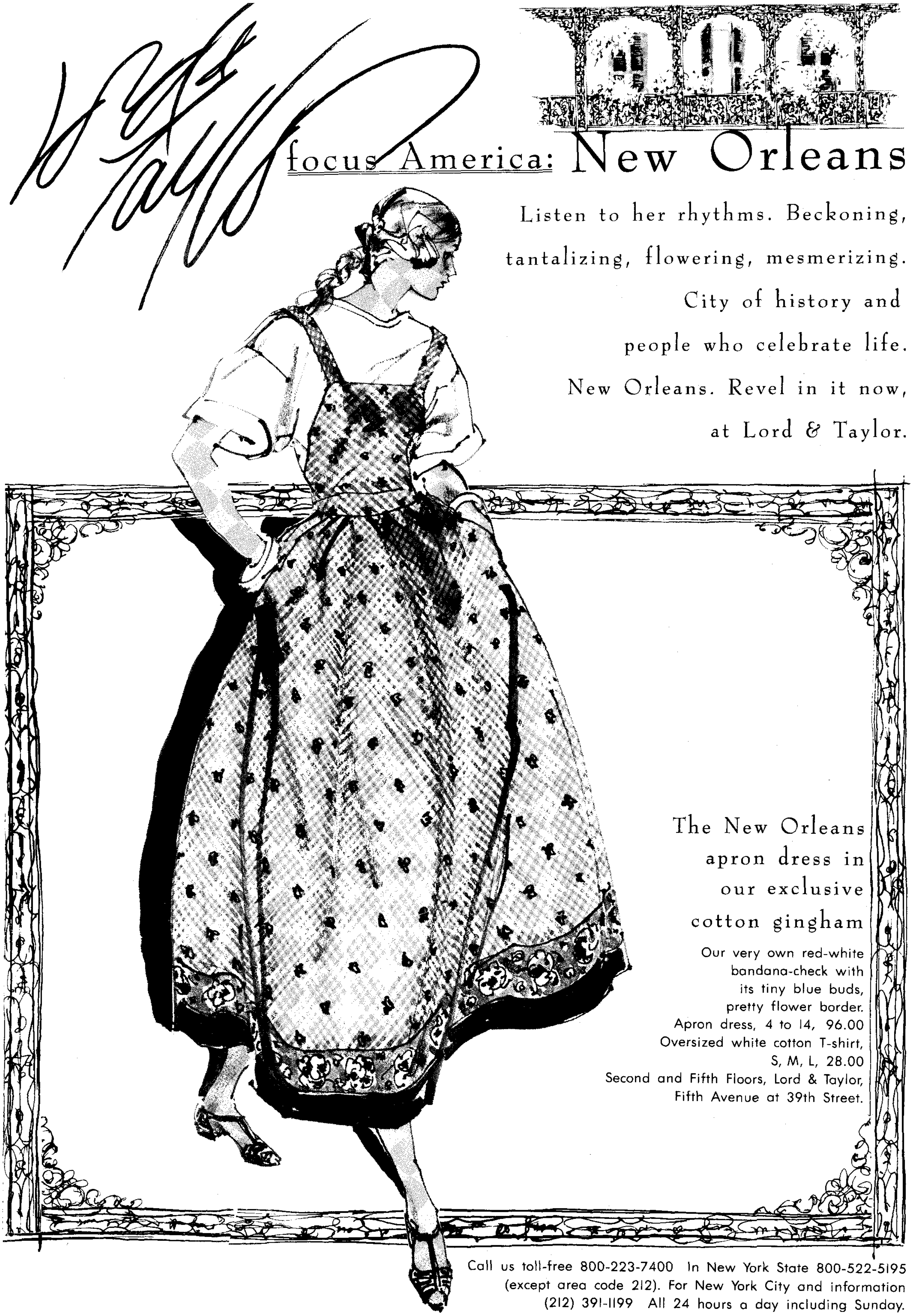

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A... My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And a Nightingale Sang...—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Awake and Sing!—A notably miscast and dispiriting production of the Clifford Odets melodrama about life in the Bronx in the thirties. (3/19/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—A musical that is just the ticket for gynecologists and obstetricians, but of less interest to ordinary theatregoers. The cast is numerous and oddly enthusiastic. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Jimmie Ray Weeks plays the leading role of a police detective beset by memories in THE HARVESTING, John Bishop's absorbing drama about a murder investigation in Ohio. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except April 21, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's drama A TOUCH OF THE POET will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, April 12, and will run through Sunday, April 29. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fen—In spite of fine performances by Pamela Reed, Ellen Parker, and David Strathairn, among other American actors, Caryl Churchill's play about a farming community in East Anglia has lost some of its original mystery and force. Even so, there are many good scenes. Les Waters was the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Flight of the Earls—A play by Christopher Humble, with Christine Estabrook and Timothy Landfield. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Age—A new play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Irene Worth, Stockard Channing, and Jeff Daniels. John Tillinger is the director. Previews Wednesday, April 11. Opens officially on Thursday, April 12. (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hey, Ma... Kaye Ballard—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Debra Byrd, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller that it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Steven

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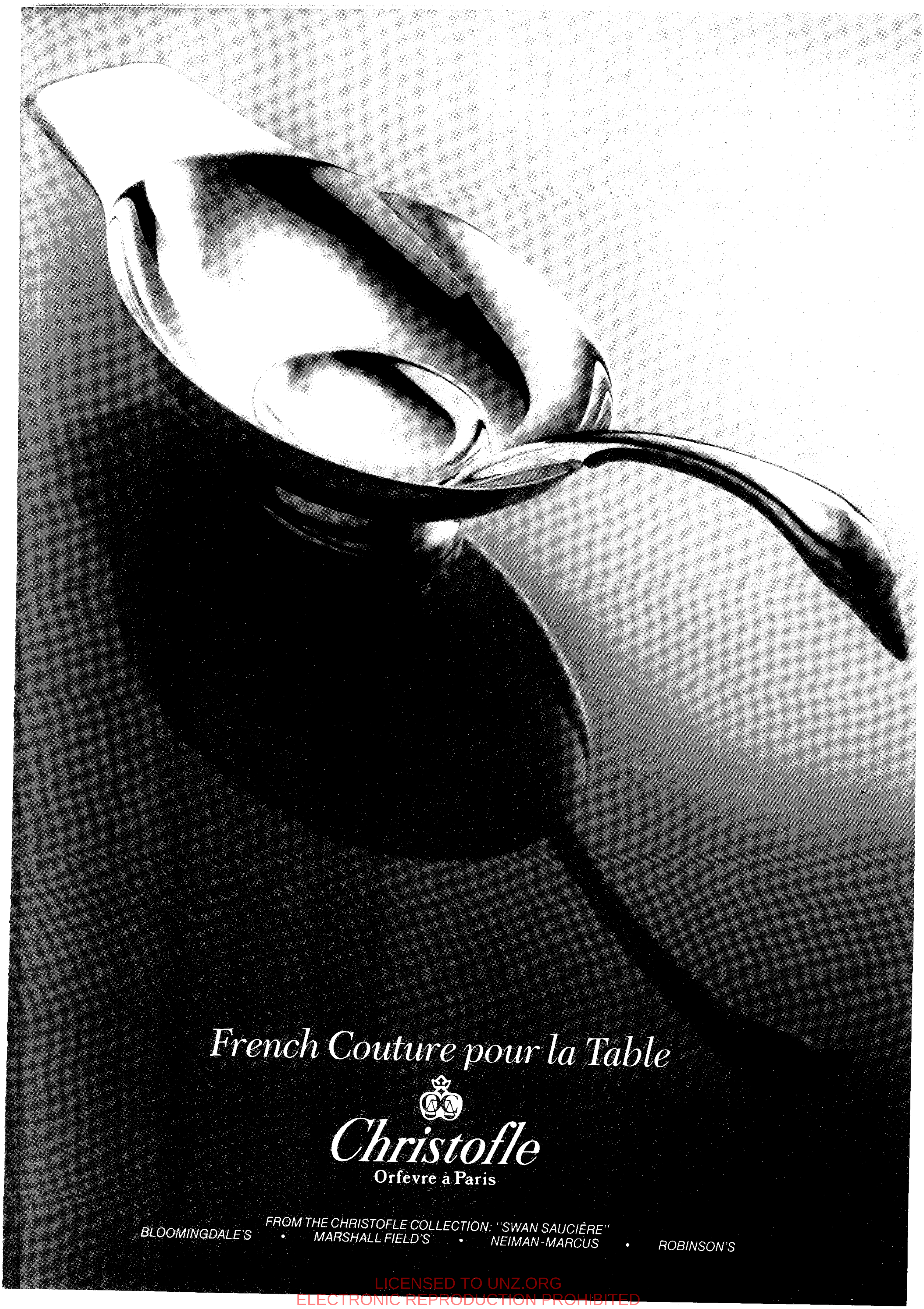
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Gilborn, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays *through* Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 22: Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Love Letters on Blue Paper—Arnold Wesker's English import about an old union leader (and amateur art critic) who is dying of leukemia and who receives daily love letters from his stolid-seeming wife. The play is sentimental, high-flown rubbish, but the production, under Kenneth Frankel's direction, is excellent. Josef Sommer is the old man and Pauline Flanagan is the wife. Very good setting and costumes by Paul Wonsek and Mariann Verheyen. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A revival of the 1970 musical, with some new material by the original lyricist, Will Holt, and composer, Gary William Friedman. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's last play, with Kate Nelligan, Ian Bannen, and Jerome Kilty. Staged by David Leveaux. Previews through Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 19. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6.)

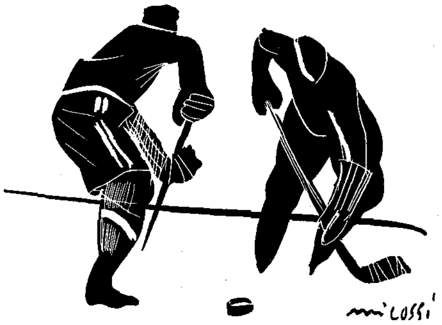
Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close head the marvellous cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Road to Hollywood—A musical with a book by Michael Pace, who, with Rob Preston, wrote the music and lyrics. Previews through Friday, April 13. Opens officially on Saturday, April 14. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)



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Rockaby—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St., west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman, dead for two years, continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. With Richmond Hoxie, Frances Conroy, David Rasche, and Noelle Parker, among others. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

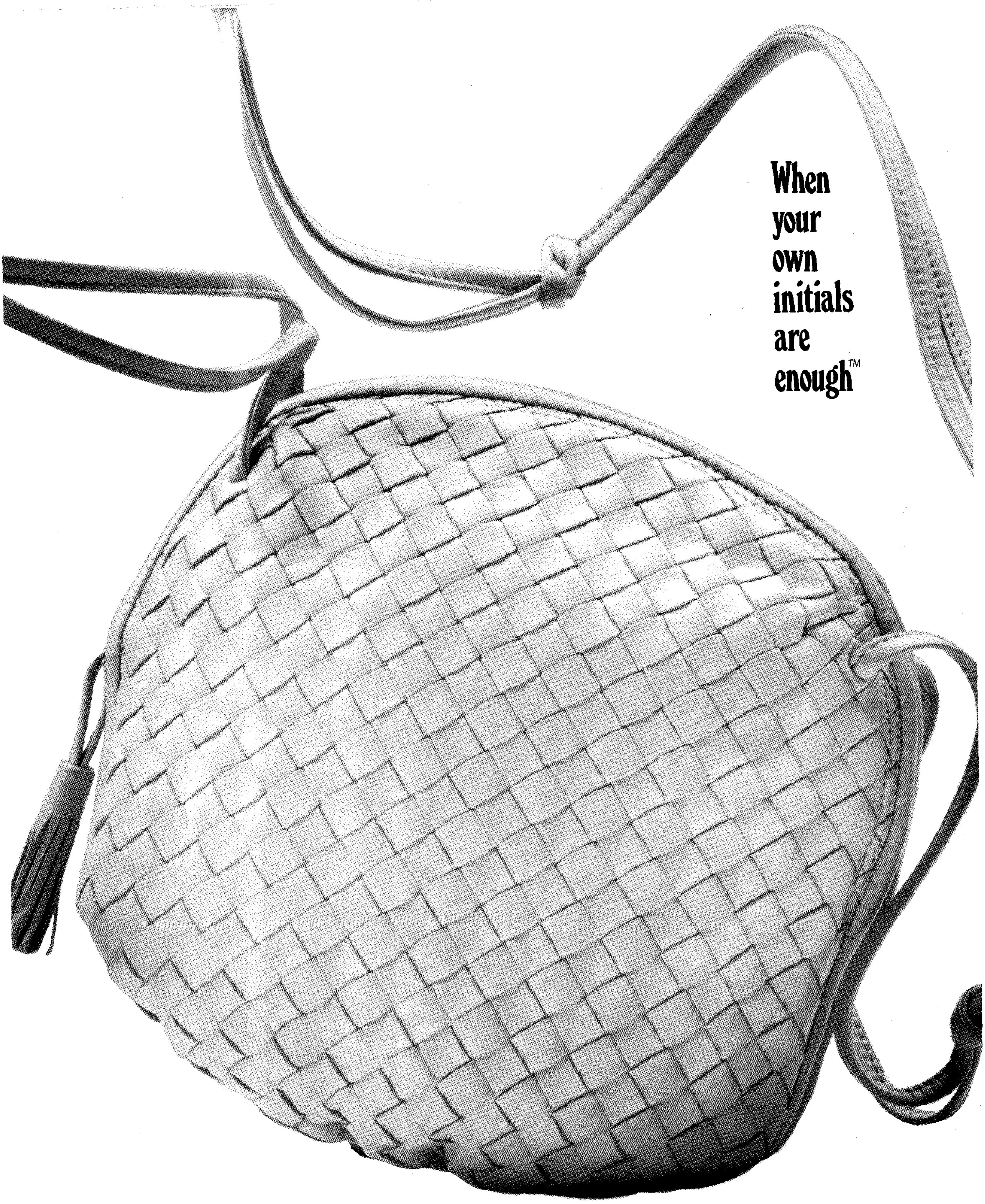
La Tragédie de Carmen—A truncated version of the Bizet opera, with Carmen as a doomed slut and Don José as a murderer four times over. The chief instigator of this travesty is the director, Peter Brook. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:30, and Wednesdays at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

The Vampires—A comedy written and directed by Harry Kondoleon. Opens Wednesday, April 11. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit African actors, are the entire cast, and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BECKETT PLAYS:** Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,968 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise iner pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie tha made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free o camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair o delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches tha purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** A hi musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. With Galina Panova and George de la Peña. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Philip Astor as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Charles Adler substitutes for Mr. Astor at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 11, at 1:30 and 7:30; *Thursday, April 12, at 10:30 and 7:30;* Friday, April 13, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, April 14, at 10:30 and 2:30; Sunday, April 15, at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday through Thursday, April 17-19, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—*A musical satire of* Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Carey Cromelin, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, April 13, at 8; Saturday, April 14, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, April 15, at 2 and 7.)

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE COMPANY—Evans Haile directing a concert version of "Roberta," by Jerome Kern (music) and Otto Harbach (book and lyrics). With Loni Ackerman, Mia Dillon, Russ Thacker, and Paula Laurence. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, April 15, at 8.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Monday through Wednesday, April 16-18, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8. For tickets call 289-0149, Mondays through Fridays between 1 and 3 and 5 and 7.)

DANCE

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances—Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Images," "Lost, Found and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: "Airs," "Big Bertha," "Duet from 'Lento,' " and ". . . Byzantium." . . . ¶ Friday, April 13, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 3: "Equinox," "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8: "Arden Court," "Runes," and "Sunset." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, April 11: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 12: "Anatomic Balm," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 13: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 14: "The Consort," "Adieu" (première), and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 15: "Anatomic Balm," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 15: "Straw Hearts," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 17: "Anatomic Balm," "Summer's Lease," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 18: "Play Bach," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Papillon" (première), "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Papillon," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Straw Hearts," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 13.)

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LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, April 17, at 7; Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 8; and Sunday, April 22, at 2: "Seascape," "Findings," and "Alliances." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 18 at 8, *and Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8:* "Capriccio," "Quest," "In Paradisum," and "Graduation Ball." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET—A one-week engagement—Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 8, and Saturday, April 14, at 2: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 2: "L'Estro Armonico," "Moments Shared," "Translucent Tones," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," and "Pas d'Action." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

PILAR RIOJA—Programs of flamenco dance. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 29.)

DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY—"Signals/Alarms," "Suite for Four," and "Jocose." (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Thursday through Saturday, April 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

INDRANI—With Sukanya, in a program of classical Indian dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 280. Saturday, April 14, at 2:30.)

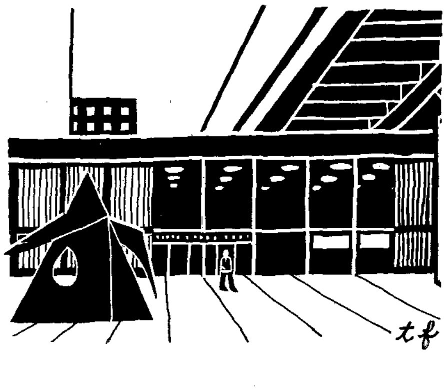
METROPOLITAN OPERA BALLET—"Edna in the Afternoon" (première), "Tribute," "Continuo," "Belong," "Cinderella Pas de Deux," and "Rich Man's Frug." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, April 18-21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is *therefore always advisable to call ahead.)*

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from Broadway shows in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. *(242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and* restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and his trio can be found on the very small bandstand through Saturday, April 14; Wednesday through Saturday, April 18-21, will belong to bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and his threesome. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.



BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will play with his combo through Sunday, April 15; on Monday, April 16, singer Judy Niemack will perform; and the **OSCAR PETERSON ALL-STARS** will take over on Tuesday, April 17. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TEX CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, April 11, *rock-and-roll pathfinder* **BO DIDDLEY** and blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND;** Friday, April 13, the **BUDDY RICH** big band; Saturday, April 14, singer Julie Budd; Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, mandolin wizard **DAVID GRISMAN** and Texas blues singer **JOHNNY COPELAND;** and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians are pianists and bassists: **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, April 14, and **MICKEY TUCKER** and **REGGIE WORKMAN** starting Monday, April 16. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who *works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous* Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**SYLVIA SYMS,** whose vocals virtually float, is singing a tribute to Johnny Mercer in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, April 14. On Tuesday, April 17, **BOBBY SHORT** and his trusty sidekicks will return. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Chopin- and Tatum-inspired pianist, claims the keyboard nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. *(982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered,* splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, April 11, the Choppers, the Muse, Joey Miserable & the Worms, and the Modern Pioneers; Thursday, April 12, the Blessed, the Trademarks, and Scarecrow; Friday, April 13, the Backbones, the Shakes, and Buster & the Big Ideas; Saturday, April 14, Ned Sublette and Frank Maya; Sunday, April 15, **PETER STAMPFEL** & the Bottle Caps and Rhythm & Romance; and Tuesday, April 17, the Squalls, Barbeque, Y Fly 2 London, and Baby Boom. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly *from long after nine-thirty.*

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**LORD BURGESS** presents his songs of the Caribbean Tuesdays through Saturdays; **CARRIE SMITH,** a satisfyingly strong-voiced interpreter of blues, jazz, gospel, and Bessie Smith material, can be heard Sundays and Mondays. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Fridays, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, April 14, Walt Michael and Company; and Saturday, April 21, Martha Burns, Leo Kretzner, and Howie Bursen. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to

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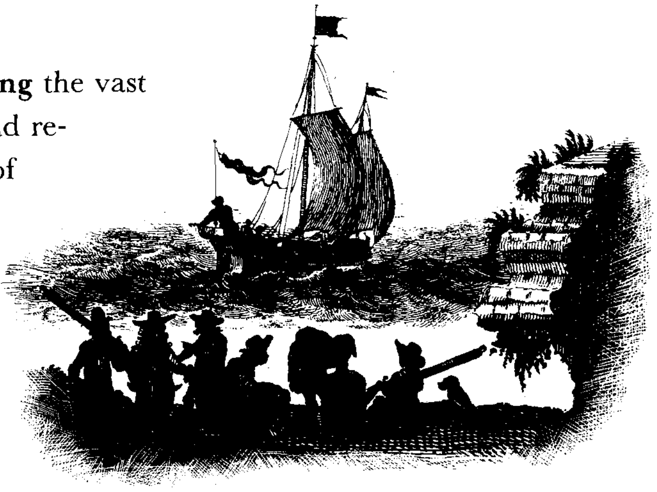

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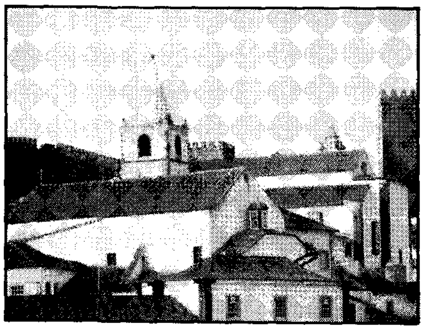

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work at eight-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, April 15, pianist **JOHN BUNCH'S** quintet, featuring tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON,** will take over the bandstand. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor; on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio's trio can be heard. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz-stars room. Folksinger **ODETTA** will be here through Sunday, April 15; guitarists **LES PAUL** and **WAYNE WRIGHT** will team up on Monday, April 16; and comedian Pete Barbutti will arrive on Tuesday, April 17. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, April 11, at nine and eleven, Lenny Kaye; Thursday, April 12, at eight and eleven, **PIERRE BENSUSAN;** Friday, April 13, at eight and eleven, Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol; Saturday, April 14, at eight and eleven, Rachel Faro; Tuesday, April 17, at nine, Steve & Mark; Wednesday, April 18, at nine and eleven, Annie Golden; Thursday, April 19, at nine, Hunter Davis and Ultraprov; Friday, April 20, Buskin & Batteau; and Saturday, April 21, at eight and eleven, Frank Christian. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. The roster: Through Thursday, April 12, pianist **RAHN BURTON'S** duo; Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** trio; Sunday and Monday, April 15-16, singer Carol Fredette; Tuesday through Thursday, April 17-19, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **RON CARTER;** and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, the **CEDAR WALTON** trio. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** teams up with another real fine guitarist, **JIMMY RANEY,** Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays, singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist Cyril Haynes works through Saturday, April 14; stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will take over on Tuesday, April 17. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald mans the dining-room grand, and on Mondays **DICK HYMAN** sits in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Some real strong piano-bass duos make up the current roster: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, April 14, and **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** starting Tuesday, April 17. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, **DR. JOHN** and the Long Riders; Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, the Bud Moffett band and Tommy Joe White; Monday, April 16, **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Tuesday, April 17, Dan Hicks and County Line; and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, Six Gun and Soozie Tyrell & Great Balls of Fire. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Pianist **GIL EVANS** and his band can be heard through Sunday, April 15; **SPHERE,** a quartet composed of tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and pianist **KENNY BARRON,** will start performing on Tuesday, April 17. Mondays are allotted to pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S** New York Jazz Orchestra, featuring tenor saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN.** Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

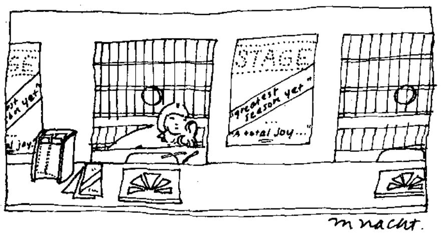
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Estelle Reiner performs with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** pianist **TOM GARVIN,** and drummer Joey Baron Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, you can witness a before-hours jam session with **RICHARD SUDHALTER, MARTY NAPOLEON, FRANK TATE, FRED STOLL,** and guest musicians. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, benefit evenings, with guitarist George Benson's band; Friday, April 13, Mirage; Saturday, April 14, Michael Camilo and Lew Soloff; Monday, April 16, Jump Street; and Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, pianist **MC COY TYNER.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleeker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, April 11, Michael Shaw, Rob Kramer, Off-Sync, and Feedback; Thursday, April 12, Decoca & Hot Chocolate, Right of Way, and the Few; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at nine and midnight, **KENNY RANKIN** and Diane Ponzio; Sunday, April 15, 83 and Broken Promises; Monday, April 16, Frozen Concentrate, Streetbeat, and Billy & the Buttons; Wednesday, April 18, Caspar, the Tomboys, and the Burdette Brothers; Thursday, April 19, Jonathan L. Segal, Day 1, the Adults, and Lisa Best & the Blue Flame; Friday, April 20, Feral, Pep in the Cat, and Piledriver; and Saturday, April 21, the Kevin Harris band, This, Accent on Travvel, and Rex Vector. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, April 13, Green on Red and Crossfire Choir; Friday, April 20, Freedom of Choice and the Missionaries; and Saturday, April 21, the Chesterfield Kings. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.



Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. **SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play the eighties version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, **GEORGE CLINTON AND THE P-FUNK ALLSTARS;** Saturday, April 14, Modern English; Monday, April 16, the Young Fossils; Tuesday, April 17, **UTOPIA;** and Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, Cyndi Lauper. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, April 11, the Fred Lite band; Thursdays, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY;** Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** Sunday, April 15, Errol Parker's sextet; Monday, April 16, Snowflight; Tuesday, April 17, Ed Palermo's big band; Wednesday, April 18, Earth Rise; and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, the **JOHN HICKS**–Leslie Wood quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, **OLATUNJI;** Friday, April 13, and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, April 14, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, April 17, Tim Moran and Tony Vacca; Wednesday, April 18, the **DANIEL PONCÉ** band; and Thursday, April 19, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kyoto Society. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Alto saxophonist **BENNY CARTER** directs his band through Sunday, April 15, and Tuesday through Saturday, April 17-21, saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** will guide an octet. Mondays are given over to South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his band, featuring saxophonist **CARLOS WARD.** Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Wednesdays **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursday, April 12, the Radiators; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**). Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on April 16, **RAY BARRETTO** and Adalberto Santiago and their respective bands will be present along with their guest jazz soloist, **DAVE VALENTIN.** On Friday, April 13, after midnight, the stage will be claimed by tap dancer **HAROLD NICHOLAS,** the Norma Miller Jazz Dancers, and **EDDIE BAREFIELD'S** Savoy Stompers. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** play through Sunday, April 15; on Tuesday, April 17, pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and a bassist will arrive. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** winds up a week with his foursome on Sunday, April 15, and saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, april 17. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and

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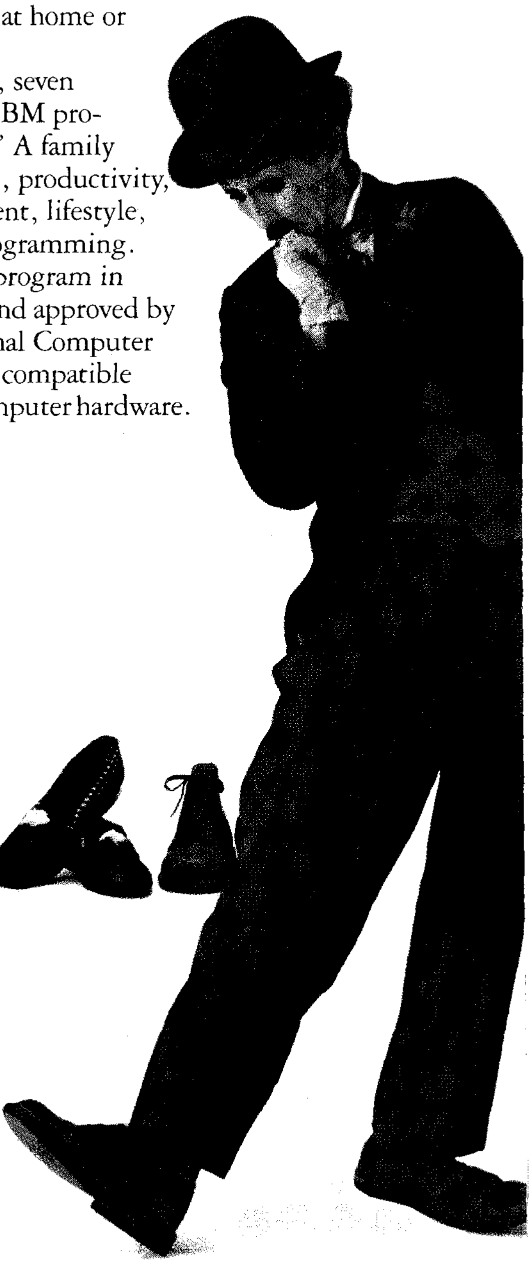

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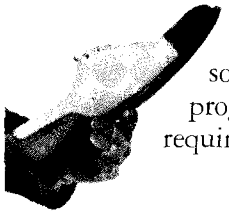

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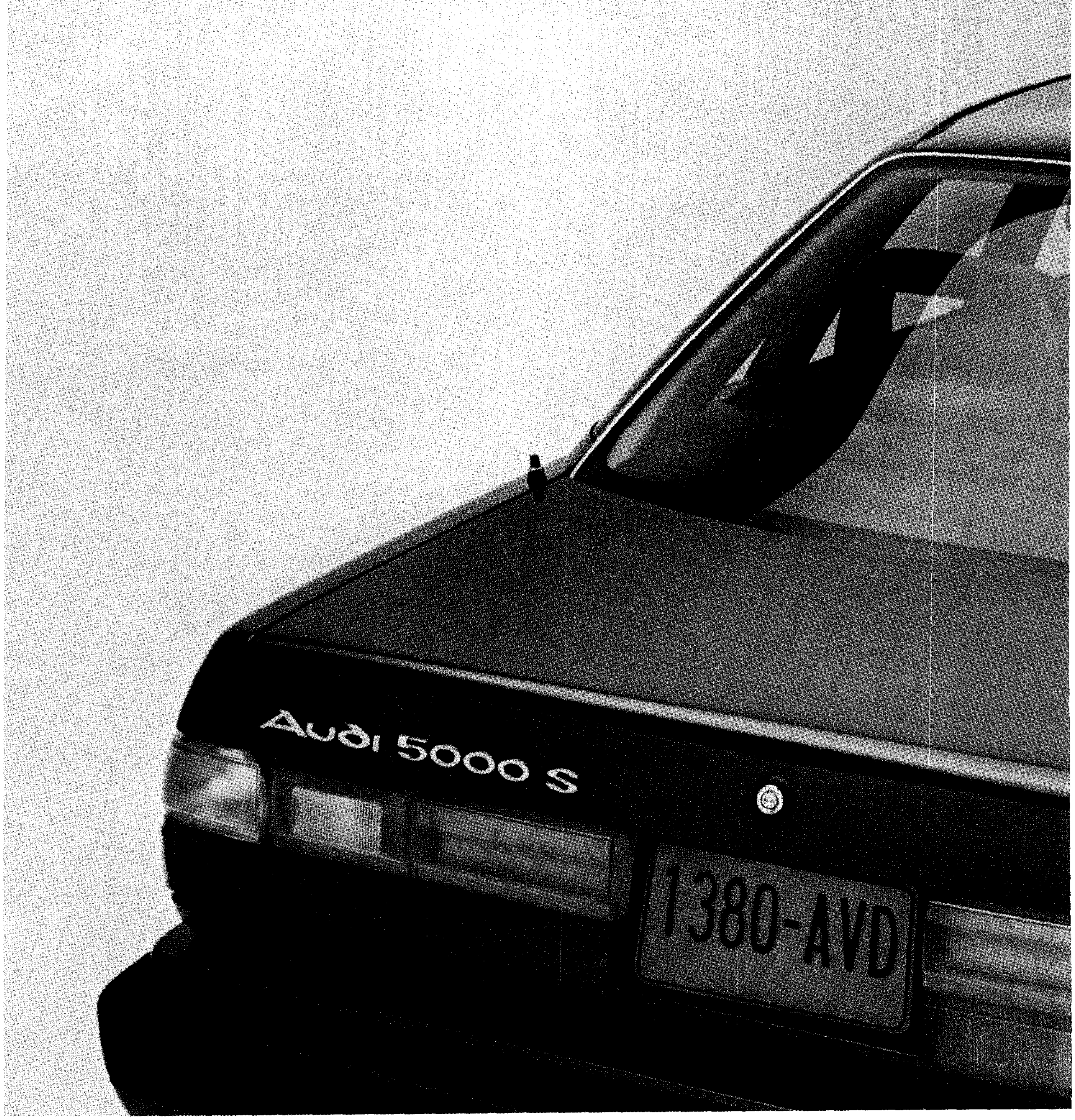

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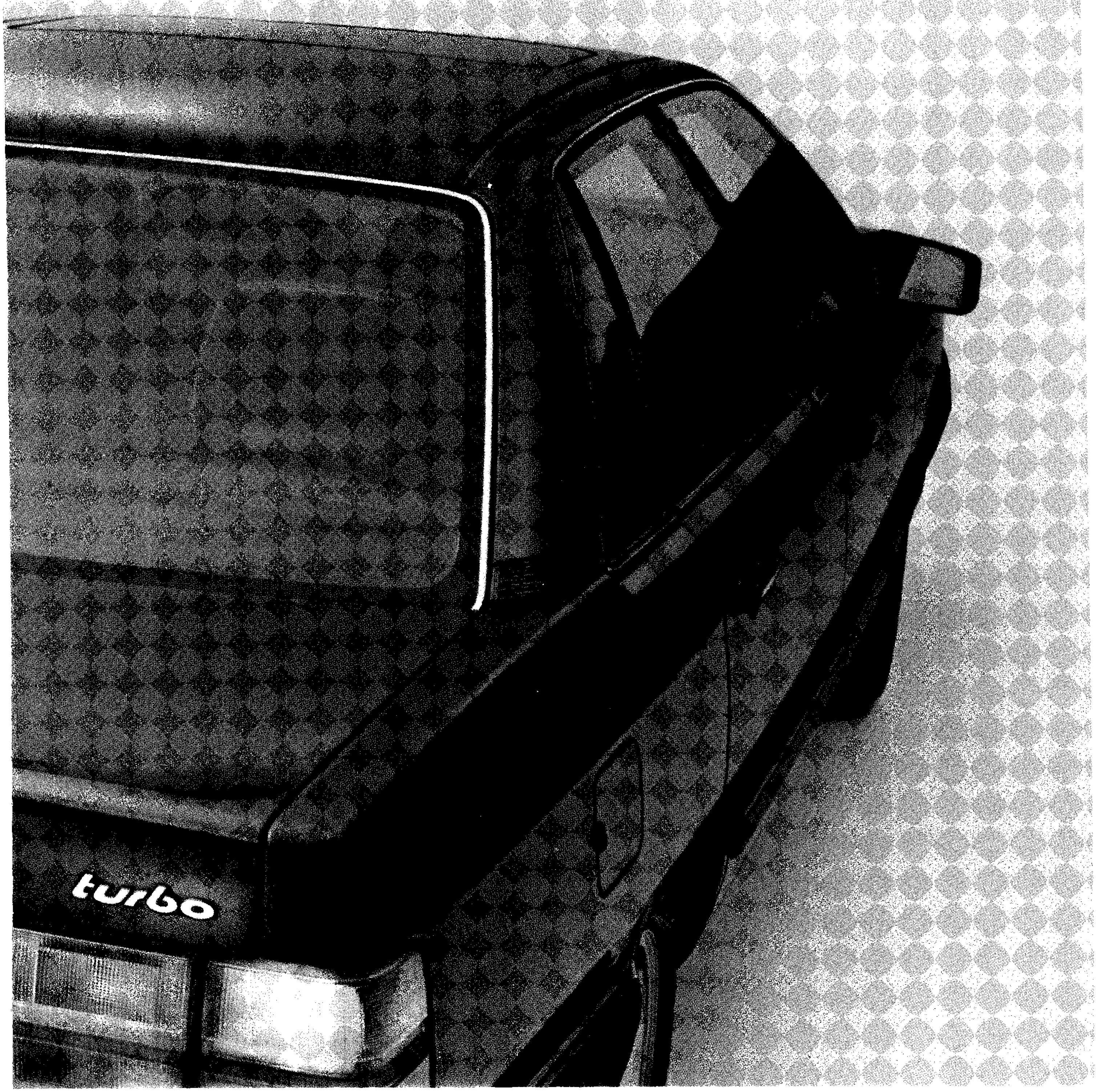

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The performers: Wednesday, April 11, Frank Jolliffe and Joe Ruddick; Thursday through Sunday, April 12-15, Sonclius Smith; Monday through Wednesday, April 16-18, Rebecca Kane; and Thursday through Sunday, April 19-22, Tom Charlap and Charles Blenzig. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The lineup: trumpeter **BILL BERRY** through Saturday, April 14; Sunday, April 15, pianist **DICK KATZ'S** trio; Monday, April 16, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY'S** trio; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 17-21, pianist **SAMMY PRICE** & the Two Tenor Boogie. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist Gary Mazzaroppi will perform through Saturday, April 14; on Tuesday, April 17, guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** will move in. Sundays belong to bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts, and Mr. Roberts plays solo on Mondays. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Carlos Paredes—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 13, at 8.

Weather Report—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 14, at 8.

Elvis Costello—With T-Bone Burnett. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Shirley MacLaine on Broadway—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Preview benefit performance Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 19, and will run through Sunday, May 20. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.

Elly Stone—With Elliot Weiss and the 104 Bus. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 8.)

Nancy Wilson and Gato Barbieri—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 20, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Three concerts in tribute to Duke Ellington. Friday, April 13, at 9: Tom Briggs and the Jean Fineberg & Ellen Seeling Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8:30 and 10: The Harlem Blues & Jazz Band, with tap dancer Tina Pratt. . . . ¶ Friday, April 20, at 9 and 10:30: Harold Mabern and others. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lennart Anderson—Still-life, figure, and portrait drawings dating from the fifties to the present. Through April 28. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Beck / Richard Hickam—Sculptures in mixed mediums, including a standing figure representing an artist at work, and box constructions. / Paintings of abstractions derived from figures. Through May 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Fernando Botero—Drawings in charcoal and in red chalk. Through May 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alan Davie—Cobras, chickens, lizards, Krishna, magic eyes, gongs, and songbirds are among the West and East Indian symbols incorporated in the new crop of pictographic paintings. Through April 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Twenty paintings and six sculptures executed as early as the forties and as recently as 1982. Through May 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstract watercolor landscapes that reflect this German artist's recent trip through the American West. Through Saturday, April 21. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Thickly painted shaped canvases, and works on paper. Through May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jeffrey Kronsnoble—New paintings by a trompe-l'oeil specialist. Through April 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Fifty drawings from the years 1961 to 1983. Through May 12. (James Goodman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

Malcolm Morley—Three large oils and related watercolors and prints. Through May 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. The Brooklyn Museum has a larger show of Morley's works, ending Sunday, April 15.)

Juan Nickford—Stylized sculptures, evoking figures, in highly polished, burnished metal. Through April 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Peter Passuntino / Armando Londoño—Fantasy paintings. / Works on paper depicting chairs. Through April 27. (Séguy, 61 W. 62nd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 7.)

Thijs Rinsema (1877-1947)—Drawings, collages, and collage boxes, all abstractions, by a Dutch artist who also collaborated with Van Doesburg and Schwitters. Through April 28. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

Larry Rivers—Oils, collages, and works on paper from the sixties. Through April 28. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

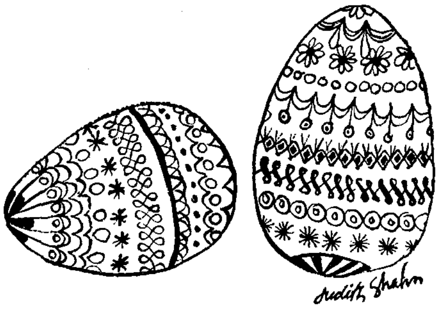
Clifford Ross / John Covert (1882-1960)—New works, some combining painting and sculpture, for example one in which a reclining bronze nude is the centerpiece for painted canvases depicting a garden and a reflecting pool. / Paintings and photographs of figures. Through April 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

John Walker—Paintings. Through Thursday, April 19. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

William Wilkins—Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, and figures. Through May 5. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Sculptures in which simple forms are worked in glass and steel or bronze, primarily; also paintings and works on paper. The pieces fall into the period 1961-84. Through Thursday, April 19. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Italian, Dutch, and Flemish baroque paintings, twenty-nine in all. Through May 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and some sculptures representing more than three dozen American artists; chronologically the works range from 1752 (Joseph Blackburn) to 1942 (Arthur Dove). Through Saturday, April 21. . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by artists (Thomas Cole, Mary Cassatt, Walt Kuhn, and others) active in such movements as the Hudson River School, Impressionism, and modernism. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings, the majority pencil, by ten contemporary artists—Akira Arita, Simon Dinnerstein, Richard Hamwi, Nancy Lawton, and others. Through April 28.



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams / Kenneth Snelson—Abstract paintings. / Panoramic photographs, nearly four feet long, of Venice. Through Saturday, April 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Siegfried Anzinger and Hubert Schmalix—Expressionist paintings by two young Viennese artists. Through Saturday, April 21. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Siah Armajani—Sculptures that are functional—tables, mirrors, and windows, for instance. Through April 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Realist paintings of sidewalk dramas seen out of the corner of the eye; something has just happened, probably unpleasant, but you're not sure what. Through Saturday, April 14. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Harold Bruder—A new set of illusionistic paintings, entitled "The Vault Series" because the artist executed them in a vault beneath a men's clothing store. Through May 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Squeak Carnwath—This artist, whose adopted name is a diminutive of Pipsqueak, fills her canvases with symbols—firecrackers, eyes, coils of rope, fish, vases, simple figures, and so on—somewhat in the manner of Torres-García. Through April 28. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Louisa Chase—Large, colorful new paintings in which hands, feet, or torsos can be made out through a scrim of cross-hatching. Through Saturday, April 21. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Coiner—Paintings of pastures and woods in Bucks County, among other works. Through May 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Cast-paper masks housed in Plexiglas boxes. Through April 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Tony Cragg—Architectural forms, landscapes, and figures composed from all manner of found objects, by a British sculptor. Through Saturday, April 14. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Martha Diamond / Ann McCoy—Monotypes. / Fantasy drawings in colored pencil, the largest (nine feet by twenty-seven) showing an ancient Celtic barge embarking for the underworld with a load of sacred pagan creatures. There are also small, related bronzes. Through Saturday, April 21. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted constructions combining found objects, terra-cotta, and wood. Through April 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Öyvind Fahlström (1928-76)—Seven painted works, with the movable magnetic cutouts for which he was known. Through Friday, April 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michael Filmus—Romantic paintings of the Berkshires. Through April 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Suzan Frecon / Michael Kessler—Shadowy abstractions painted in earth colors. / Small paintings in which organic forms are given a surrealist twist. Through April 28. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—New paintings of landscapes and figures. Through May 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—"Cities of the World," an eightieth-birthday show of paintings. Through May 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms—Constructions, metal sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, a good many capitalizing on recent travels to such countries as Japan and Greece and several paying tribute to other artists, such as Giacometti and Beuys. Through May 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elga Heinzen—Shaped paintings representing draped flags, among them the Mexican, Kenyan, Canadian, Brazilian, Belgian, Italian, and British national emblems, as well as Old

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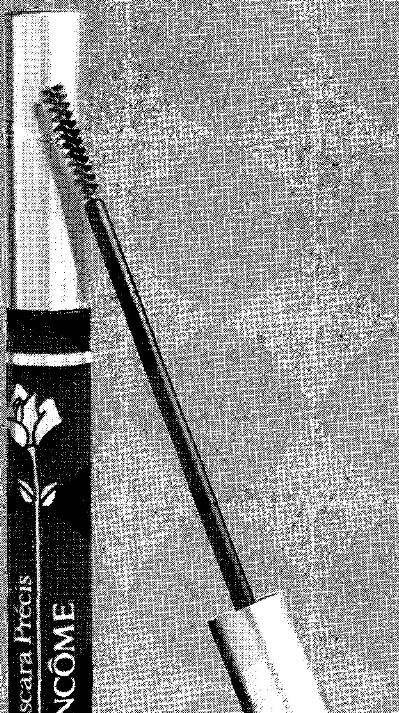

LANCÔME
PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Glory. Through May 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Geometric drawings in colored pencil, all executed eight years ago. Through Saturday, April 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Painted-metal sculptures in various abstract shapes that are accented with, in one case, a cast-iron dog, or, in another, real antlers. Through May 3. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Barbara Kassel—Crisp paintings of interiors in Venice, North Africa, South Africa, and Cape Cod, with glimpses of the outside—a curving beach, say, or a radiant sunset. Through April 28. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Geometric paintings and drawings. Through April 28. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Andrew Lord—The subject of these new ceramic works is pitchers, and the artist rings all the changes possible, from a straightaway jug on a plate to cubist abstractions. Through April 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Carl Morris—New paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through April 28. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Nick / Garth Evans—Paintings: cityscapes of the Boston area, still-lifes, and two antique trucks. / Painted-plywood wall reliefs. Through April 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Painted monotypes. Through May 5. (Prats, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—A group of the subdued abstractions for which the artist was famous. Through April 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Opper—Abstractions employing the artist's characteristic bands of color. Through April 25. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Darragh Park—Still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes. Through April 28. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—Small acrylics on canvas board: the Fourteenth Street skyline at night, a pattern of rabbits, abstractions with a carnival air. Through Saturday, April 14. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Gladstone, 152 Wooster St., is showing paintings, notebook drawings, and bronzes. Through May 3.

Peter Vogel / Stephen Auger—Electronic sculptures described as "imaginary models of simple cybernetic systems taken from biology, engineering, and psychology." / Nonobjective paintings on handmade paper. Through April 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Idelle Weber—Wall-size floral landscapes, incorporating reflecting pools and lush beds of rhododendron, tulips, iris, poppies, lupine, geraniums, cactus, sweet william, and so on—quite a departure from her well-known Photo-Realist studies of gutter trash. Through April 28. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Wexler / Polly Kraft—Panoramic oils of the Hudson River Valley. / Watercolor still-lifes. Through Wednesday, April 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through April 28. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: "The Decorative Continues," paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary artists (Joyce Kozloff, Rodney Ripps, Miriam Schapiro) and by their stylistic predecessors Henri Matisse and Florine Stettheimer. Through April 28. . . . **GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG,** 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings (some new, some not) by Guston, Mangold, Marden, Morley, and Twombly. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Jack Levine and Colleen Browning. Through May 31. . . . **SUMERS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Prints incorporating some kind of building (from beach house to skyscraper); Lozowick, Walkowitz, Wengenroth, and others. Through May 5. . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single drawing each by twenty-three contemporary American artists, including Anna Bialobroda, Robert Longo, and Ed Paschke. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists Francis A. Silva, Charles Wimar, Thomas Moran, Alfred Bricher, and others. Through April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Very large cartoonish figures, including caricatures of Japanese, each with a Rising Sun flag, painted on a patchy background by one of the Bop artists who show at this gallery. Through April 28. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Georg Baselitz—New paintings and sculptures. Through April 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Bill Beckley—These big paintings, lavishly collaged with strips of wood, magazine clippings, photographs, and so on, have an informal quality implicit in their titles: "Mondrian's Phone Number," or "Truman's Hat and Shoe Size," for instance. Through April 24. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Lynda Benglis / Joel Shapiro—Wall sculptures in which lengths of metal mesh are tied into large billowy bow knots and flounces and sprayed with vaporized metals—zinc, copper, nickel, aluminum. / Bold charcoal-and-gouache drawings done during the past three years. Through Saturday, April 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Gary Bower / Joseph Santore—Paintings. / Abstract paintings with occasional references to objects. Through May 5. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Arthur Cohen / Wayne Brown—Large paintings based on architectural themes, in orange, black, and red. / Sculptures made of dried bushes festooned with plaster, latex rubber, cheesecloth, black paint, etc., so that they look like gigantic insects and Halloween bugaboos. Through Saturday, April 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Thom Cooney Crawford / Jody Mussoff—Paintings and sculptures. / Drawings of figures. Through May 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Jean Feinberg / Don Hazlitt—A delicately outlined geometric form painted on a pale, low-keyed background is characteristic of these new paintings. / Painted wood-and-cardboard constructions, with industrial themes. Through Saturday, April 21. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Steve Gianakos—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from 1974 to the present, by a satirist who favors anthropomorphic objects and animals—penguins as waitresses, that sort of thing. Through Saturday, April 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Shirley Gorelick—*Paintings of rocky chasms inspired* by a trip to the Gorges du Verdon, France. Through April 25. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs made of latticelike wood constructions painted in bright colors. Through April 28. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Fred Gutzeit / Betti-Sue Hertz—A hundred work gloves, loaded with paint and collaged materials. / Abstract wall sculptures combining wood and canvas. Through April 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

David Kapp—Traffic streaking along McGuiness Boulevard in Brooklyn at night provides a wellspring of subject matter for this painter. Through Saturday, April 21. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

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JEANNE

Ronnie Landfield / Gerald Incandela—New abstract acrylics. / Hand-finished photographs. Through April 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Kate Millett—Drawings and photographs constitute the artist's biographical study of photographer Cynthia MacAdams. Through April 22. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Mary Miss—A variety of sculptures (in wood, mostly) that are scaled for interior spaces; the works date from 1966-84. Through May 5. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Opens at noon.)

Lucio Pozzi—A three-gallery show of paintings and constructions from the past two years. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Through April 25. . . . ¶ Castelli, 142 Greene St. Through Saturday, April 21. . . . ¶ Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Through Saturday, April 21.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.,** 63 Crosby St.: Expressionist paintings by ten women artists, among them Mary Beth Edelson, Jody Pinto, and Austé. Through Saturday, April 21. . . . **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: Paintings by Theodoros Stamos, Ernest Ruckle, and Paul Giovanopoulos. Through April 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

John Button (1929-82)—Cityscapes. Through Thursday, April 19. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

William Fares—A chevron wells up in the foreground of most of these works, in which oil paint is worked into a base of acrylic. Through Thursday, April 19. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Kazufumi Homma—Shadowy figures silhouetted against a background of multicolored dots in a sort of reverse Pointillism, and a few abstract landscapes handled the same way. Through Saturday, April 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

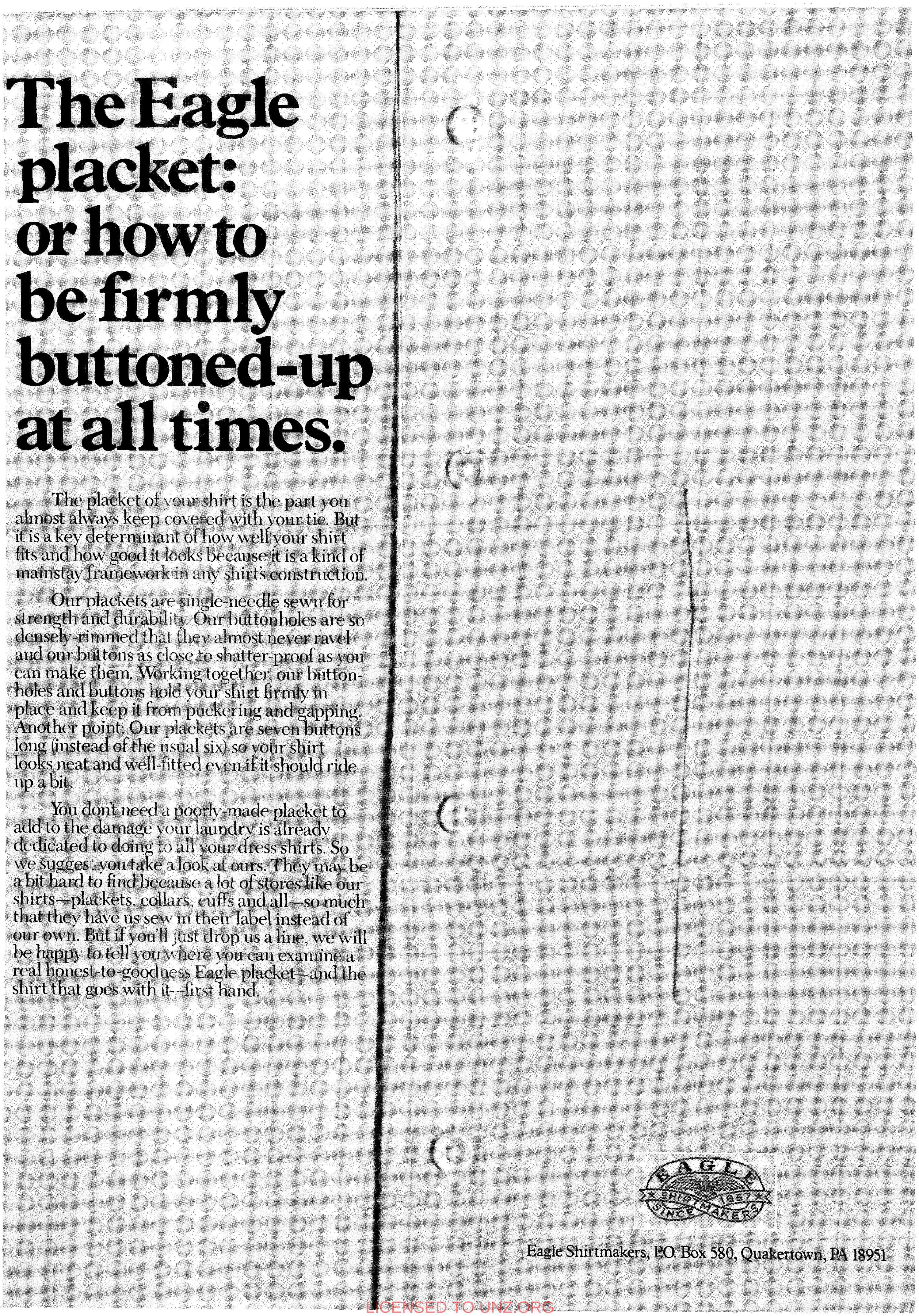
Grégoire Müller—Big figurative paintings executed in the past couple of years. Through Saturday, April 21. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Randal Rupert—Very large brush-and-ink drawings based on Flaubert's sanguinary legend of St. Julian, a deer slayer far removed from Fenimore Cooper's. Through Thursday, April 19. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

James Surls—Uprooted tree trunks, sometimes roots and all, that run to fourteen and a half feet tall and are vaguely humanoid to begin with, are converted into sculpture by being polished and decorated with hand-carved wooden objects—swords, axes, knives, spikes. The Delahunty gallery is showing these works *in its own quarters*, at 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St., and at 112 Greene St. Both shows through Saturday, April 14.

The Figurative Mode—Paintings by six Bay Area artists—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, Richard Diebenkorn, Nathan Oliveira, David Park, and Paul Wonner—in a show that covers their work between 1956 and 1966. Through April 28. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Images of childhood is the constant in stylistically diverse paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-three contemporary artists, including Emily Jennings, Don Eddy, and Don Rodan. Mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through May 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **NEW YORK STUDIO SCHOOL,** 8 W. 8th St.: Abstract paintings and drawings by Forrest Bess, Alfred Jensen, and Myron Stout, three artists known for their artistic independence. Through May 2. (Opens at 1.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: An exhibition in which works classified by the curator as either beautiful / pleasant or ugly / offensive are paired. Some of the mates are André Kertész and



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Sylvia Plachy, Al Held and Katherine Porter, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt and Alice Neel. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frank Horvat / Larry Fink—Fashion photographs from the fifties and sixties which appeared in *Vogue, Elle,* and so forth. / Nature studies, especially of the praying mantis at work and at play. Through Saturday, April 21. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Ezra Stoller and Judith Turner—Architectural photographs. Through May 5. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Charles H. Traub—Nude figure studies of women who responded to an ad for models which the photographer placed in the *Village Voice.* Through Friday, April 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joel-Peter Witkin—Symbolic, hand-altered photographs and related drawings by an artist who uses grotesques as models. Through Saturday, April 21. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—One-of-a-kind prints using photographic processes and materials, early and late: from daguerreotypes and photogenic drawings right up to works by experimenters Man Ray, Duane Michals, Naomi Savage, and others. Through April 28. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus which was recently on exhibit at the Beaubourg. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. By Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through Sunday, April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through Sunday, April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations until May.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings, not the least example of which is the six-canvas series "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by Georgia O'Keeffe. Among the other artists represented are Audubon, Maria Oakey Dewing, John La Farge, Charles Demuth, and Lee Krasner. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Malcolm Morley retrospective contains fifty paintings. Through Sunday, April 15. A complementary show is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states and employ diverse styles (not much lonesome-cowboy stuff). Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Raymond Saunders, and Gaylen Hansen. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—It's time to do your paleoanthropological homework; do it at an exhibition of more than fifty human and prehuman fossils—the Heidelberg jaw, the Sale skull, Neanderthal man, Taung Child; they're all there, in cases designed especially for them. Starts Friday, April 13, but don't draw any conclusions from that. . . . ¶ The history of China's trade with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are pieces from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

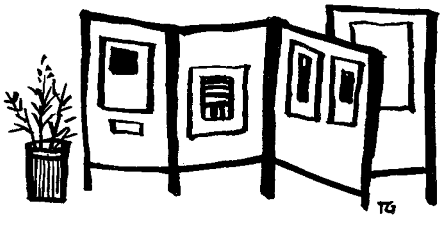
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred-plus paintings provide a short course on painters from the American South, sixteenth century to twentieth. Three of the artists are Joshua Johnston, represented by an 1818 portrait of Mrs. Thomas Everette and children; Rembrandt Peale, with a portrait of Benjamin Henry Latrobe done 1810-15; and Larry Rivers, with the 1961 "Last Civil War Veteran." Starts Thursday, April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—A ten-year survey of paintings by Houston artist Earl Staley. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year marks its fiftieth—with a display of books, manuscripts, and letters by American poets Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, Mark Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—The story of the Broadway theatre district told through exhibits about individual theatres—primarily their architecture (blueprints, renderings, photographs) but also their productions (cast pictures, playbills, set models). Through May 19. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)



Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ A show of works in mixed mediums by Terry Adkins, James Brown, and Leon Waller, all of whom have participated in the museum's artist-in-residence program. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Two of the current shows are: Sculptures by Mowry Baden, who has his pieces outside on the sidewalk, out of nostalgia for the "sidewalk action" he observed in Asia (he'll probably find it). Through Saturday, April 14. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Doriana Chiarini. Through May 5.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Teresa Tyszkiewicz and Zdislaw Sosnowski (films and performance), Thursday, April 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation of sculptural books (with text) by Gülşen Çalik. Through Saturday, April 14.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Programs of music, performance, and video by West German artists, Wednesday through Sunday, April 11-15, at 8:30; four hour-long documentaries on four American composers (Robert Ashley, John Cage, Philip Glass, and Meredith Monk) will be shown each evening, two at 6:30 and two at 9:30, Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22. The director is Peter Greenaway. . . . ¶ A three-channel video installation, by Bill Stevens, concerning black culture here and in Africa. Through April 28.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, Brian Schexnayder, and Italo Tajo; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Françoise Garner, Gwendolyn Bradley, Francisco Araiza, and Anthony Laciura; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 13, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 2: "Billy Budd," with Dale Duesing, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; David Atherton. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, John Alexander, Brian Schexnayder, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, April 16, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Lenus Carlson, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; David Atherton. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 17, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 18, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 19, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Lenus Carlson, Richard Cassilly, and Morley Meredith; David Atherton. . . . ¶ Friday, April 20, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Italo Tajo; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 8; "Billy Budd," with Dale Duesing, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; David Atherton.

Vienna Volksoper—Karl Doench conducting—Wednesday evening, April 11; Sunday matinée, April 15; Tuesday evening, April 17; and Saturday matinée and evening, April 21: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 12-13, and Wednesday evening, April 18: "Czardas Princess." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, April 14, and Thursday and Friday evenings, April 19-20: "Die Fledermaus." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, April 22.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 15, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting a Weber-Bloch-Shostakovich program on Thursday, April 12, at 8; Friday, April 13, at 2; Saturday, April 14, at 8; and Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello) . . . . ¶ Robert Shaw directing performances of Brahms' Requiem Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, at 8, and Tuesday, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Thomas Allen, baritone; and the Westminster Choir; on Tuesday, Marvis Martin will replace Miss Mitchell).

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Lukas Foss directing an Ives-Druckman-Mozart program, with Erie Mills and Irene Gubrud, sopranos; Barry Busse, tenor; David Berger, baritone; and the Wisconsin Conservatory Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra—Franco Mannino conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting a benefit concert, with Louise Russell, soprano; Robert Merrill, baritone; and Jule Styne, composer-performer. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Manticore Orchestra—Thomas James conducting, with Frances Schopick, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto Werner-Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 3.)

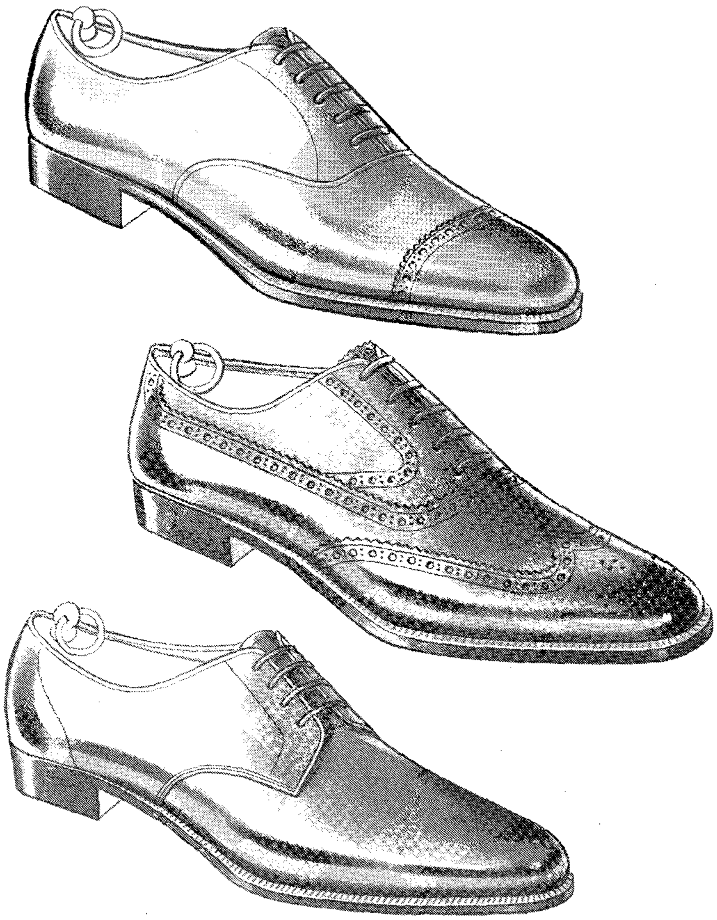
Y Chamber Symphony—Vittorio Negri conducting a C. P. E. Bach–Vivaldi–Pergolesi program, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and Eliot Fisk, classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, April 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gerard Schwarz conducting the second in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

Orpheus—With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing Parts II and III of Handel's oratorio "The Messiah," with Sheryl King-Lazarotti, soprano; Judith Farris, contralto; Michael Handy, tenor; Matthew Lau, bass; and the Little Orchestra Society. (Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. For tickets, call 288-3215.)

Bach's "St. Matthew Passion"—Charles Dodsley Walker directing the Canterbury Choral Society, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Gary Glaze, tenors; Norman Andersson and John Ostendorf, basses; and a double baroque orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 15, at 3. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra, with Gwendolyn Bradley, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Jon Humphrey, tenors; and Malcolm Smith and Justino Díaz, basses. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Paul Halley directing the Cathedral Singers and two other choruses, with Thomas Bogden, tenor; Bruce Kramer, bass-baritone; and a baroque or-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 20, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ Frank Cedric Smith directing the Grace Church Choral Society, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Anita Gatti, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Warren and Steven Sturk, tenors; William Bonecutter, baritone; and an orchestra. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, April 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—A program of cantatas and orchestral works by Bach and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and the Columbia University Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem and Howard Shanet directing Brahms' Chorale Preludes. With Ma Prem Alimo, soprano; Paul Rowe, bass; and the New Calliope Singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—A Beethoven–Max Reger–Dvořák program, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and Mitchell Lurie, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 8.) . . . ¶ An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

Bruno Leonardo Gelber—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—The second of two Haydn-Mozart programs, performed on original instruments, this one with Judson Griffin, viola. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4037.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of five concerts, this one performed by Margaret Ahrens, soprano; Paul Alan Levi and Alan Feinberg, piano; Eberhard Blum, flute; and Rolf Schulte, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of English and French music, performed on original instruments. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—Laurie Carley, Isabelle Ganz, Mary Ann Hart, and Mihal Shiff, all mezzo-sopranos, in a one-hour recital, with assisting artists. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 13, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the third in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 13, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

Gilbert Kalish and the Concord Quartet—Piano and string quartet, in a Haydn-Druckman-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Jo Ann Pickens—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

Elizabeth Rich—The third in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Mozart piano sonatas. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Renata Scotto, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

Benjamin Oren—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 5:30.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano, with David Shifrin, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8.)

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Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 16, at 8.)

Jon Deak and Speculum Musicae—Bass and contemporary music ensemble, in a program of music by Mr. Deak. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, April 16, at 8.)

Ensemble Perceval—An early music ensemble from France, presenting a performance of "Le Roman de Perceval le Gallois." (St. Vincent de Paul Church, 123 W. 23rd St. Tuesday, April 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 355-6100, Ext. 500.)

Howard Greenblatt—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, April 18, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

American Brass Quintet—A program of Elizabethan and contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—A program of music by Seymour Shifrin, with Christine Whittlesley, soprano; Speculum Musicae; the Atlantic Spring Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 18, at 8:30.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The last in a series of concerts, this one featuring the American String Quartet; the Boehm Quintette; Samuel Sanders, piano; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

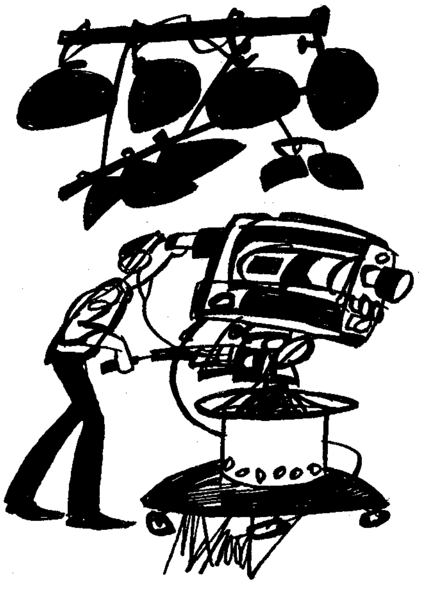
New York New Music Ensemble—A program featuring electronic music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 19, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3050.)

Mannes Chamber Ensemble—Per Previg conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, April 20, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ida Kavafian, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Lee Luvisi and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and William Bland, composer-pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8, and Sunday, April 22, at 5.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 2.)

Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman—Violin and piano, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)



Soon-Hee Lee—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Thursday, April 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, April 13, at 8; Saturday, April 14, at 3:20; and Sunday, April 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday, April 20, at 8, and Saturday, April 21, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal (first National League games here), Tuesday through Thursday, April 17-19, at 1:35.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 14, at 9.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Friday, April 13, at 7:35.) . . . ¶ National Basketball Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs start Tuesday, April 17, or Wednesday, April 18.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 21.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby. Saturday, April 21.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Patrick Division finals will start Thursday, April 12.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 7. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14; the Bold Ruler, Friday, April 20; and the Wood Memorial Invitational, Saturday, April 21.

Running—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 16.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—At the **west side y:** Louis Simpson and Philip Schultz reading from their own works, Friday, April 13, at 8. . . . ¶ James Merrill and Charles Simic reading from their own works, Friday, April 20, at 8. (5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557.) . . . **books & co.:** Robert Pinsky and Stanley Plumly reading from their own works. (939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30.)

Lecture—"Plays, Concerts, Festivals, and the Ultimate Extravaganza," by Sarah Caldwell. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 20, from 9:30 to 5.) Four sales of British property. Wednesday, April 11, at 2: Paintings and prints. . . . Thursday, April 12, at 2: Silver. . . . Friday, April 13, at 10:15 and 2: Porcelain. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 2: Furniture. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 19, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 14. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, April 11, and Friday, April 20, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, April 11, at 2: The Florence J. Gould collection of jewelry, plus jewelry from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 10: English and Continental furniture. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 18, at 10: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Friday, April 13. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, April 18, at 10: Twentieth-century furniture and related decorative arts.

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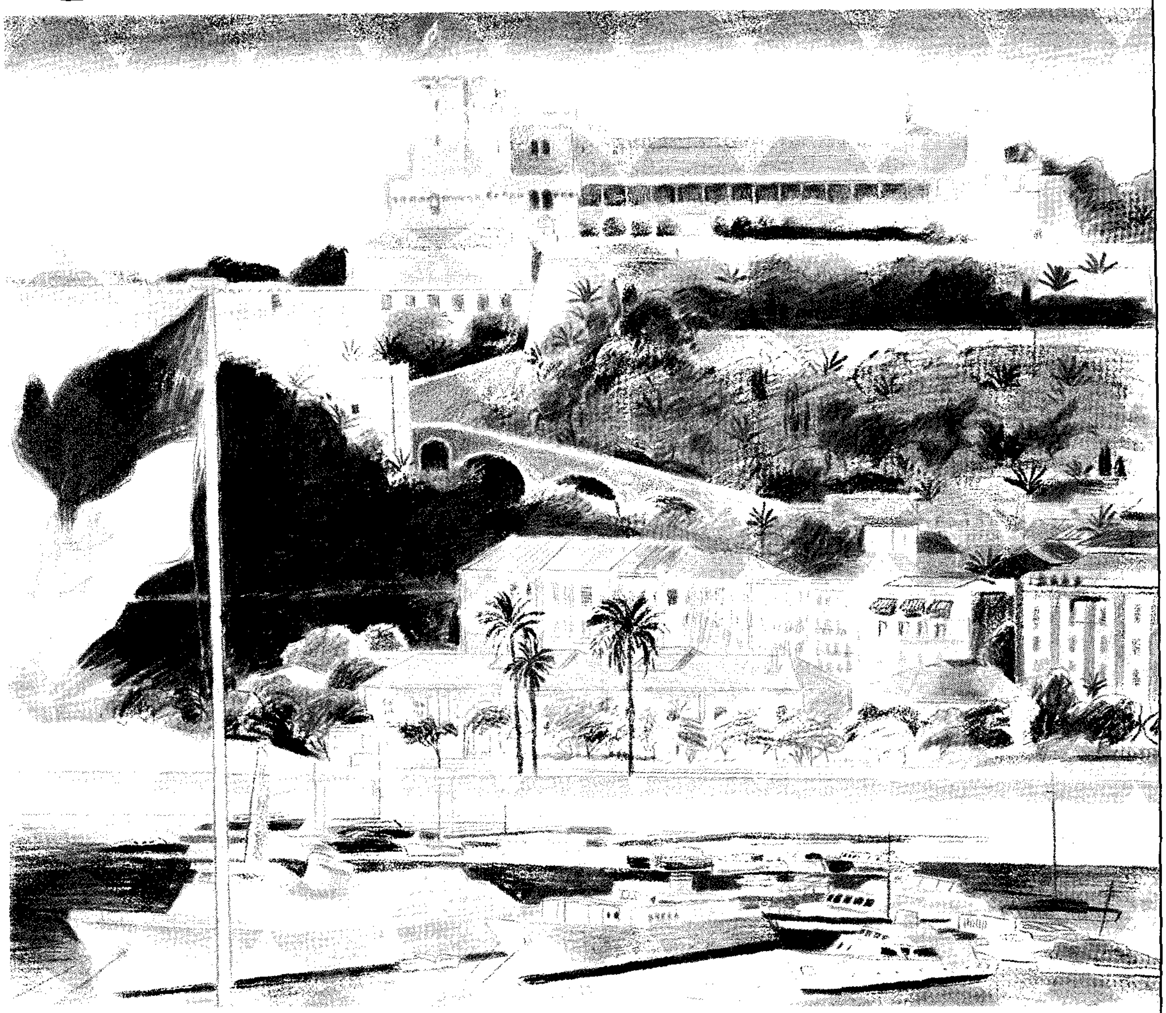

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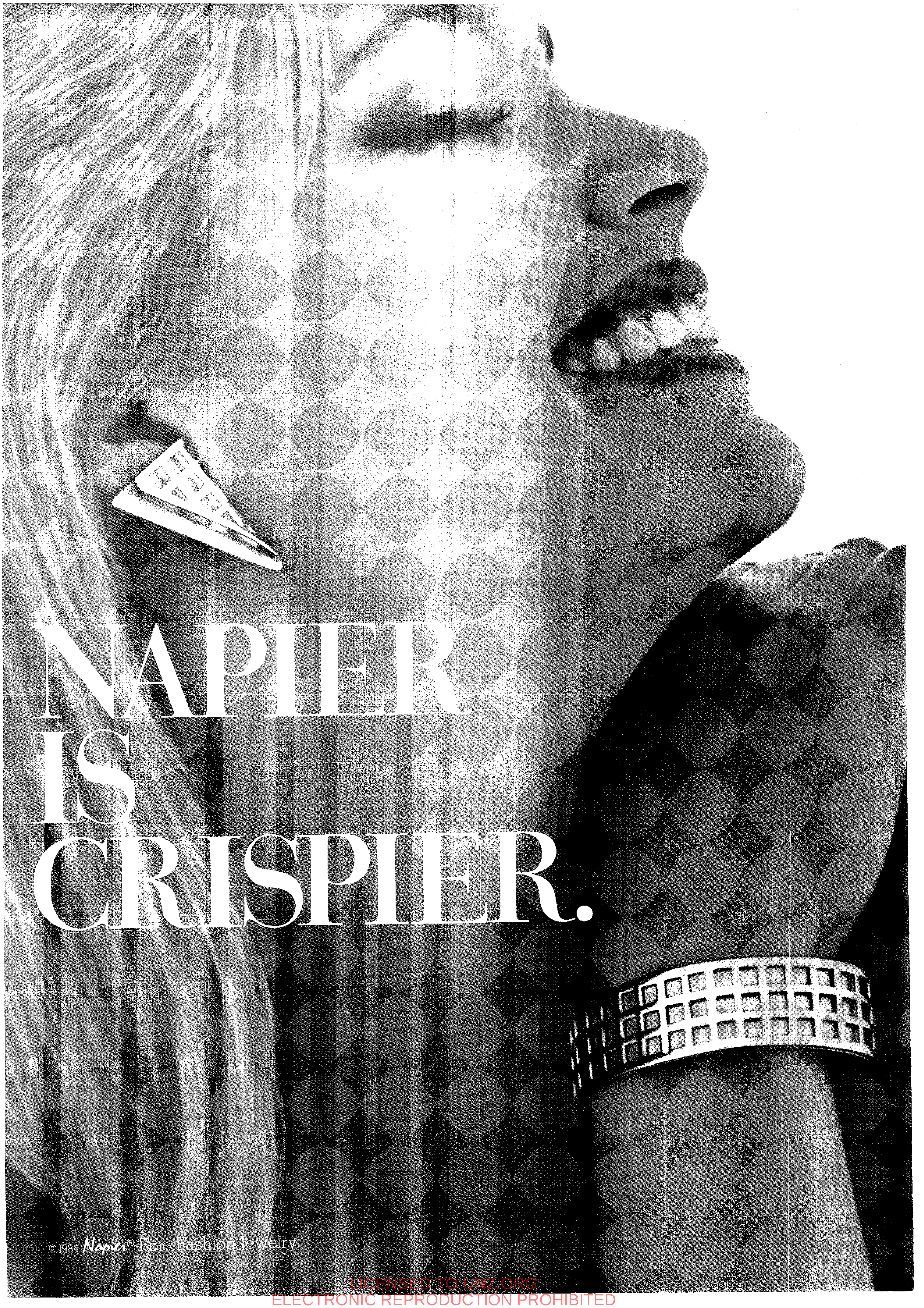
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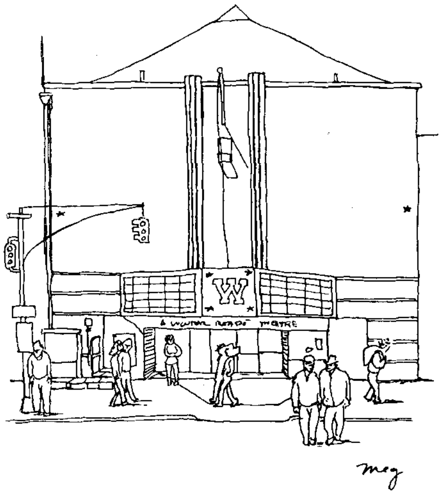

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 15: A program of films from Portugal.
From April 17: "Mayerling" (1936 †).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 12: "El Norte" (†).
From April 13: "Swing Shift" (directed by Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 12: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From April 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Splash" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 12: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd. From April 13: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 12: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.
From April 13: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "The Dresser" (†). From April 13: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield. From April 20: "Conquest."
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Educating Rita" (†). From April 13: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through April 19: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).
From April 20: "Kipperbang" (Michael Apted).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 12: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.
From April 13: "Against All Odds" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 12: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
From April 13: "The Right Stuff" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Splash" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan. From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Against All Odds" (†). From April 13: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Turumba" (1981; directed by Kidlat Tahimik; a Philippine film, in Tagalog).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards; and "The Window" (1949; Ted Tetzlaff), with Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale. April 13-14: "Milka" (1981; Rauni Mollberg; in Finnish); and "The Last Summer" (1984; Jon Lindström; in Swedish). April 15-16: "The Ruling Class" (†). April 17: "Knife in the Water" (†) and "Repulsion" (†). April 18-19: "Cat People" (1942 †); and "The Seventh Victim" (1943; Mark Robson), with Tom Conway, Kim Hunter, and Jean Brooks. April 20-21: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "And the Ship Sails On" (†). From April 13: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Silkwood" (†). From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 12: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort. From April 13: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Educating Rita" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Antarctica" (Koreyoshi Kurahara; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Musical Passage" (Jim Brown), a documentary about Lazar Gosman.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 12: "New Directors/New Films," the final programs in a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.
From April 13: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Stone Boy" (Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth). From April 13: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Biquefarre" (Georges Rouquier; in French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine. From April 13: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.
Theatre 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred

Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: "Splash"(†).
Theatre 3: Through April 12: "Silkwood" (†). From April 13: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
Theatre 4: Through April 12: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan. From April 13: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From April 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Romancing the Stone" (directed by Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner. From April 13: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through April 12: "Scarface" (†). From April 13: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through April 12: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From April 13: To be announced.
Theatre 5: Through April 12: "Blame It on Rio" (†). From April 13: To be announced.
Theatre 6: Through April 12: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From April 13: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Ten Commandments" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 3: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 4: "Against All Odds" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton. From April 13: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan. From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "New York Nights." From April 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through April 19: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield. From April 20: "Conquest."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "House by the Cemetery" (Lucio Fulci), with Katherine Maccoll. From April 13: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Good Fight" (1984; directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 12: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
April 13-14: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and

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Jerry Lewis; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.
April 15-17: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
April 18-19: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
April 20-21: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 12: A program of films from the seventies.
From April 13: A program of rock-and-roll films.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
April 11: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards.
April 12-14: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.
April 15-16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau.
April 17-18: "Ernesto" (1979; Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm; and "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin.

April 19-21: "History of the World—Part I" (†); "High Anxiety" (†); and "To Be or Not to Be" (1983; Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 12: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "The Fury" (1978; Brian De Palma), with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, Amy Irving, and Andrew Stevens.
April 13-14: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson) and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), both films with Malcolm McDowell.
April 15: "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane; and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
April 16-17: "That Championship Season" (1982; Jason Miller), with Bruce Dern, Stacy Keach, Robert Mitchum, Martin Sheen, and Paul Sorvino; and "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (1981; John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.
April 18-19: "Wise Blood" (†) and "Fat City" (†).
April 20-21: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981 †).

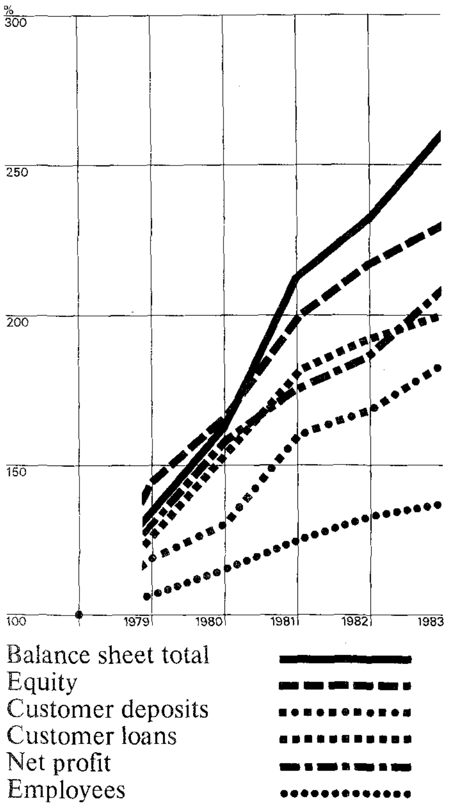
Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
April 11: "The Left-Handed Woman" (1980; Peter Handke; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt.
April 12: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs.
April 13: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
April 14: "Brainstorm" (1983; Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood, Louise Fletcher, and Cliff Robertson; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.
April 15: "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson.
April 16: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "Orchestra Rehearsal" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
April 17: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (†).
April 18: "Ways in the Night" (1983; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German); and "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).
April 19: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle; and "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Betty Field, Cliff Robertson, and Arthur O'Connell.
From April 20: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Cary Grant films:
Through April 14: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Ruth Hussey.
April 15-16: "Blonde Venus" (†) and "Sylvia Scarlett" (†).
April 17-18: "Gunga Din" (1939; George Stevens), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen; and "The Howards of Virginia" (†).
April 19-21: "Topper" (†) and "The Talk of the Town" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 11: "The Silent Avenger" (1968; Masahiro Makino; in Japanese), with Ken Taka-

GGK

Our customers have again substantially contributed to our growth during fiscal 1983: customer deposits increased to 5.3 billion Swiss francs, balance sheet total to 10.4 billion Swiss francs and net profit to 35 million Swiss francs.



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kura; and "Sword of Vengeance #5" (1974; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese).

April 12: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Between the Lines" (1977; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse.

April 13-14: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

April 15: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

April 16: "Doktor Mabuse" (†).

April 17: "A Place in the Sun" (†); and "Terminal Station" ("Indiscretion of an American Wife;" 1953; Vittorio De Sica), with Montgomery Clift and Jennifer Jones.

April 18: "Sword of Vengeance #4" (1972; Takeichi Saito; in Japanese); and "Sword of Vengeance #6" (1974; Yoshiyuki Kuroda; in Japanese).

April 19: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

April 20: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

April 21: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Smash Palace" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 11: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

April 12: "Rhinoceros" (1974; Tom O'Horgan), with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Karen Black; and "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

April 13-14: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938; Ernst Lubitsch), with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Herman Bing.

April 15: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (†); and "Three Strangers" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet.

April 16: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

April 17: "The Browning Version" (†); and "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller.

April 18: "Queen Christina" (†) and "As You Desire Me" (†).

April 19: "Freaks" (†) and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932 †).

April 20-21: "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Private Lives" (1931; Sydney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

New Directors/New Films—The final programs in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—April 11 at 6: "From Somalia with Love" (France; Frederic Mitterand; narrated in English).... ¶ April 11 at 8:30 and April 12 at 6: "Improper Conduct" (France; Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in English, French, and Spanish, with English subtitles).... ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "From Somalia with Love." (For information about tickets call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting April 17: "3rd Degree" (1982; Paul Sharits). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Sharits will be present on Thursday, April 19, at 2. Closed Mondays.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Against All Odds—This revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. The plot has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through April 12. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; starting April 13.)

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Waverly; through April 12.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays an amnesiac café entertainer in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist, played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made into trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Film Forum; April 20-21.)

Blame It on Rio—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Criterion Theatres; through April 12.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the man she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. Once degraded, she sinks down to flophouse level before she pulls herself together and becomes the toast of the night-club world. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. (It's the only memorable sequence in the movie.) With Sidney Toler as a detective, Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess, and Hattie McDaniel, Sterling Holloway, and Dewey Robinson. The screenplay is by Jules Furthman and S. K. Lauren, based on von Sternberg's story. (Regency; April 15-16.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like

Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 12.)

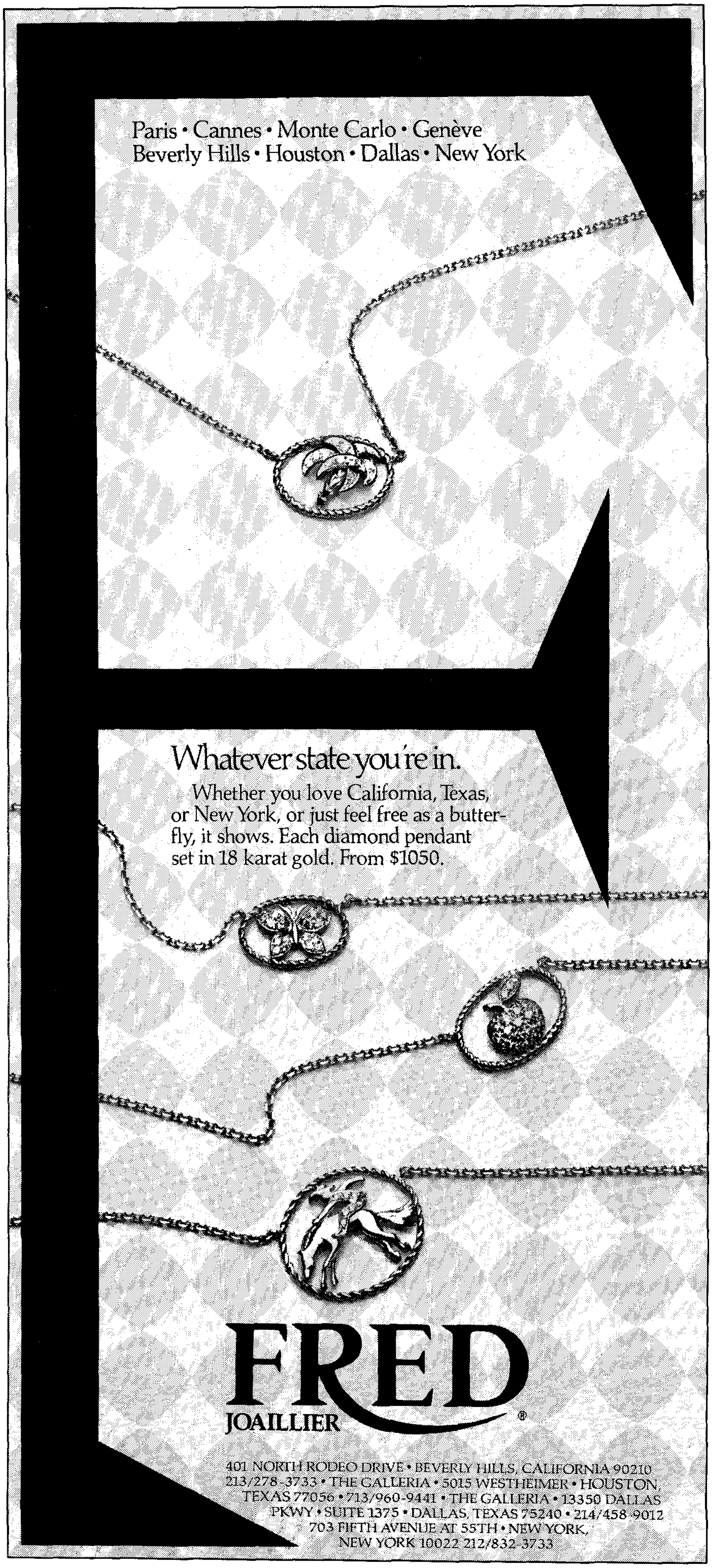
The Browning Version (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor. In this version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not give Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her lover. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 17.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other B-budget horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewer's fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures (this was his first) aren't really very good, but they're so much more imaginative than most of the horror films that other producers were grinding out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the cat woman's husband, Jane Randolph, Jack Holt, and Alan Napier. Written by DeWitt Bodeen; cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca; editing by Mark Robson. (Remade in 1982, by Paul Schrader, with Nastassia Kinski.) (Film Forum; April 18-19.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. The director, Rouben Mamoulian, rather overdoes the pseudoscience at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 19.)

Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stock to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S. The version showing here is over three hours. (Thalia; April 16.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison,



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Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 12.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Guild. . . . ¶ Gemini; through April 12.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 18-19.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams, Wallace Ford, Harry and Daisy Earles, Johnny Eck (who had half a torso), Randion (known as the Living Torso), the Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, Roscoe Ates, Edward Brophy, and Henry Victor as the strong man. Adapted from the story "Spurs," by Tod Robbins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 19.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing; the actors playing the apes are very well made up (so that each has distinguishing features), and they comport themselves convincingly. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. Men who look like villains appear and are never seen again; the hero is given portentous advice that never has any application. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation—the apes are constantly batting him around—that young kids are likely to be horrified. From infancy to adulthood, this Tarzan is more sufferer than hero. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique—muscular yet graceful—but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport as a gun-happy British major, and Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, and Beekman. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through April 12.)

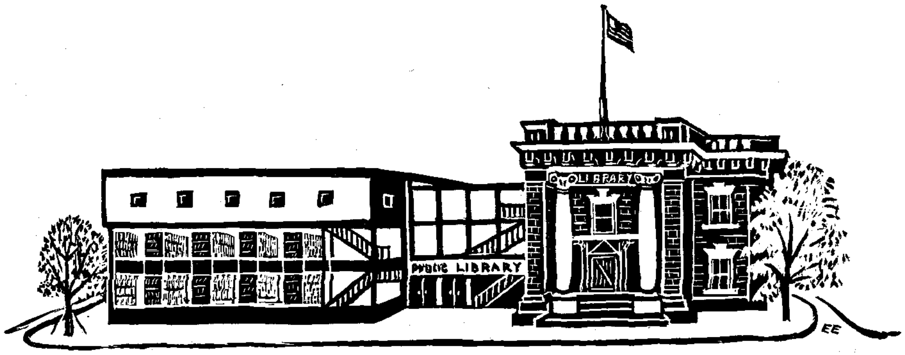
High Anxiety (1977)—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. Brooks plays Dr. Thorndyke, a Nobel Prize-winning psychiatrist who is the new director of a Los Angeles asylum—the previous one having died suddenly. He leaves this "Spellbound" situation and goes up to San Francisco for a psychiatrists' convention and into locations that recall "Vertigo." There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. When he forgets about Hitchcock, he has a couple of buoyant sequences: he does a terrific parody of Frank Sinatra's hyper-nonchalant singing style, breaking up words into sizzling syllables and tossing the mike cord from side to side and snapping it like a whip; and he and the heroine, Madeline Kahn, do an old-Jewish-couple vaudeville-patter number in the San Francisco airport. With Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Ron Carey, Dick Van Patten, Howard Morris, Jack Riley, Charlie Callas, and Albert J. Whitlock, who also did the special effects, and Rudy Deluca, Ron Clark, and Barry Levinson, who also collaborated with Brooks on the script. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 19-21.)

History of the World—Part I (1981)—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks' staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. The graceful painted vistas are by the special-effects wizard Albert J. Whitlock. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 19-21.)

The Howards of Virginia (1940)—Cary Grant, miscast as a rough-hewn surveyor at the time of the American Revolution. Costume pictures were never his forte, and he gives one of his rare really bad performances in this one. Martha Scott is the highborn woman he courts; Cedric Hardwicke is her proud, aristocratic brother. The script, by Sidney Buchman, from Elizabeth Page's novel "The Tree of Liberty," also saddles Grant with a crippled son, whom he rejects until the maudlin end, when his son's bravery wins him over. Glimpses of Jefferson (Richard Carlson), Washington (George Houston), and Patrick Henry (Richard Gaines) provide a cultural note without adding much to the party. Frank Lloyd directed; some scenes were filmed in Williamsburg. (Regency; April 17-18.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in modern Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Film Forum; April 17.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—This glossy "international" thriller, based on an Eric Ambler novel, seems modest because there are no stars in it, only featured players. In the days when studios had stars under contract, it didn't cost the company anything to toss them into a movie, so this starless picture was considered a real oddity. Peter Lorre is —surprise—the good guy. This doesn't turn out to be such a hot idea: when Lorre isn't being a degenerate, sly pussycat he's plump and pleasant but colorless. He is cast as a Dutch novelist who tries to track down the background of the corpse, Dimitrios (Zachary Scott). The trail leads to strange places (Istanbul, Smyrna, Sofia, Belgrade, etc.) and to familiar people—Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, Faye Emerson, Eduardo Ciannelli, Florence Bates, Monte Blue, Steven Geray, and John Abbott (you could hardly have a tale of dark intrigue without him). Directed by Jean Negulesco, the picture has more mood



than excitement. The screenplay is by Frank Gruber. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15.)

Mayerling (1936)—This beautifully made version of the legendary tragic love of Archduke Rudolf, heir apparent to the Hapsburg Empire, for the young Maria Vetsera is one of the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Several less effective versions followed.) Anatole Litvak directed with far more delicacy than he showed in his later work, and the doomed lovers are played by Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. Boyer hangs a cigarette on his Hapsburg lip and grabs a girl's leg and the movie takes off. In this account Rudolf is a dissolute voluptuary redeemed by his love for the innocent Vetsera—and the young Darrieux is so sexy and lovely in the role that you can just about believe it all. The affair ended abruptly in 1889, at Mayerling, the royal hunting lodge in the Vienna woods; the first movie about these lovers was probably the one produced in Russia in 1915. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting April 17.)

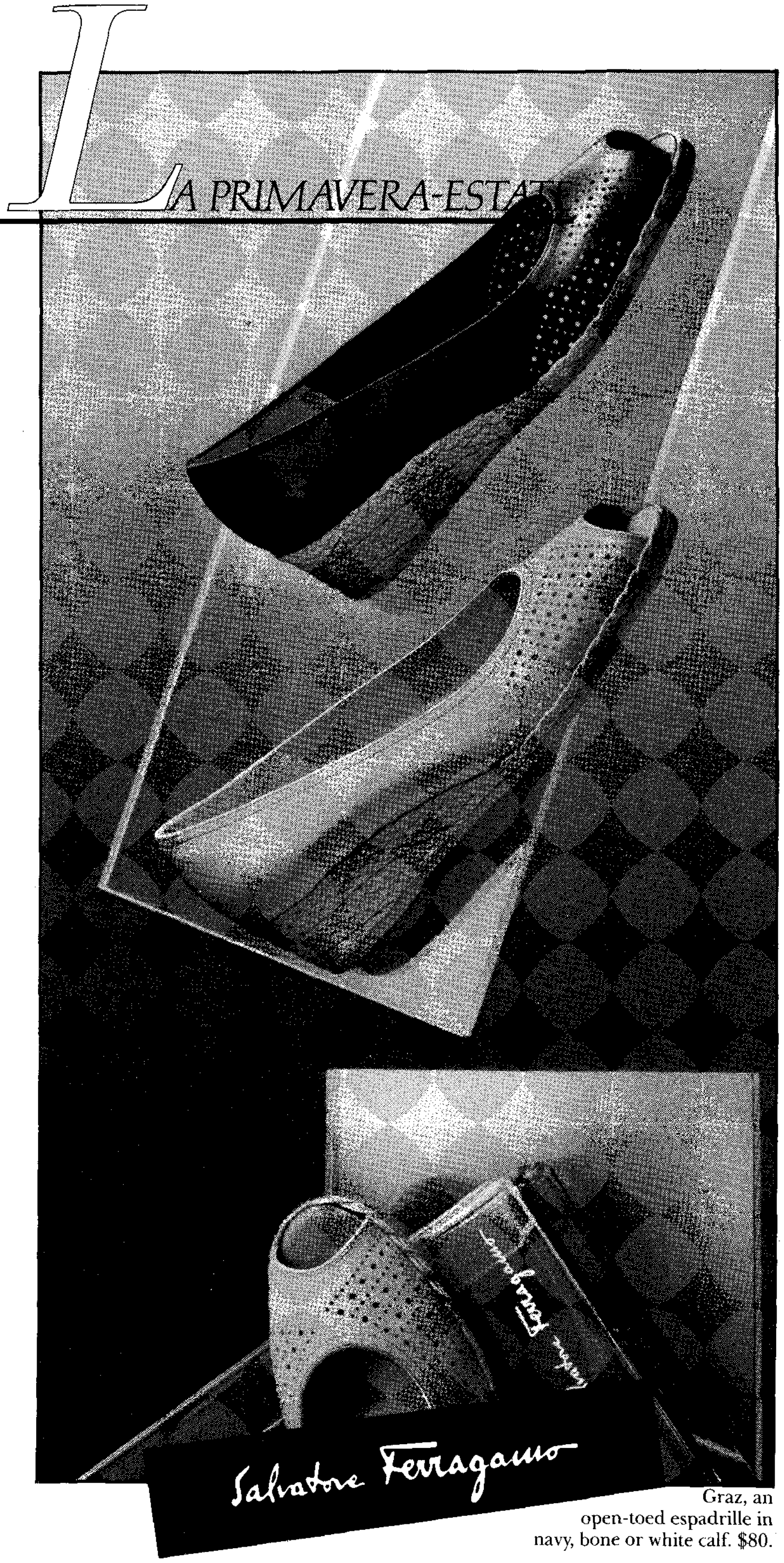
The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; April 17.)

Moscow on the Hudson—With Robin Williams, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

My Dinner with André (1981)—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed by Louis Malle, it flows smoothly, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on the dinnertime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when André dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. (Actually, they taped their conversations two or three times a week for three months, and then Shawn worked for a year shaping the material into a script, in which they play comic distillations of aspects of themselves.) Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, who's like the sum of all the crackpot glittery-eyed charmers in the world, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences. He keeps going, in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures in the Polish forests, in Scotland, in India and Tibet and in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart, when the men and women of the theatre became dissatisfied with the limits of stage performance and began to delve into para-theatrical cults. Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism and offers the grubbiest of small comforts as proof of the fullness of his life. The two are perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy—the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre, or, at least, into a movie. (Metro Cinema; starting April 20.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (R.K.O. Century Art; through April 12.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens



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version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," updated to the fifties, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. Perhaps because Stevens' methods here are studied, slow, and accumulative, the work was acclaimed as "realistic," though it's full of murky psychological overtones, darkening landscapes, the eerie sounds of a loon, and overlapping dissolves designed to affect you emotionally without your conscious awareness. Stevens and his scriptwriters (Michael Wilson and Harry Brown) pre-interpret everything, turning the basically simple story into something portentous and "deep." The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon; the industrial town is an arrangement of symbols of wealth, glamour, and power versus symbols of poor, drab helplessness. The hero's jilted working-class girlfriend (Shelley Winters) is not allowed even to be attractive; part of the impact of the 1931 von Sternberg version, in which Sylvia Sidney was the victim, was that despite the working girl's beauty, her poverty made her, finally, undesirable. If Elizabeth Taylor had played the girl in this production, then the poor could at least be shown to have some natural assets. But Shelley Winters makes the victim so horrifyingly, naggingly pathetic that when Clift thinks of killing her he hardly seems to be contemplating a crime: it's more like euthanasia. (And Clift himself is perhaps a shade too soft and shrinking—an over-directed pawn.) The conclusion of the film, in which the hero (and presumably the audience) is supposed to be convinced that a man should pay with his life for a murder he didn't commit—but wanted to commit—is bizarre. "Who doesn't desire his father's death?" asked Ivan Karamazov; Stevens and company would send us all up for it. But whatever one's reservations about this famous film, it *is* impressive, and in the love scene between Taylor and Clift physical desire seems palpable. With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. Academy Awards for Best Director, Best Screenplay, Cinematography (William C. Mellor), Editing (William Hornbeck), Score (Franz Waxman), Costume Design (Edith Head). (Thalia; April 17.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 20-21.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), might be an exercise in conventional fine writing; it's a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. And the movie doesn't feel first-hand. It's too smooth, and it's square. (4/2/84) (34th Street East, Coronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gérard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look, you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor. (Film Forum; April 17.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 13.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, and Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Film Forum; April 20-21.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Film Forum; April 15-16.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's

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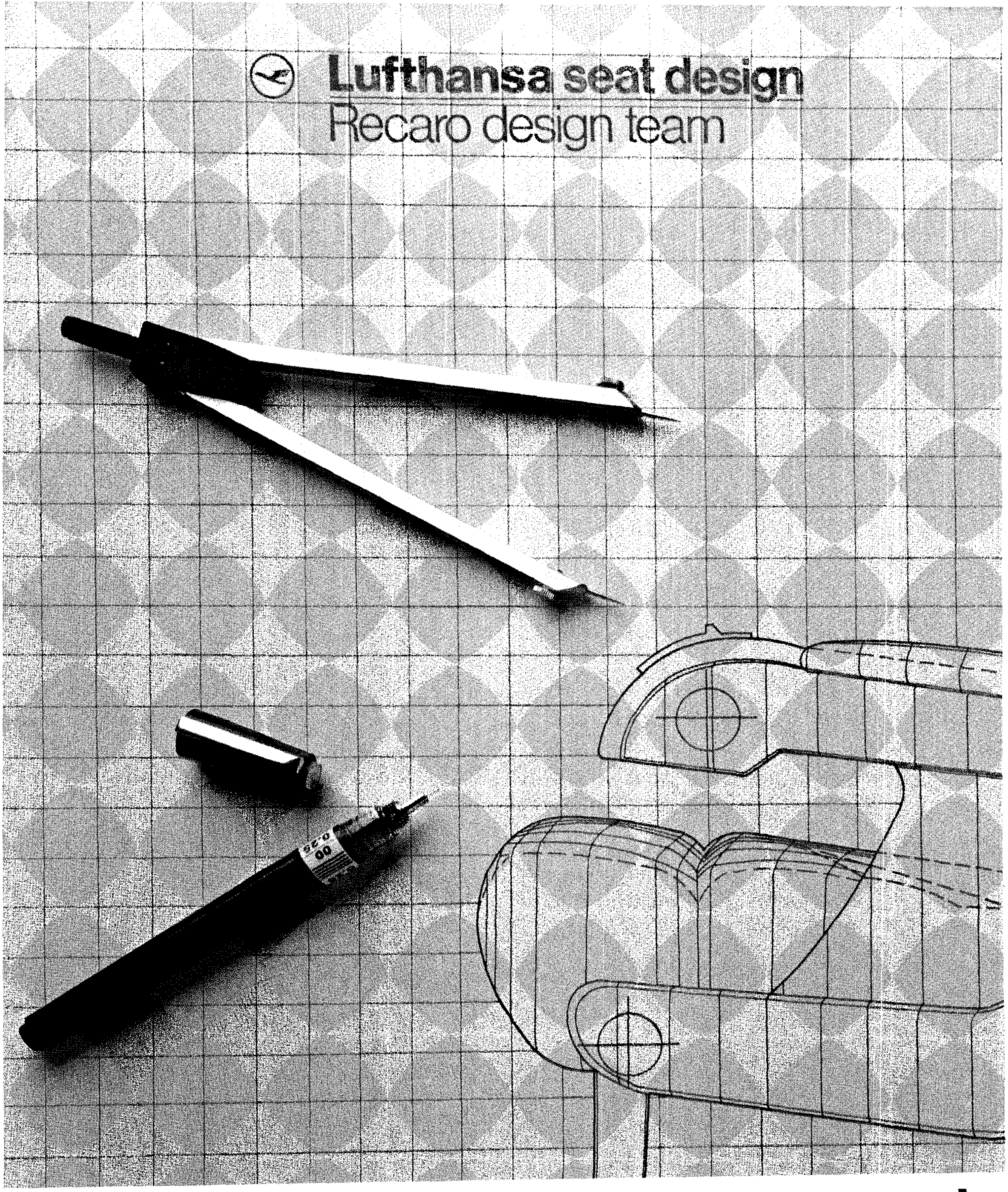
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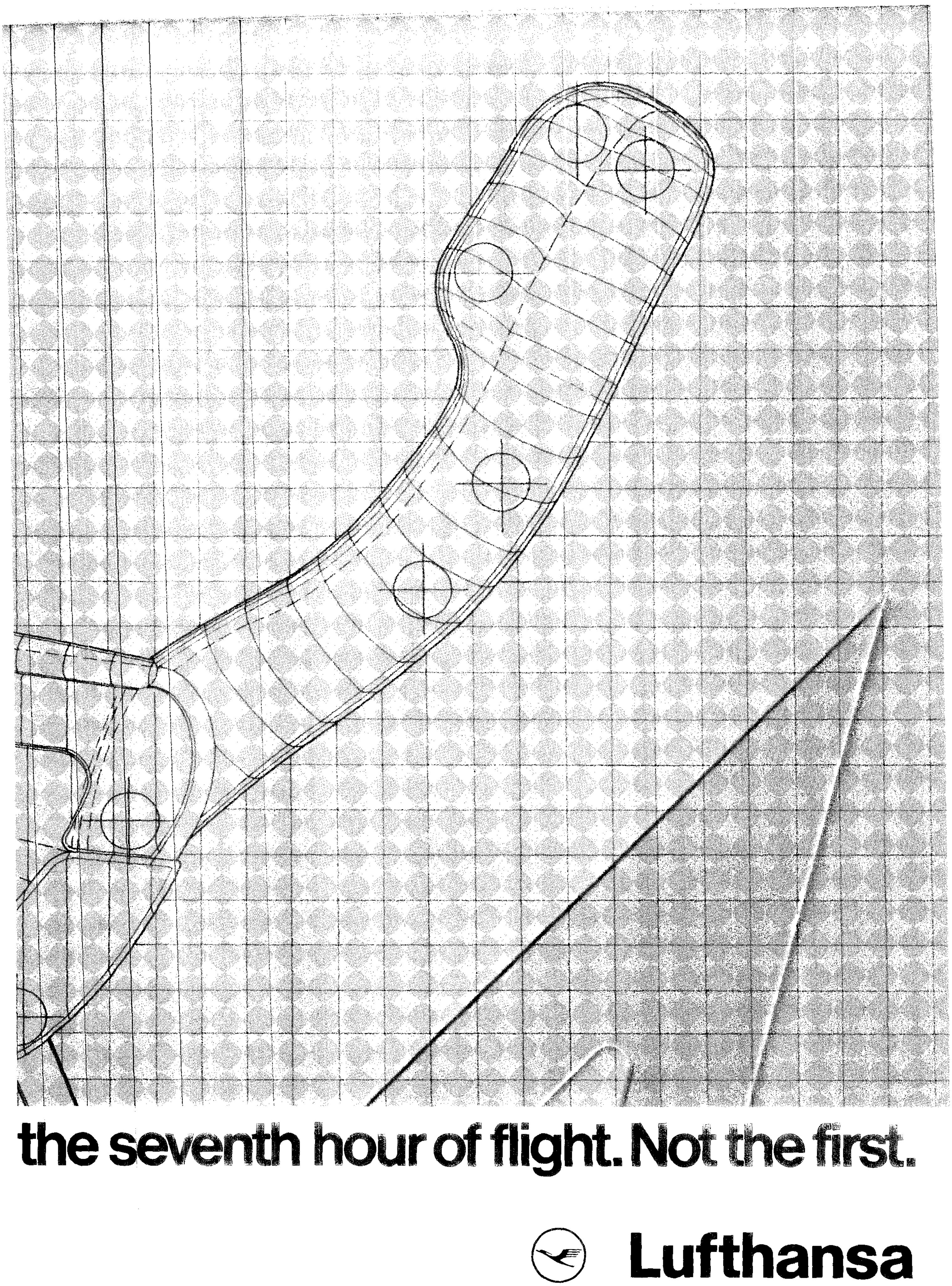
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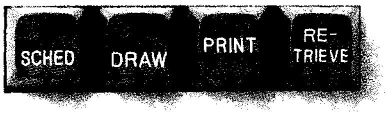

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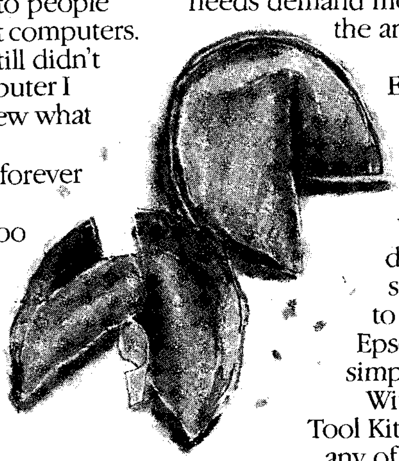

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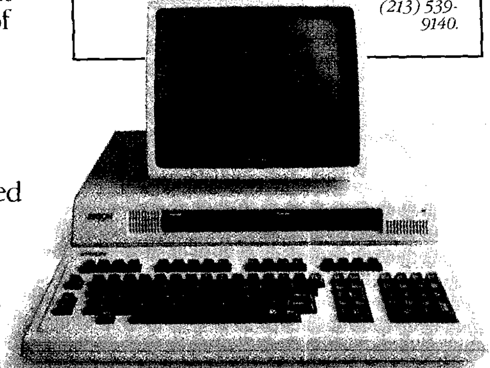

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debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres; through April 12.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through April 12.)

Smash Palace (1982)—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter Georgie scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. This affable, intelligent man isn't driven mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but in a special, modern, obsessed way. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Thalia; April 21.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Gramercy, Manhattan, U.A. 85th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

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Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Hepburn is dressed as a boy through most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant plays a brashly likable product of the British slums—this was the picture in which his boisterous energy first broke through. He and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Dennie Moore sing a music-hall number about the sea. Script by Gladys Unger, John Collier, and Mortimer Offner. Hepburn tells the story that, after the disastrous preview at Cukor's house, she and Cukor offered to do another picture for the producer, Pandro S. Berman, for nothing, and he said, "I don't want either of you ever to work for me again." (They did, though.) (Regency; April 15-16.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a vaguely radical factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softhearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic, legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are garbled and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, Rex Ingram, Emma Dunn, and Charles Dingle. (Regency; April 19-21.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets and a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Embassy 1.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, and Embassy.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmo Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then to a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Regency; April 19-21.)

Wise Blood (1980)—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 18-19.)

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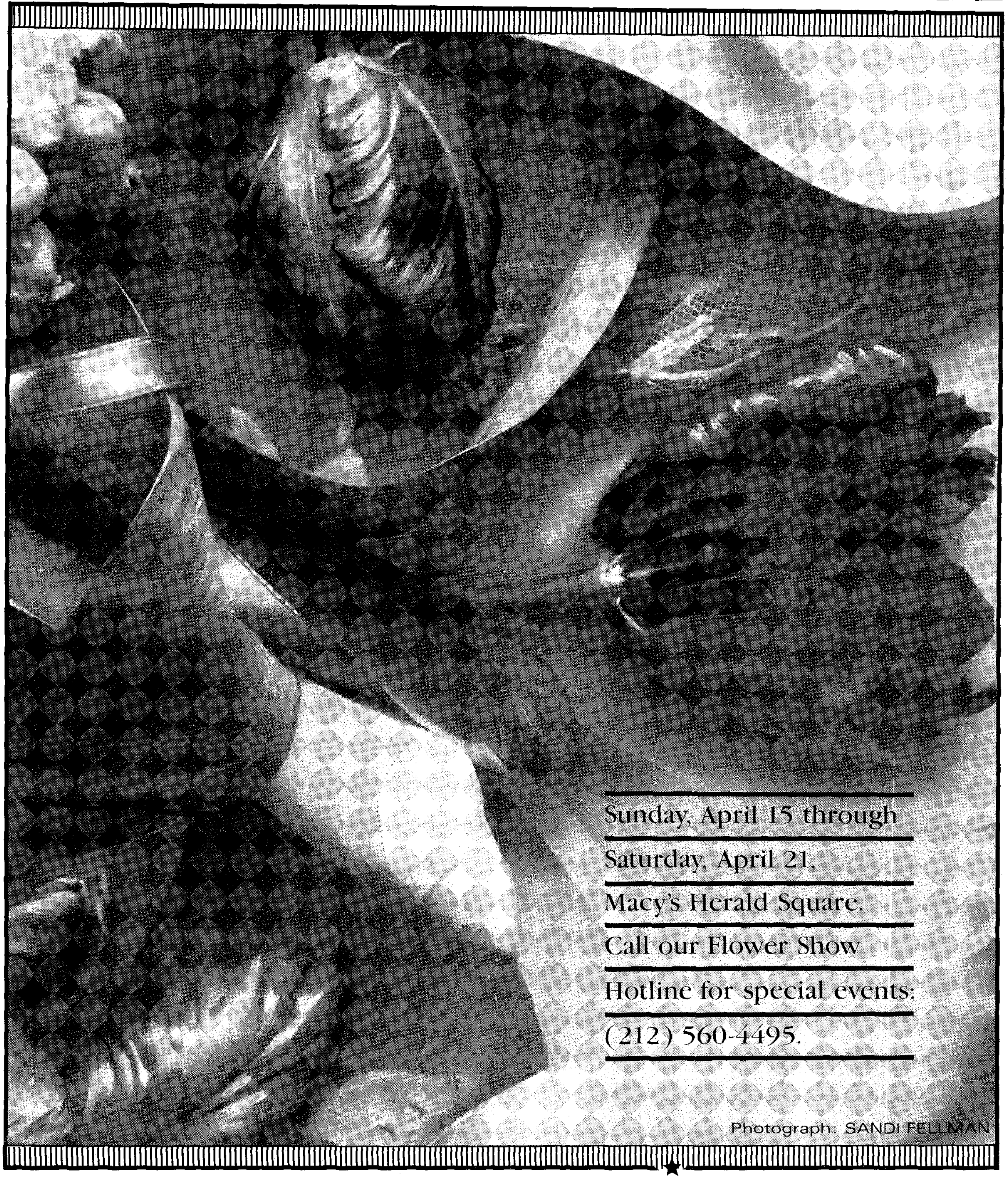

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

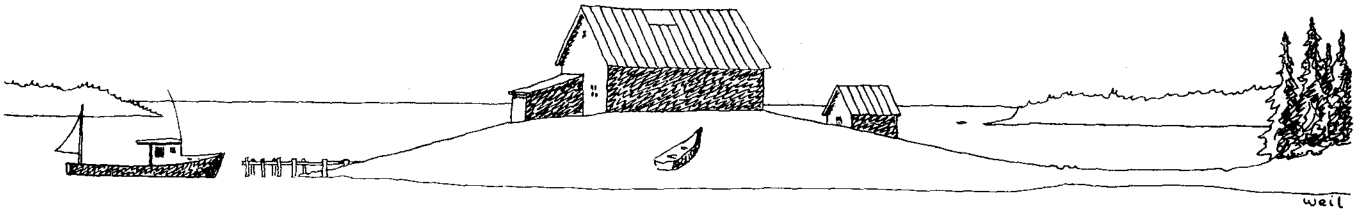
A Journalist friend of ours writes:

I didn't go to Nicaragua earlier this year to get a better view of our own Presidential election campaign; I went to talk to writers, artists, and educators about the state of culture in that country. It was surprisingly easy, though, to keep track of events in Iowa and New Hampshire, and so on, in the Managua daily papers. Those journals seemed to have some of the same candidate-identification problems that United States voters did—when a Democratic dark horse began to make his move, *El Nuevo Diario* suggested that we keep our eyes on Senator Harry Hart—but they doggedly covered campaign developments almost every day, and their reports were not made less interesting by their use of the full compass of international wire services, from the Associated Press to Prensa Latina and Tass. Where I gained a different perspective on the campaign myself, however, was in my interviews—and not in those parts of the interviews where the conversation turned, as it inevitably does in Nicaragua these days, to United States policies in Central America but, rather, in the various answers to my set question "What are your plans?"

Like a trace of something phosphorescent, the United States elections kept flitting by in people's remarks—without any special emphasis, with no notable variations, yet each time catching my eye. For instance: I was talking with the director of the school of design at the Universidad Politécnica in Managua. A chubby, soft-spoken, dynamic man in his early forties, the director had all sorts of plans for his university, and was also just putting the final touches on a book of his, ten years in the preparation—a "thematic autobiography, mostly about the role of advertising in society." When the book would actually go to the publisher, the director said, "may depend on whether or not Reagan is reëlected." What he meant by that, I discovered, was that things would depend on the future course of the war that Nicaragua is fighting against an invading force of C.I.A.-backed counter-revolutionaries, because he is a volunteer in his country's popular militia and, in "the present state of emergency," must spend whatever time he has away from the university not with his manuscript—which sounded, in a passage he read out to me, describing billboards he remembers from his boyhood, thoroughly charming, like a Nicaraguan Russell Baker—but in uniform: weekends training, vacations on active duty. (Guerrilla warfare seemed a faraway nightmare indeed while I was sitting there in the director's peaceful, book-crammed study, with Vivaldi playing somewhere, and with the director busy making a rather dazzling variety of points about television, Indians, advertising, literature, and semiotics, and with the director's children clambering through at intervals, pursued by their grandmother—until my host found me looking at a collection of snapshots on a bulletin board, and felt obliged to explain that they were photographs of family members, friends, and *compañeros* who had died in the recent *guerra de la liberación.*)

Another example: An actress on a radio comedy program called "The Six O'Clock Train" said that her plans were simply to continue working on the show, which she also helps to write. But, since the show specialized in political satire, its future might be affected by the United States election result. I didn't see the connection. Well, if Reagan is reinstated, the actress said, she (like the director and, seemingly, everyone else in Nicaragua) expected the war to escalate, and then perhaps the journalistic space within which her program operates—"The Six O'Clock Train" goes on at 7 A.M.—could narrow.

One more: This concerns a young black poet, who was also preparing a book for publication. Although his work is well known in Nicaragua and has appeared in anthologies both there and overseas, this would be the poet's first book. During the Somoza years, his writing had been banned, and had circulated only underground. No copies of over half his poems had survived the war, he said. Hence the delay in collecting the poems for his book. Yet, the poet said, he was no longer interested in waiting around for the big event. Why not? "I am ashamed to be here in an office in town while my *compañeros* are dying." (The poet was a combatant during the liberation



war.) His *comandante* had ordered him to stay where he was, however, and to see his book published and distributed before he went to join his company at the front. His immediate plans, then, were to obey orders. The book, he said, would be in the shops by late this year. "Then maybe who knows?" said the poet, in a lilting Caribbean-accented English. "Maybe Reagan lose the election and we reunite in the peacetime, rather."

Somehow, remarks of this sort, all delivered in passing, as if President Reagan's reëlection chances were naturally a factor that had to be taken into account when one was making one's personal or professional plans, in the end impressed me more than all the declarations and allegations concerning United States policy which I heard while I was in Nicaragua. When I got back to this country and read that the Senate Intelligence Committee had just approved a White House request for an additional twenty-one million dollars in military aid to an estimated fifteen thousand *contras* in Honduras and Costa Rica, I found myself studying our election campaign from, as I say, a different perspective. A vote suddenly felt *heavier* when one considered the fact that there are many people to our south who cannot vote in a United States election and yet will be more directly affected by its outcome than nearly all of us who can.

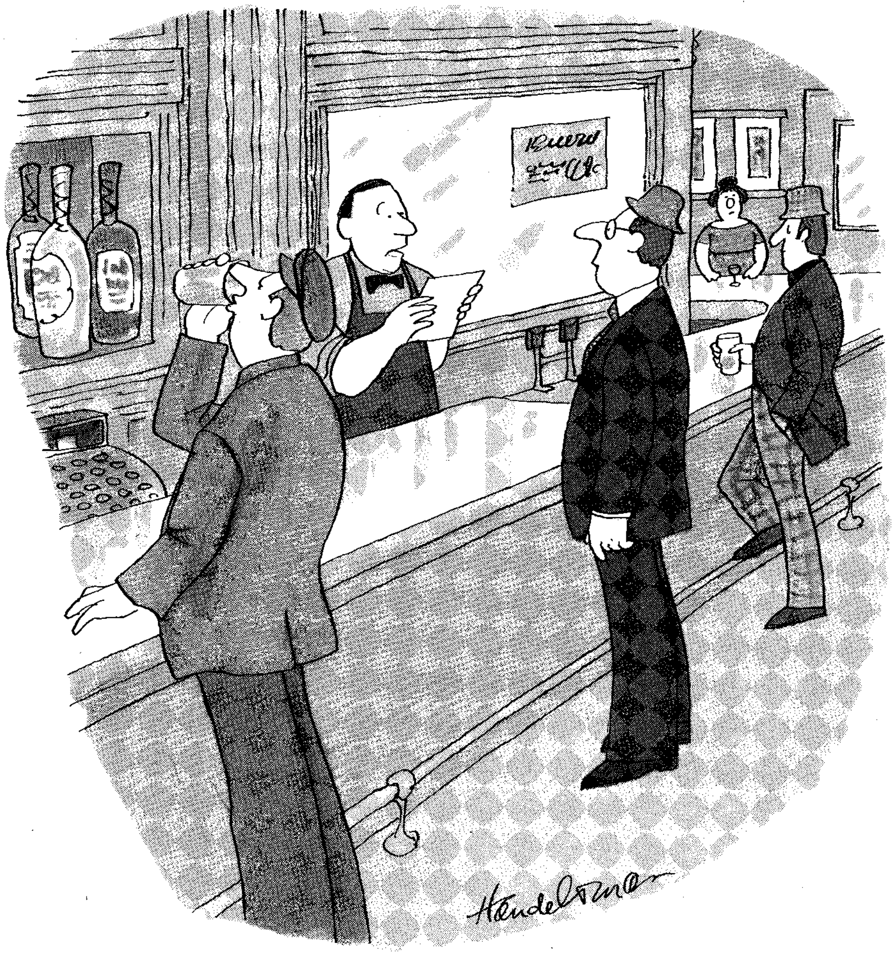
• •

Midway

"LATELY, I have been interviewing clowns applying for the job of Rockwell Funster Rockaway—Rocky Rockaway for short," Phil Epstein told us one day last week. Mr. Epstein was driving us out to Rockaways' Playland, of which he is executive vice-president; it is an eighty-three-year-old amusement park, in farthest Queens, that will open later this spring under new management, with faster rides and considerably more light bulbs, and with Rocky walking the midway. "What I found out about clowns is that almost everyone makes animals out of balloons but some make them faster than others," Mr. Epstein said. "Professor Bendeasy, who is one of our contenders—it takes him about twenty seconds, and that's for a complicated animal. And he plays about fifteen instruments besides. We have one Ronald McDonald fellow, too. He's tired of being a Ronald and wants an opportunity to create his own character." Mr. Epstein also handles group sales for the park. "I like to think of the park as an abstract space with rides around it," he said. "Would your group like a five-hundred-pound marshmallow cake dropped from a helicopter onto the midway? It could be arranged."

Two of the park's new owners, Bob and Eileen Demner, offered to give us a tour of his rubble-strewn midway. "We've just taken down the last of the old," Mr. Demner said as we picked our way around an overturned giant plastic rabbit and tripped on a beheaded stuffed Smurf. "You'll probably never see it this bad again. This place was in bad shape when we bought it. The previous owner didn't like the way the roller coaster shook his office, for instance, so he had it running at seventy per cent of its top speed. And the Haunted House—why, *nothing* in it worked. It was just cars going through the dark. It was more like a Tunnel of Love. Anyway, we're putting in a Musik Express, which is a Himalaya-type ride with eight thousand light bulbs, and four water slides—we'll be the only park in the five boroughs with a water slide—and a Ferris wheel. It's hardly fair to call it just a Ferris wheel. It'll be six stories high, and at the top you'll look over your left shoulder and see the World Trade Center. And we managed to get a bunch of reconditioned bumper cars that matched our old fleet, and *that* was lucky. There are newer cars, and prettier cars, but for excitement there are no better cars. That's because these are heavier. If you run into someone with your Volkswagen, it's just not the same as hitting them with your Mercedes."

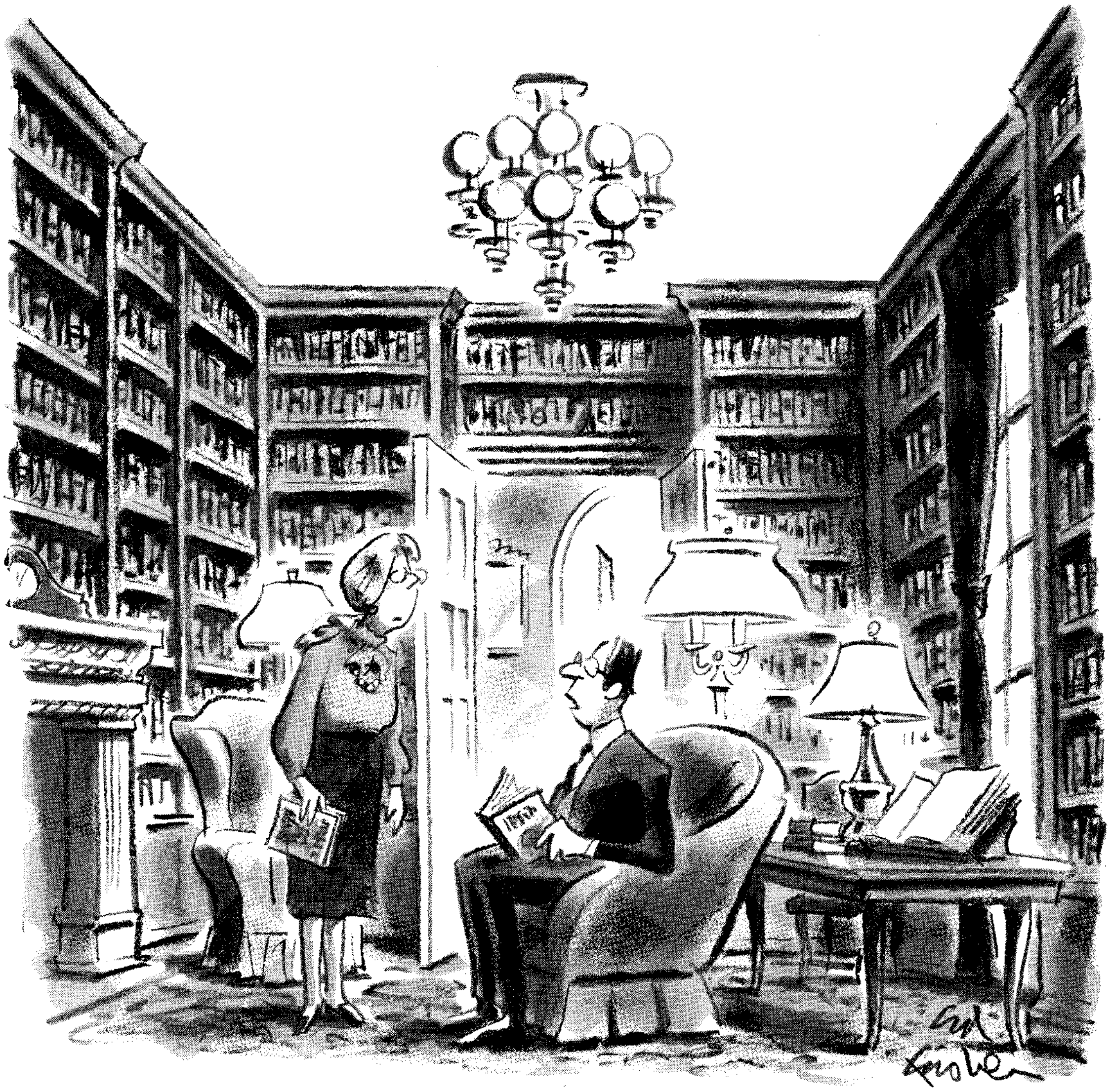
Mr. Demner introduced us to Ross Tabacoff, an electronics technician charged with "re-scarifying" the Haunted House, which will henceforth be known as Hell and Back. Mr. Tabacoff, who was holding a plastic skull, gave us a look at all the chills he has planned: the one with the caldron and the witch; the bobbing bat; the bobbing skull; the Phantom of the Opera; the descending spider. The spider was in place when Mr. Tabacoff took over. "This isn't the spider I eventually want," he said. "I



"This isn't really necessary, sir. You can buy a Scotch-and-soda without a prescription."

want to see a scarier spider. This is more a cartoon spider. But sometimes you work with what you have."

One thing Rockaways' Playland has that no other amusement park can claim is a roller coaster in sight of which President McKinley was assassinated. That was at the Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, which closed not long afterward; the coaster was packed up and shipped to the Rockaways, where it has run ever since. Jeffrey Bronstein, an assistant to the park's owners, told us he was a coaster enthusiast. "Coaster enthusiasts are everyday people like you and me except for one thing—they are coaster-crazy. They can't get enough of coasters," he said, handing us a typed list of every coaster in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. "Enthusiasts can keep their hands in the air the whole ride and not get scared. This coaster, besides having a great history—it was the coaster in the first Cinerama movie—is a great ride. As a wooden coaster, it's part of a vanishing breed. Riding a wooden coaster is like driving a sports car, while riding a steel coaster is like being in a luxury car. With this, you get a real feeling for the road. There's more give, more vibration. With a steel coaster, you go around a loop-the-loop and you barely even know it."



"I hate to admit it, but I got that information from Phil Donahue's show."

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We drove back to Manhattan with Mr. Epstein, who said he grew up in Coney Island and at the age of twelve began work as the "guess your age, guess your name, guess your occupation" operative. "The secret was to guess wrong," he explained. "If you thought a guy's name was John, you'd say Humphrey. He'd give you a dollar, and you'd give him a prize worth maybe fifty cents, and he was as happy as you were. The lesson was, it seemed to me, that winning was only a perception. And fun, too, for that matter. If you go away from someplace feeling that you've had fun, then you have."

Cat Therapist

"CAT therapy," says Carole Wilbourn, "consists of making owners aware of the strong needs and feelings of their cats and then changing the cats' environment to accommodate those needs." In eighteen years in the business, Carole has seen ten thousand cats, with a success rate, according to one veterinarian, of seventy-five per cent. Carole lives in the West Village with a black cat, Ziggy Stardust, and a Siamese, Sunny Blue. Before leaving for a therapy session, Carole always tells her cats, calmly and matter-of-factly, "I'll be gone for about an hour and I'll see you later." Carole does not think that her cats understand the words. "But they pick up feelings of love and security," she says, "and know I'm not leaving forever."

People find out about Carole from reading one of her books ("Cats Prefer It This Way," "The Inner Cat," "Cat Talk," "Cats on the Couch"), or by being referred to her by New York veterinarians, or by seeing her listing in the Yellow Pages under "Cats," or by running across one of her weekend consultations at Paw 'N Claw, a Greenwich Village pet-supply store; she visits a person's home, sees the person's cat, and charges from thirty-five to eighty dollars an hour. In recent years, she says, more and more veterinarians have begun to recognize that cats undergo real stress brought on by fear, jealousy, anger, and loss. "Emotional problems can cause medical problems. That's why you have to treat the *total* cat."

Carole is exactly five feet tall, with short, bouncy brown hair and round hazel eyes. Not long ago, we accompanied her on a couple of lower-Manhattan house calls.

Byron: A beautiful, big nine-year-old tabby with dark-brown and black patches and a white chest, Byron lives in a small one-bedroom apartment in the West Village with three other cats—his brother, Jamie; his mother, Tuna; and his father, Little Guy—and with two people, Joyce and Billy. Byron's problem is Little Guy—he is terrified of his father. "The parent cats are only nine months older than their children," Joyce explained. "And Byron is actually bigger and stronger than Little Guy. A couple of times a year, when we're not home, they really fight. We know because of the fur on the floor—mostly Little Guy's. Afterward, Little Guy is fine, even pleased, but Byron, our sweetest cat, is devastated."

Little Guy is a part-Siamese black cat with intense green eyes. "Little Guy stands close to Byron and stares, giving him a piercing look," Joyce says. "Byron starts to cringe and hiss."

"It's hard to get mad at Little Guy," Billy said. "He's such a clown—a riot with people."

Both Billy and Joyce are magazine editors and freelance writers, and Joyce does volunteer work at the Bronx Zoo. "We've been together four years, and got married a few months ago," Joyce said. "Since then, Byron's been worse, spending almost all his time by himself, hiding from the other cats."

"Cats are fierce creatures of habit," Carole said. "Even a subtle change, like new slipcovers on the sofa, can seem to them very dramatic. Wedding preparations can be traumatic."

Carole was sitting with Joyce and Billy in their living room, surrounded by all the cats except Byron. Joyce, a pretty woman with curly brown hair, was wearing a gray sweatshirt that had a pattern of black pawprints running from hip to shoulder.

"It's so rare to have a whole family of cats," Carole said. "Especially the father, who's usually a stray tom nobody knows."

"I got Little Guy for Tuna thinking he was another female," Joyce said. "But he wasn't, and before I could blink an eye Tuna was pregnant. She gave birth at three in the morning, after waiting for me to get home from a date. First came Jamie, then Byron, who has a big head and was a breech birth. Tuna was in labor for two hours, and I had to help her."

Carole's jaw fell. "So often I tell people that problems stem from kittenhood, and they look at me funny," she said. "It's wonderful that you were actually there and could tell us about it."

With the help of some dry food, Joyce coaxed Byron out from a hiding spot behind the refrigerator. Carole gave him a toy. "I'm not giving toys to the other cats, so that Byron will feel special," she said. But Little Guy threw Byron a devilish stare, and Byron stayed away from his new toy.

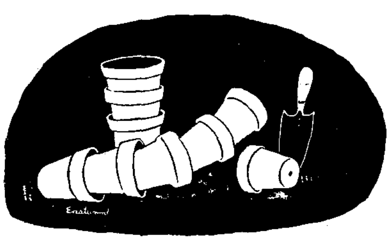
"In the middle of the night, Byron comes downstairs and meows and meows," Joyce said. "It's as if he had an imaginary friend."

Carole went off to one side of the room and made some notes, and then returned. "Imagine a person sitting beside you squirming and cracking his knuckles and humming off-key, for hours on end," she said. "That's what it's like for Little Guy to be near Byron, who's been anxious since birth. Little Guy moves too close to Byron because he's hypersensitive to anxiety and wants Byron to relax. It's one reason cats jump in the laps of people who don't like cats. Unfortunately, Little Guy's method is about as useful as slapping a hysterical person. But if Byron loosens up, Little Guy won't bother him. Tranquillizers can help. So will popcorn, since that's Byron's favorite treat. Refer to him as Little Guy's son—it's a pleasant connection, and Byron will pick up good feelings. Byron seems sweet and passive, but even across a room I can feel his immense energy. Get that big cat in him out."

The next day, Joyce called Carole to say that Byron had had a wonderful day—no hissing and no hiding.

"He knew he was getting help," Carole said to us. "I was so moved. Poor Byron."

Ned: Ned, a ten-year-old black-and-white cat, lives in a large, cozy country-house kind of loft in Tribeca with two English bulldogs, Porky and Beans, and with Alan, an attorney now studying for a doctorate in psychology at the New School, and Sondra, a Pan Am flight attendant, registered nurse, speech therapist, actress, and karate black belt. During the house call, Alan was studying in a room off the living room, and Porky and Beans were sleeping in a gated play-pen area. "I grew up on a farm in Wisconsin," Sondra said. "I have bulldogs because they remind me of the pigs."



Sondra had called Carole because Ned had been lonely and depressed since the death last summer of their other cat, Buster, and she wanted to know if Ned needed a new cat. Sondra told her story: "During one of those hot, hot weeks last August, Alan and I went out of town, after taking Porky and Beans to a farm in Connecticut and asking our neighbor to feed the cats. One day, he realized that one of the cats hadn't come around to eat. He found Ned sitting next to the body of Buster. No one knows just what happened to Buster—it may have been the heat. I went through all of Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's stages of grief. I sat in the spot where Buster used to sleep, and spoke to him."

Sondra, who has thick dark hair and wears it pulled back in a braid, was now sitting on an L-shaped brown tweed sofa. "I got Ned at the A.S.P.C.A.," she went on. "He was crying at the time, and he kept on crying for four years—even though I got Buster three months after I got him, and they became best friends. They loved each other."

Ned came into the living room a bit diffidently. He jumped into Sondra's lap and hid his head under her arm.

Carole talked for a while about a children's party in St. Vincent's Hospital, and then she crouched on the floor beside Ned. "That was people chatter," she said to him. "I talked people chatter so the attention would be off you and you could feel like a cat. Now you're relaxed, and I'm relaxed, and Sondra's relaxed."

Carole gave Ned some catnip and a toy, which he liked, and asked him, "Ned, what do you want? A cat? A kitten? Want to be left alone? Tell me, Ned."

Then she went off to write her notes.

When she came back, she said, "Ned has always been a sensitive soul. Now he's suffering from separation anxiety and an abandonment complex, because you were both away when Buster died. Wait a little longer. Don't get another cat yet. Look on this as Ned's nurture time. He needs to become the cat he wants to be. Ned, this is your nurture time."

Ned looked at her and blinked.

"I've lost track. Am I making charges or countercharges?"

Revival

IN 1976, a Motown recording artist called Charlene (and no more) cut a track for her début album, also called "Charlene," about a woman who complained "I've Never Been to Me"—evidently meaning that the woman, in the jargon of the day, had never got in touch with herself. The album climbed into the high eighties on the charts, which is not very high but was higher than a follow-up L.P. ever got. "My career just sort of fizzled out," Charlene explained to us last week. "I quit the business in 1980, got married, became a Christian, and moved to London, where I got a job as the cleaning lady in a sweetshop, which is like a candy store. Anyway, one day in 1982 I got a call from Motown and they said, 'Remember that song you did about six years ago—'I've Never Been to Me'? It's flying up the charts with a super-bullet, and you better get back here.' It turns out that this d.j. Scott Shannon, in Tampa, Florida, had unearthed the record and played it, and his phones went nuts with people calling in. He told Motown, and they re-released it, and it went to No. 3 in the States. And No. 1 worldwide—it was big in Ireland, and all over. Now I'm about to release a new album, 'Hit and Run Lover,' and my career is going in a whole new direction. It's going in a pop direction. And I've got a new haircut—it's short. I'm very, very excited."

That's the necessary historical perspective. That's the *context*. That's the background against which certain events taking place right now at the Madison Avenue Bookshop must be viewed. The front window of that store—decorated by the same man who decorates Tiffany's windows—usually features a book calculated to appeal to the chichi: no Garfield, very little Jane Fonda. Last fall, the window had a French theme—a coffee-table book about Paris and the like. Soon there will be a Marcel Duchamp window. In the early summer, when the Diana Vreeland autobiography comes out, there is definitely going to be a Diana Vreeland window. But right now there are stacks and stacks of a book titled "The Dog of the South," by Charles Portis. A book published five years ago—back, for heaven's sake, in the nineteen-seventies. A book that sold in no large numbers back then—if the book charts went that high, it might have been in the eighties, with no bullet. A book that went quietly out of print several years ago.

But then: "Most of us who work in the store here are real Portis cultists," Gary Goldsmith, the assistant manager, explained. "He's the guy who wrote 'True Grit,' but his two other novels have been largely overlooked. Anyway, we were going through the publisher's backlist one day, and someone noticed that there were a hundred and eighty-three copies of 'The Dog of the South' still sitting in some warehouse, and we just decided 'Let's go for it.' We ordered them all, and that is a *lot* of books. I mean, when it was new we only ordered maybe three or four copies. But we read it and believed in it—and now maybe someone will option it for a movie and hire me to write the screenplay. There's even talk now about someone reissuing the book in paperback. When customers wander in, if they look as if they might want it I sell them on it. The characterizations are amazingly vivid; there's not a false note in the book. It's deadpan, it's dry, it's right on the mark. It's about a guy, Ray Midge. This other guy takes his wife and his car and his credit cards, and he waits for the credit-card bills to arrive and then he goes out to find them. There's a Mark Twainish quality to it, but if you read between the lines there's also a Sam Shepardish quality to it. Anyway, in a week and a half we've sold half our copies. Soon they'll all be gone."

And what of Charles Portis? Has he gone off in a new direction, a pop direction? Has he cut his hair short? He has not.

"I'm just working on another novel," Portis told us when we reached him at his home, in Little Rock. "It's hard to describe—I'm not being coy, or anything. It's about a cult group, World War I to the present. What's going on in New York with 'The Dog of the South' is nice. Usually, my books are like those Slim Whitman records you see on TV—'not available in any store.' But all you can do, you know, is write the stuff and put it out where people can get at it."

WHO WE WERE AND WHAT WE MEANT BY IT

THE breakup of the Momentist movement in 1962 in St. Paul was a deliberate decision on the part of all four of us. We were sitting in Swedlund's Drugstore one afternoon when Patty said, "It's been great but—you know, it's never going to be this good again, so I think it's time we said goodbye."

So we all left town, or so I thought until last Christmas, when I saw Ed's book, "Once There Was a Time," a "memoir" of that St. Paul scene—a book riddled with factual errors, a betrayal of all that we stood for—and I read on the jacket that he now owns Swedlund's (renamed the Scene Shop), where he has "preserved the atmosphere of Momentism in all its raw brilliance and vitality." So a few weeks ago, on my way out to the Coast, I stopped off in St. Paul to see for myself.

I'm not naïve. I realize that the St. Paul scene became legendary after we left, that any number of artists have claimed the Momentist mantle, and that popular mythology links our movement to everything from rebirthing to "self-denial," to the work of such Incidentalists as Karen Johnson and Charles Shur, to the grab bag of the New Wave, No Wave, Now Wave, and Bye-Bye movements of the early eighties. I'm well aware that every year, on May 14th, thousands assemble in Rice Park and jump into the fountain, to commemorate an evening of ours in 1962. And I'm not surprised. We Momentists fully expected to be misunderstood and exploited. I just never thought it would be done by one of us.

From the airport, I took a cab to our old block on Maple between Hyacinth and Sycamore, and I couldn't believe my own eyes. Three restaurants claim that we met there. *Two of them weren't even in business in 1962!* The Scene Shop is the third. As Swedlund's, it was a place where we met *occasionally—but not where they say we did!* They have a booth roped off that they say was *the* booth, but it wasn't. *The* booth was in the front by the window, and the table was linoleum-covered. This one is butcher block and they've set four places on it. (1) We never *ate* at Swedlund's, only drank coffee, and (2) there were always more than four of us—I mean, there were four of *us*, but some of us usually brought a friend.

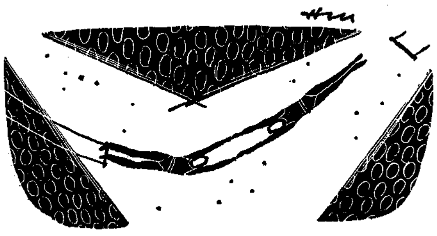
Anyone who knows squat about Momentism can see this joint for the fake that it is. The same goes for the Four Friends, the Loft Bar, the Momentary Playhouse, Les Amis Gallery, and all the other tourist traps. None of us were playwrights or painters, we were Momentary artists. Permanence repelled us. Les Amis was never in our group. And yet there's Les, cranking out the same old trashy collages and claiming to be our heir! We have no heirs. We left nothing behind to inherit. That was the point of it.

What a dismal sight it is! The tony restaurants, the antique street lights and paving blocks (all new since '62), the same dreary street singers and sidewalk painters you'll find in the Village or at North Beach or the French Quarter—a scene of weary decadence where once we four were briefly young and hopeful, all artists together making something fresh and new and *momentary*. Now tourists wander in a carnival that claims us as inspiration for the cheap goods it sells.

In "Once There Was a Time," Ed says he met Patty at the Four Friends on the northeast corner of Maple and Sycamore. He offered her a Camel. She had never smoked, but she accepted it and said, "I am going to smoke one cigarette in my life. Only one. That way I will always remember it." That led to Momentism. Later Patty brought in Cheryl and Cheryl brought in me.

Untrue.

We four met on April 21, 1962. Patty and Cheryl got off work at the Flameburger at 8 P.M. and went to Maple and Sycamore to catch a bus downtown and go roller-skating. I was at the bus stop, blowing my nose, a little upset, having just broken up with my girlfriend Donna, who lived at 1987 Hyacinth and whose parents forced us to part because we were getting "too serious" and they couldn't stand the sight of me. I had gone to her house to return a couple of photographs of her, including one of us standing beside her dog, which she tore down the middle and gave me the half with her in it and I promised to keep it forever, and we said goodbye and cried, and I walked to the corner for the bus. Actually, the bus I wanted was the westbound Maple bus, but, distracted by grief, I went and stood with the two girls on the *southwest* corner of Maple and Sycamore, and caught the eastbound. One of them asked if I was all right. We talked. We sat in back, on facing seats. Ed was there. He sort of attached himself to us. I thought at the time he was a very pushy guy.

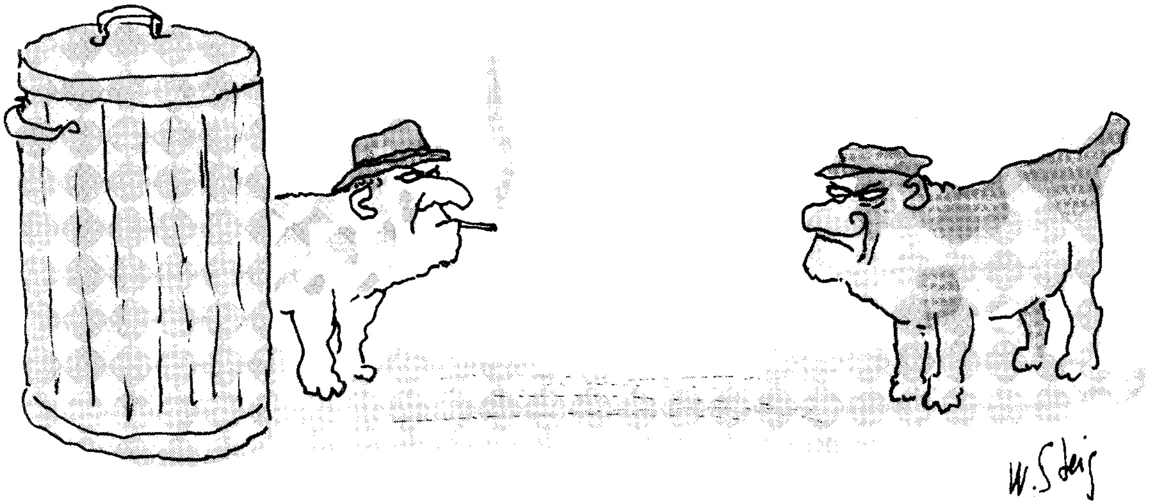


In "Once There Was a Time," Ed claims that the trip downtown occurred much later, after he and Patty had laid the groundwork of Momentism, but in fact it was something that just happened among us three even before the bus came. We started fooling around, just kidding, *improvising* things, and suddenly it clicked. We all knew it. It was not any one thing that we said, and it wasn't like we were thinking, "Hey, this is a movement!"—it *happened*. We got on the bus together, we got off downtown at Fifth and St. Peter (with Ed in tow), we walked around for several hours and talked a lot and did things, and then we said, "Let's get together tomorrow."

I wish we hadn't. Looking back on it, I can see that that evening was the high point, the apotheosis of what Momentism was all about. If we had let it go at that and not made a movement out of it, Momentism would have been *purely* momentary, but as it is Momentism became a self-contradiction—the Moment extended, *recalled, amplified, and now commemorated*. It's a shame.

PEOPLE ask me, "But what exactly was *said* that night? What did you four *do?*" That's not the point. It was a feeling, more than anything specific. We were young and had fallen together accidentally and we shared a feeling that this was a brief moment in our youth when everything was iridescent and meaningful and charged with importance in a way it would never be again.

To write about it, however, the way Ed has ("The street lights cast great cones of light into which we walked, the soles of our shoes clicking certain rhythmic changes that excited us, and we saw our own mystery in the great blank darkened windows, a mystery of unutterable poignance as cars swished by filled with persons whom we would never see again, and all of this happening on a night that we would never know again; no matter how much we might wish to recapture it, its essence was fleeting and would never be described, not even in this sentence"), is to make it trivial, a moment similar to moments in other people's lives. It wasn't similar at all! It was unique to us, and we knew it. A moment of art, perfect and complete, so why try to translate it into a work of art so that a lot of jerks could look at that and say, "Oh, yeah! I understand what you felt there! It's a lot like my own life in a way!" *No, it wasn't. They don't understand at all. How could they?*



Tough Guys

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Yes, we did climb into the fountain in Rice Park across from the St. Paul Public Library, just as in the legend, but it was not intended to be a legend at the time, it was only something we did. Patty said, "There will never be another night exactly like this one, so let's do something we've never done before," and the fountain was there and we got in—first Patty and then Cheryl and me, and finally Ed, who thought it was "dumb." (We were not arrested, as Ed says now, nor did he take off his clothes. We removed only our shoes and stockings. Nor did he recite Baudelaire. None of us recited anything or made any reference to a preëxistent work of art; we said what we were thinking and feeling *at the moment.*)

I don't mind that every year during Momentarily Week thousands of people jump into that same fountain, but I wish they would do it for their own reasons and not to celebrate something that happened one evening twenty years ago. If ever a movement resisted celebration, it was us Momentists. That was why I went back to St. Paul—to repeat the message that the world has misunderstood: Not Us but Yourself, Not That but This, Not Then but Now, The Answer Is Not on My Face. The moment is gone, now is the moment. We are gone, we will come back in a moment.

I didn't have the heart to tell them. The crowds I saw milling on Maple were happy to think that the cheap imitation of Momentism they were buying was the genuine article, that a twelve-dollar T-shirt ("I Spent A Moment In St. Paul") made them members of a secret society of finer, more sensitive people, and that, strolling along this street, drinking burnt coffee in a room with burlap-covered walls and fishnet suspended from the ceiling, they were having an "experience" of a sort not so different from ours. I remembered what Patty said once after we had gone swimming at midnight and then sat around on the riverbank eating doughnuts. She said, "Don't tell anybody. Don't say anything, period. Don't ruin it."

She was right. It was Ed who ruined Momentism. First, he insisted on writing "We Were Here" on walls and sidewalks with a piece of chalk, then he started taking hands off clocks. He wrote "Now" on his forehead. He talked to reporters. He wore strange clothes. He developed himself into a celebrity, a walking personal appearance, an event. Younger people started following him around; they shopped all over town for khaki pants, striped short-sleeved pullovers, white Keds, black horn-rimmed glasses exactly like his.

He looked so old when I saw him, there in St. Paul. I was disgusted. So sallow, flabby, *listless.* He sat in uniform at "the table" and allowed the patrons to stare at him. He was accustomed to being watched, I could see, and it had destroyed him. The Ed I knew was gone, his Edness all used up. I couldn't stand to look at him.

Thank goodness we true Momentists got out intact, leaving no work behind to be gawked at and eventually become dated and embarrassing and dull. Everything we created was in our heads and among us three, and only we know what it was, and so it exists outside of time and form and will be forever pure being just as it was at that moment. I walked away from the former Swedlund's and caught a cab to the airport and wished I had never made the trip. And then something happened! In the airport! A woman in black was sitting at the shoeshine stand—the slap of cloth—a dime dropped!—a plane rose! It was such a brief thing, actually only a glimpse of something distant, fleeting, and so graceful that when it was gone I carried the image with me to the Coast, and it was worth going to Minnesota to see.

—Garrison Keillor

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THE NIGHT SURF

Of tomorrow I have nothing to say
what I say is not tomorrow

tomorrow no animals
no trees growing at their will
no one in the White House
the words gone out

the end of our grasp and rage
and of our knowledge
what is between us and tomorrow

in the deep shade blue irises are open
we are barefoot in the airy house
after dark the surf roars on the cliffs

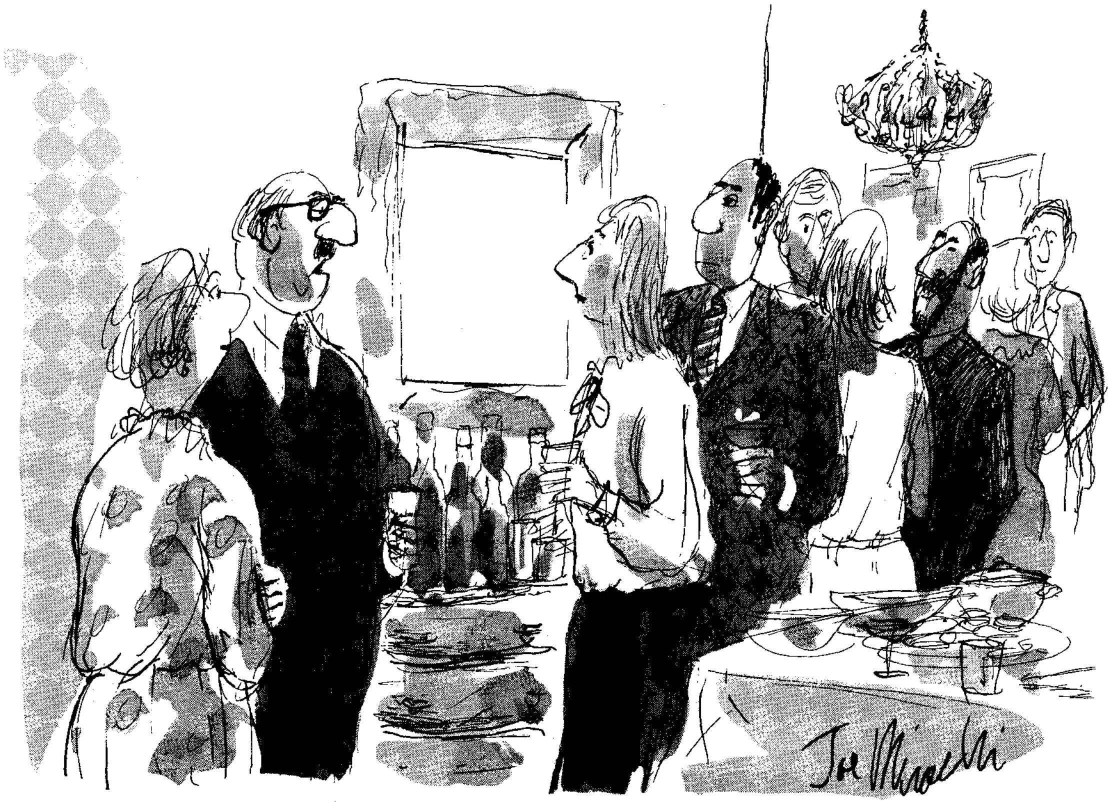
—W. S. Merwin

GWEN

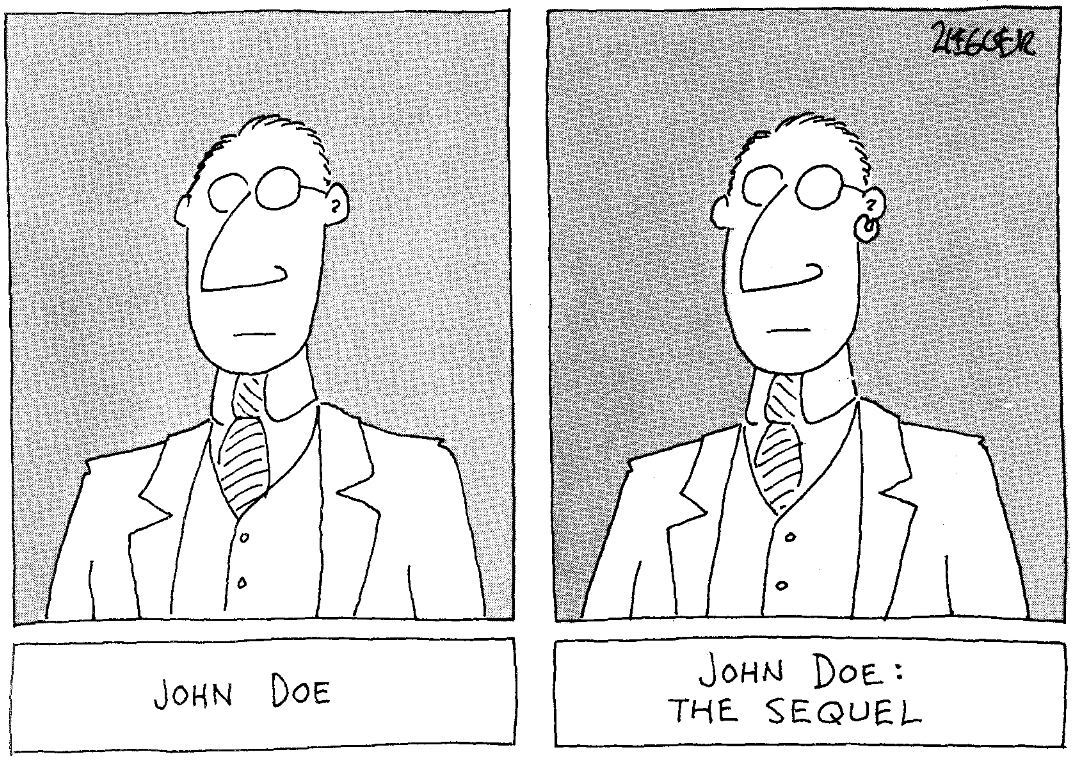
ON opening day, I walked to my new school alone. It was the first and last time that such a thing would happen. All around me were other people my age—girls and boys, dressed in their school uniforms, marching off to school. They all seemed to know each other, and as they met they would burst into laughter, slapping each other on the shoulder and back, telling each other things that must have made for much happiness. I saw some girls wearing the same uniform as my own, and my heart just longed for them to say something to me, but the most they could do to include me was to smile and nod in my direction as they walked on arm in arm. I could hardly blame them for not paying more attention to me. Everything about me was so new: my uniform was new, my shoes were new, my hat was new, my shoulder ached from the weight of my new books in my new bag; even the road I walked on was new, and I must have put my feet down as if I weren't sure the ground was solid. At school, the yard was filled with more of these girls, wearing their most sure-of-themselves demeanor. When I looked at them, they made up a sea. They were walking in and out among the beds of flowers, all across the fields, all across the courtyard, in and out of classrooms. Except for me, no one seemed a stranger to anything or anyone. Hearing the way they greeted each other, I couldn't be sure that they hadn't all come out of the same woman's belly, and at the same time, too. Looking at them, I was suddenly glad that because I had wanted to avoid an argument with my mother I had eaten all my breakfast, for now I surely would have fainted if I had been in any more weakened a condition.

I knew where my classroom was, because my mother and I had kept an appointment at the school a week before. There I met some of my teachers and was shown the ins and outs of everything. When I saw it then, it was nice and orderly and empty and smelled just scrubbed. Now it smelled of girls milling around, fresh ink in inkwells, new books, chalk and erasers. The girls in my classroom acted even more familiar with each other. I was sure I would never be able to tell them apart just from looking at them, and I was sure that I would never be able to tell them apart from the sound of their voices.

When the school bell rang at half past eight, we formed ourselves into the required pairs and filed into the auditorium for morning prayers and hymn-singing. Our headmistress gave us a little talk, welcoming the new students and welcoming back the old students, saying that she hoped we had all left our bad ways behind us, that we would be good examples for each other and bring greater credit to our school than any of the other groups of girls who had been there before us. My palms were wet, and quite a few times the ground felt as if it were seesawing under my feet, but that didn't stop me from taking in a few things. For instance, the headmistress, Miss Moore. I knew right away that she had come to Antigua from England, for she looked like a prune left out of its jar, and she sounded as if she had borrowed her voice from an owl. The way she said, "Now, girls . . ." When she was just standing still there, listening to some of the other activities, her gray eyes going all around the room hoping to see something wrong, her throat would beat up and down as if a fish fresh out of water were caught inside. I wondered if she even smelled like a fish. Once when I didn't wash, my mother had given me a long scolding about it, and she ended by saying that it was the only thing she didn't like about English people: they didn't wash often enough, or wash properly when they finally did. My mother had said, "Have you ever noticed how they smell as if they had been bottled up in a fish?" On either side of Miss Moore stood our other teachers, women and men—mostly women. I recognized Miss George, our music teacher; Miss Nelson, our homeroom teacher; Miss Goodwin, our history and geography teacher; and Miss Newgate, our algebra and geometry teacher. I had met them the day my mother and I were at school. I did not know who the others were, and I did not worry about it. Since they



"I'm Maxwell Stapleton, and this is my wife, Sue. Any questions?"



were teachers, I was sure it wouldn't be long before, because of some misunderstanding, they would be thorns in my side.

We walked back to our classroom the same way we had come, quite orderly and, except for a few whispered exchanges, quite silent. But no sooner were we back in our classroom than the girls were in each other's laps, arms wrapped around necks. After peeping over my shoulder left and right, I sat down in my seat and wondered what would become of me. There were twenty of us in my class, and we were seated at desks arranged five in a row, four rows deep. I was seated at a desk in the third row, and this made me even more miserable. I hated to be seated so far away from the teacher, because I was sure I would miss something she said. But, even worse, if I was out of my teacher's sight all the time how could she see my industriousness and quickness at learning things? And, besides, only dunces were seated so far to the rear, and I could not bear to be thought a dunce. I was now staring at the back of a shrubby-haired girl seated in the front row—the seat I most coveted, since it was directly in front of the teacher's desk. At that moment, the girl twisted herself around, stared at me, and said, "You are Annie John? We hear you are very bright." It was a good thing Miss Nelson walked in right then, for how would it have appeared if I had replied, "Yes, that is completely true"—the very thing that was on the tip of my tongue.

As soon as Miss Nelson walked in, we came to order and stood up stiffly at our desks. She said to us, "Good morning, class," half in a way that someone must have told her was the proper way to speak to us and half in a jocular way, as if we secretly amused her. We replied, "Good morning, Miss," in unison and in a respectful way, at the same time making a barely visible curtsy, also in unison. When she had seated herself at her desk, she said to us, "You may sit now," and we did. She opened the roll book, and as she called out our names each of us answered, "Present, Miss." As she called out our names, she kept her head bent over the book, but when she called out my name and I answered with the customary response she looked up and smiled at me and said, "Welcome, Annie." Everyone, of course, then turned and looked at me. I was sure it was because they could hear the loud racket my heart was making in my chest.

It was the first day of a new term, Miss Nelson said, so we would not be attending to any of our usual subjects; instead, we were to spend the morning in contemplation and reflection and writing something she described as an "autobiographical essay." In the afternoon, we would read aloud to each other our autobiographical essays. (I knew quite well about "autobiography" and "essay," but reflection and contemplation! A day at school spent in such a way! Of course, in most books all the good people were always contemplating and reflecting before they did anything. Perhaps in her mind's eye she could see our futures and, against all prediction, we turned out to be good people.) On hearing this, a huge sigh went up from the girls. Half the sighs were in happiness at the thought of sitting and gazing off into clear space, the other half in unhappiness at the misdeeds that would have to go unaccomplished. I joined the happy half, because I knew it would please Miss Nelson, and, my own selfish interest aside, I liked so much the way she wore her ironed hair and her long-sleeved blouse and box-pleated skirt that I wanted to please her.

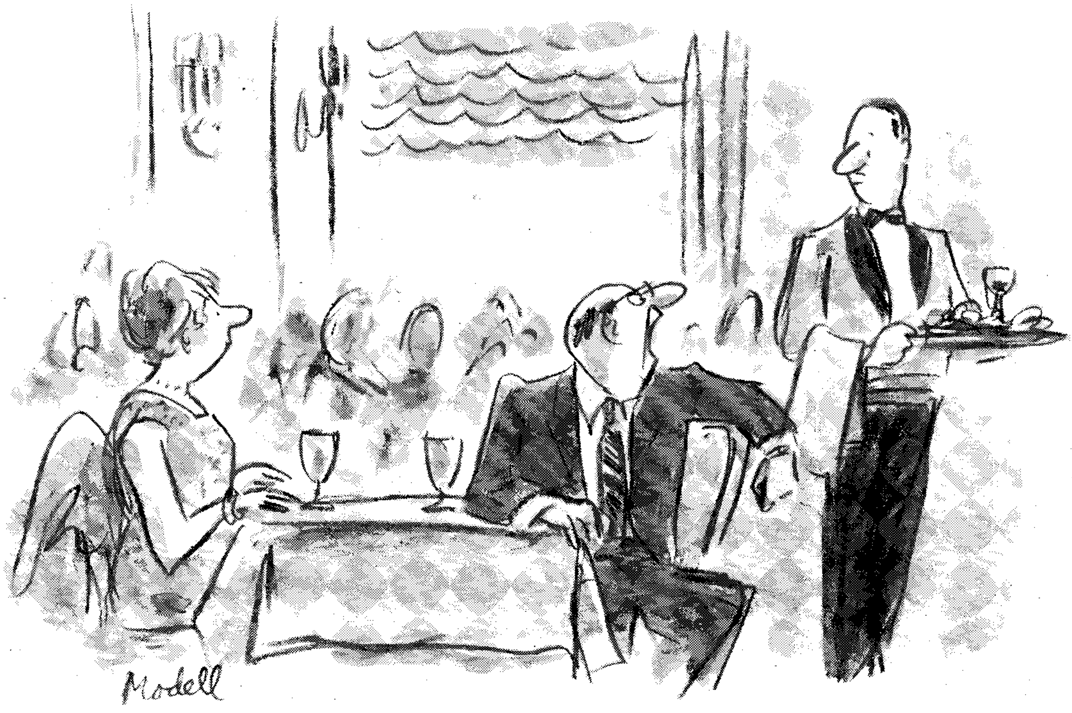
The morning was uneventful enough: a girl spilled ink from her inkwell all over her uniform; a girl broke her pen nib and then made a big to-do about replacing it; girls twisted and turned in their seats and pinched each other's bottoms; girls passed notes to each other. All this Miss Nelson must have seen and heard, but she didn't say anything—only kept reading her book: an elaborately illustrated edition of "The Tempest," as later, passing by her desk, I saw. Midway in the morning, we were told to go out and stretch our legs and breathe some fresh air for a few minutes; when we returned, we were given glasses of cold lemonade and a slice of bun to refresh us.

As soon as the sun stood in the middle of the sky, we were sent home for lunch. The earth may have grown an inch or two larger between the time I had walked to school that morning and the time I went home to lunch, for some girls made a small space for me in their little band. But I couldn't pay much attention to them; my mind was on my new surroundings, my new teacher, what I had written in my nice new notebook with its black-all-mixed-up-with-white cover and smooth lined pages (so glad was I to get rid of my old notebooks, which had on their covers a picture of a wrinkled-up woman wearing a crown on her head and a neckful and armfuls of diamonds and pearls—their pages so coarse, as if they were made of cornmeal). I flew home. I must have eaten my food. I flew back to school. By half past one, we were sitting under a flamboyant tree in a secluded part of our schoolyard, our autobiographical essays in hand. We were about to read aloud what we had written during our morning of contemplation and reflection.

In response to Miss Nelson, each girl stood up and read her composition. One girl told of a much revered and loved aunt who now lived in England and of how much she looked forward to one day moving to England to live with her aunt; one girl told of her brother studying medicine in Canada and the life she imagined he lived there (it seemed quite weird to me); one girl told of the fright she had when she dreamed she was dead, and of another fright she had when she woke and found that she wasn't (everyone laughed at this, and Miss Nelson had to call us to order over and over); one girl told of how her oldest sister's best friend's cousin's best friend (it was a real rigmarole) had gone on a Girl Scout jamboree held in Trinidad and met someone who millions of years ago had taken tea with Lady Baden-Powell; one girl told of an excursion she and her father had made to Redonda, and of how they had seen some booby birds tending their chicks. Things went on in that way, all so playful, all so imaginative. I began to wonder about what I had written, for it was the opposite of playful and it was the opposite of imaginative. What I had written was heartfelt, and, except for the very end, it was all too true. The afternoon was wearing itself thin. Would my turn ever come? What should I do, finding myself in a world of new girls, a world in which I was not even near the center?

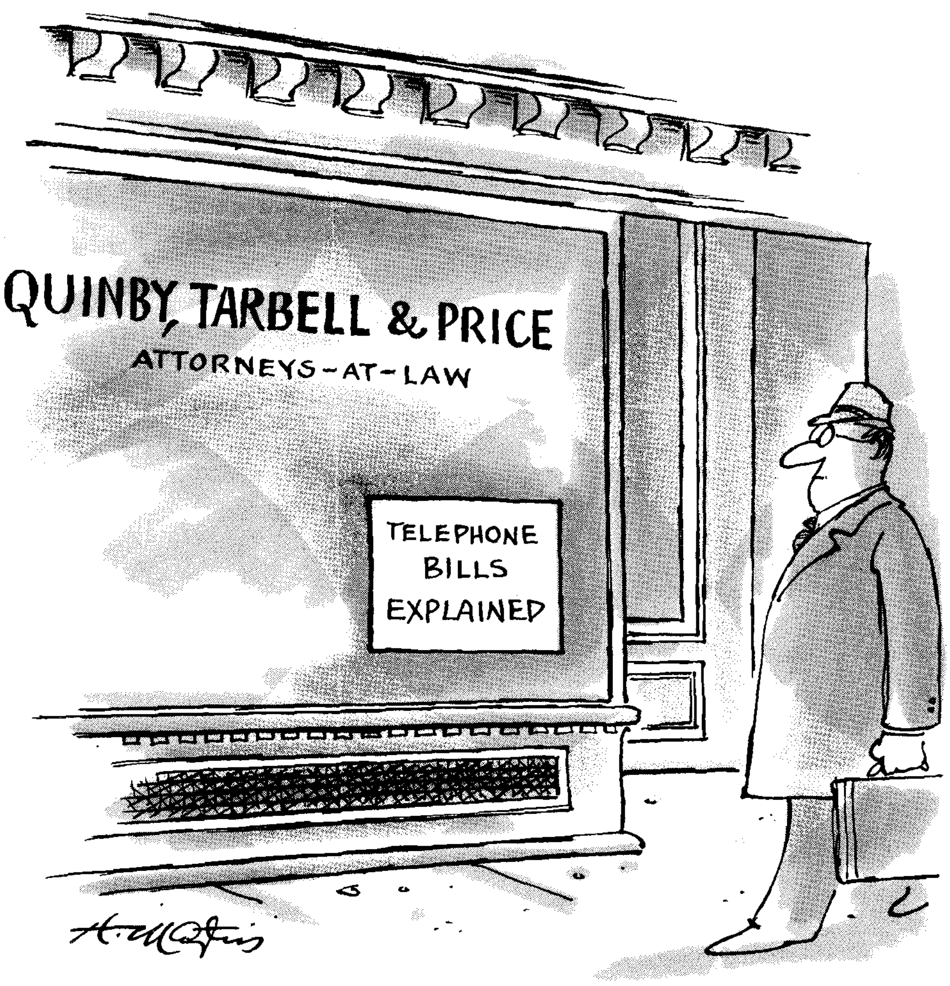
It was a while before I realized that Miss Nelson was calling on me. My turn at last to read what I had written. I got up and started to read, my voice shaky at first, but since the sound of my own voice had always been a calming potion to me, it wasn't long before I was reading in such a way that, except for the chirp of some birds, the hum of bees looking for flowers, the silvery rush-rush of the wind in the trees, the only sound to be heard was my voice as it rose and fell in sentence after sentence. At the end of my reading, I thought I was imagining the upturned faces on which were looks of adoration, but I was not; I thought I was imagining, too, some eyes brimming over with tears, but again I was not. Miss Nelson said that she would like to borrow what I had written to read for herself, and that it would be placed on the shelf with the books that made up our own class library, so that it would be available to any girl who wanted to read it. This is what I remember writing:

"When I was a small child, my mother and I used to go down to Rat Island on Sundays right after church, so that I could bathe in the sea. It was at a time when I was thought to have something wrong with me, and a bath in the sea had been recommended as a strengthening remedy. Rat Island wasn't a place many people went to anyway, but by climbing down some rocks my mother had found a place that nobody seemed to have ever been. Since this bathing in the sea was a medicine and not a picnic, we had to bathe without wearing swimming costumes. My mother was a superior swimmer. When she plunged into the seawater, it was as if she had always lived there. She would go far out if it was safe to do so, and she could tell just by looking at the way the waves beat if it was safe to do so. She could tell if a shark was nearby, and she had never been stung by a jellyfish. I, on the other hand, could not swim at all. In fact, if I was in water up to my knees I was sure that I was drowning. My mother had tried everything to get me swimming, from using a coaxing method to just throwing me without a word into the water. Nothing worked. The only way I could go into the water was if I was on my mother's back, my arms clasped tightly around her neck, and she would then swim around not too far from the shore. It was only then that I



"Is there a place around here where we can get a bite to eat while we're waiting?"

could forget how big the sea was, how far down the bottom could be, and how filled up it was with things that couldn't understand a nice hallo. When we swam around in this way, I would think how much we were like the pictures of sea mammals I had seen, my mother and I, naked in the seawater, my mother sometimes singing to me a song in a French patois I did not yet understand, or sometimes not saying anything at all. I would place my ear against her neck, and it was as if I were listening to a giant shell, for all the sounds around me—the sea, the wind, the birds screeching—would seem as if they came from inside her, the way the sounds of the sea are in a seashell. Afterward, my mother would take me back to the shore, and I would lie there just beyond the farthest reach of a big wave and watch my mother as she swam and dove.



"One day, in the midst of watching my mother swim and dive, I heard a commotion far out at sea. It was three ships going by, and they were filled with people. They must have been celebrating something, for the ships would blow their horns and the people would cheer in response. After they passed out of view, I turned back to look at my mother, but I could not see her. My eyes searched the small area of water where she should have been, but I couldn't find her. I stood up and started to call out her name, but no sound would come out of my throat. A huge black space opened up in front of me and I fell inside it. I couldn't see what was in front of me and I couldn't hear anything around me. I couldn't think of anything except that my mother was no longer near me. I don't know what, but something drew my eye in one direction. A little bit out of the area in which she usually swam was my mother, just sitting and tracing patterns on a large rock. She wasn't paying any attention to me, for she didn't know that I had missed her. I was glad to see her and started jumping up and down and waving to her. Still she didn't see me, and then I started to cry, for it dawned on me that, with all that water between us and I being unable to swim, my mother could stay there forever and the only way I would be able to wrap my arms around her again was if it pleased her or if I took a boat. I cried until I wore myself out. My tears ran down into my mouth, and it was the first time that I realized tears had a taste. Finally, my mother came ashore. She was, of course, alarmed when she saw my face, for I had let the tears just dry there and they left a stain. When I told her what had happened, she hugged me so close that it was hard to breathe, and she told me that nothing could be farther from the truth—that she would never ever leave me. And though she said it over and over again, and though I felt better, I could not wipe out of my mind the feeling I had had when I couldn't find her.

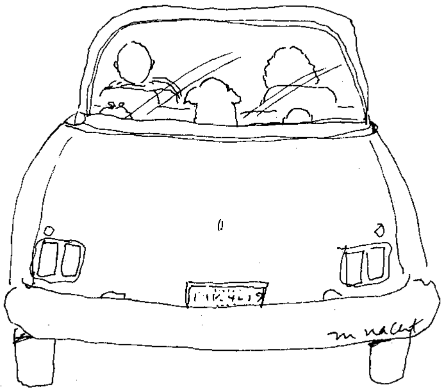
"The summer just past, I kept having a dream about my mother sitting on the rock. Over and over I would have the dream—only in it my mother never came back, and sometimes my father would join her. When he joined her, they would both sit tracing patterns on the rock, and it must have been amusing, for they would always make each other laugh. At first, I didn't say anything, but when I began to have the dream again and again, I finally told my mother. My mother became instantly distressed; tears came to her eyes, and, taking me in her arms, she told me all the same things she had told me on the day at the sea, and this time the memory of the dark time when I felt I would never see her again did not come back to haunt me."

I didn't exactly tell a lie about the last part. That is just what would have happened in the old days. But actually that past summer saw me launched into young-ladyness, and when I told my mother of my dream—my nightmare, really—I was greeted with a turned back and a warning against eating certain kinds of fruit in an unripe state just before going to bed. I placed the old days' version before my classmates because, I thought, I couldn't bear to show my mother in a bad light before people who hardly knew her. But the real truth was that I couldn't bear to have anyone see how deep in disfavor I was with my mother.

AS we walked back to the classroom, I in the air, my classmates on the ground, jostling each other to say some words of appreciation and congratulation, my head felt funny, as if it had swelled up to the size of, and weighed no more than, a balloon. Often I had been told by my mother not to feel proud of anything I had done and in the next breath that I couldn't feel enough pride about something I had done. Now I tossed from one to the other: my head bowed down to the ground, my head high up in the air. I looked at these girls surrounding me, my heart filled with just-sprung-up love, and I wished then and there to spend the rest of my life only with them.

As we approached our classroom, I felt a pinch on my arm. It was an affectionate pinch, I could tell. It was the girl who had earlier that day asked me if my name was Annie John. Now she told me that her name was Gweneth Joseph, and, reaching into the pocket of her tunic, she brought out a small rock and presented it to me. She had found it, she said, at the foot of a sleeping volcano. The rock was black, and it felt rough in my hands, as if it had been through a lot. I immediately put it to my nose to see what it smelled like. It smelled of lavender, because Gweneth Joseph had kept it wrapped in a handkerchief doused in that scent. It may have been in that moment that we fell in love. Later, we could never agree on when it was. That afternoon, we walked home together, she going a little out of her usual way, and we exchanged likes and dislikes, our jaws dropping and eyes widening when we saw how similar they were. We separated ourselves from the other girls, and they, understanding everything, left us alone. We cut through a tamarind grove, we cut through a cherry-tree grove, we passed down the lane where all the houses had elaborate hedges in front, so that nothing was visible but the upstairs windows. When we came to my street, parting was all but unbearable. "Tomorrow," we said, to cheer each other up.

Gwen and I were soon inseparable. If you saw one, you saw the other. For me, each day began as I waited for Gwen to come by and fetch me for school. My heart beat fast as I stood in the front yard of our house waiting to see Gwen as she rounded the bend in our street. The sun, already way up in the sky so early in the morning, shone on her, and the whole street became suddenly empty so that Gwen and everything about her were perfect, as if she were in a picture. Her panama hat, with the pink-and-gray satin ribbon—our school colors—around the brim, sat lopsided on her head, for her head was small and she never seemed to get the correct-size hat, and it had to be anchored with a piece of elastic running under her chin. The pleats in the tunic of her uniform were in place, as was to be expected. Her cotton socks fit neatly around her ankles, and her shoes shone from just being polished. If a small breeze blew, it would ruffle the ribbons in her short, shrubby hair and the hem of her tunic; if the hem of her tunic was disturbed in that way, I would then be able to see her knees. She had bony knees and they were always ash-colored, as if she had just finished giving them a good scratch or had just finished saying her prayers. The breeze might also blow back the brim of her hat, and since she always walked with her head held down I might then be able to see her face: a small, flattish nose; lips the shape of a saucer broken evenly in two; wide, high cheekbones; ears pinned back close against her head—which was always set in a serious way, as if she were going over in her mind some of the many things we had hit upon that were truly a mystery to us. (Though once I told her that about her face, and she said that really she had only been thinking about me. I didn't look to make sure, but I felt as if my whole skin had become covered with millions of tiny red boils and that shortly I would explode with happiness.) When finally she reached me, she would look up and we would both smile and say softly, "Hi." We'd set off for school side by side, our feet in step, not touching but feeling as if we were joined at the shoulder, hip, and ankle, not to mention heart.



As we walked together, we told each other things we had judged most private and secret: things we had overheard our parents say, dreams we had had the night before, the things we were really afraid of; but especially we told of our love for each other. Except for the ordinary things that naturally came up, I never told her about my changed feeling for my mother. I could see in what high regard Gwen held me, and I couldn't bear for her to see the great thing I had had once and then lost without an explanation. By the time we got to school, our chums often seemed overbearing, with their little comments on the well-pressedness of each other's uniforms, or on the neatness of their schoolbooks, or on how much they approved of the way Miss Nelson was wearing her hair these days. A few other girls were having much the same experience as Gwen and I, and when we heard comments of this kind we would look at each other and roll up our eyes and

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THINKING OF MADAME BOVARY

The first hot April day the granite step
was warm. Flies droned in the grass.
When a car went past they rose
in unison, then dropped back down. . . .

I saw that a yellow crocus bud had pierced
a dead oak leaf, then opened wide. How strong
its appetite for the luxury of the sun!

Everyone longs for love's tense joys and red delights.

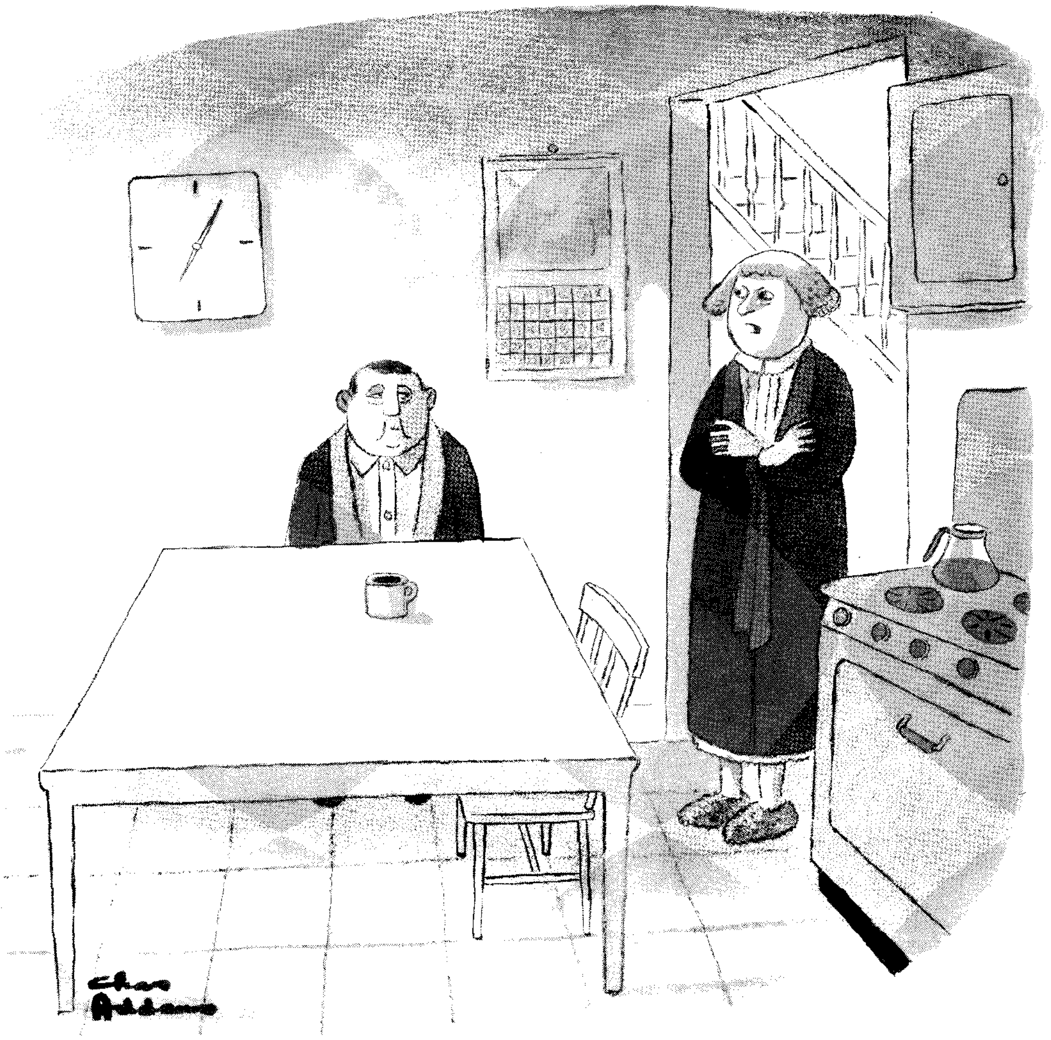
And then I spied an ant
dragging a ragged, disembodied wing
up the warm brick walk. It must have been
the Methodist in me that leaned forward,
preceded by my shadow, to put a twig
just where the ant was struggling
with its own desire. . . .

—Jane Kenyon

• •

toss our hands in the air—a way of saying how above such concerns we were. The gesture was an exact copy, of course, of what we had seen our mothers do.

MY life in school became just the opposite of my first morning. I went from being ignored, with hardly a glance from anyone, to having girls vie for my friendship, or at least for more than just a passing acquaintanceship. Both my classmates and my teachers noticed how quick I was at learning things. I was soon given responsibility for overseeing the class in the teacher's absence. At first, I was a little taken aback by this, but then I got used to it. I indulged many things, especially if they would end in a laugh or something touching. I would never dillydally with a decision, always making up my mind right away about the thing in front of me. Sometimes, seeing my old frail self in a girl, I would defend her; sometimes, seeing my old frail self in a girl, I would be heartless and cruel. It all went over quite well, and I became very popular.

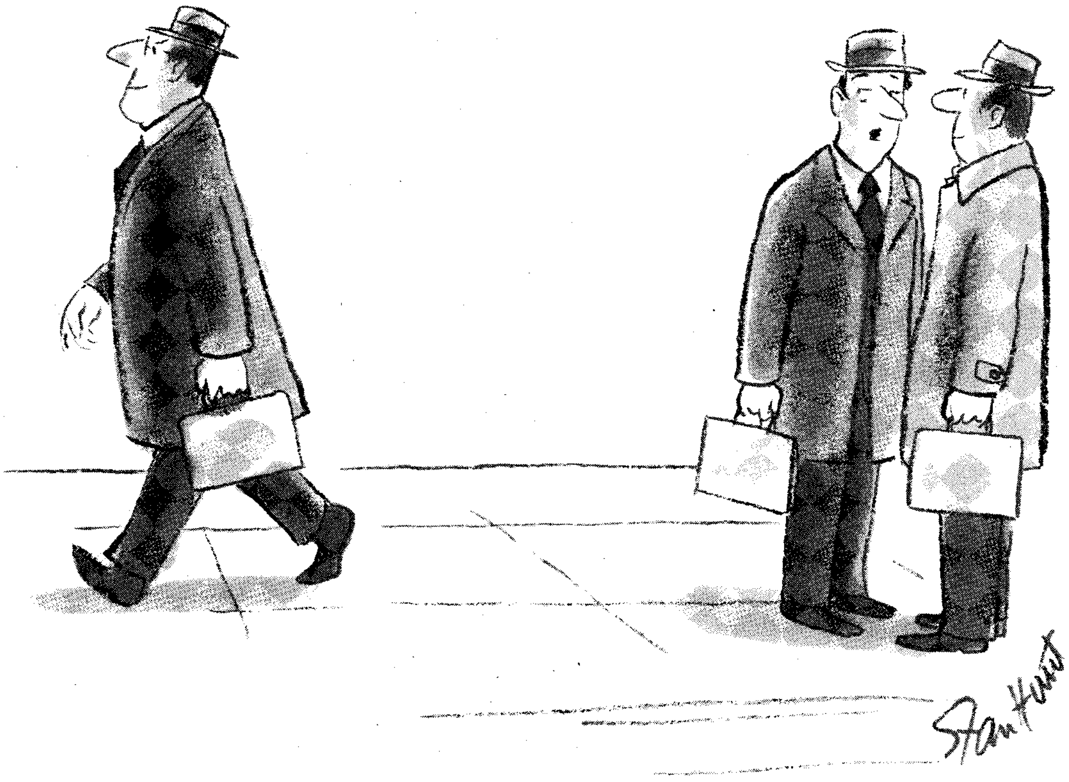


"In twenty-five words or less, how are you?"

My so recently much-hated body was now a plus: I excelled at games and was named captain of a volleyball team. As I was favored by my classmates inside and outside the classroom, so was I favored by my teachers—though only inside the classroom, for I had become notorious to them for doing forbidden things. My love of mischief was a new wrinkle in me, and if sometimes I stood away from myself and took a look at who I had become, I couldn't be more surprised at what I saw. But since it earned me the love and devotion of Gwen and the other girls, I was only egged on to find new and better ways to entertain them. I don't know what invisible standard was set, or by whom or exactly when, but eight of us met it, and soon to the other girls we were something to comment on favorably or unfavorably, as the case might be.

It was in a nook of some old tombstones—a place discovered by girls going to our school long before we were born—shaded by trees with trunks so thick it would take four arm's lengths to encircle them, that we would sit and talk about the things we said were on our minds that day. On our minds every day were our breasts and their refusal to budge out of our chests. On hearing somewhere that if a boy rubbed your breasts they would quickly swell up, I passed along this news. Since in the world we occupied and hoped forever to occupy boys were banished, we had to make do with ourselves. What perfection we found in each other, sitting on these tombstones of long-dead people who had been the masters of our ancestors! Nothing in particular really troubled us except for the annoyance of a fly colliding with our lips, sticky from eating fruits; a bee wanting to nestle in our hair; the breeze suddenly blowing too strong. We were sure that the much-talked-about future that everybody was preparing us for would never come, for we had such a powerful feeling against it, and why shouldn't our will prevail this time? Sometimes when we looked at each other, it was all we could do not to cry out with happiness.

My own special happiness was, of course, with Gwen. She would stand in front of me trying to see into my murky black eyes—a way, she said, to tell exactly what I was thinking. After a short while, she would give up, saying, "I can't make out a thing—only my same old face." I would then laugh at her and kiss her on the neck, sending her into a fit of shivers, as if someone had exposed her to a cold draft when she had a fever. Sometimes when she spoke to me, so overcome with feeling would I be that I was no longer able to hear what she said, I could only make out her mouth as it moved up and down. I told her that I wished I had been named Enid, after Enid Blyton, the author of the first books I had discovered on my own and



"There goes a man who believes wholeheartedly in what he is doing, and what he is doing is getting rich."

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liked. I told her that when I was younger I had been afraid of my mother's dying, but that since I had met Gwen this didn't matter so much. Whenever I spoke of my mother to her, I was always sure to turn the corners of my mouth down, to show my scorn. I said that I could not wait for us to grow up so that we could live in a house of our own. I had already picked out the house. It was a gray one, with many rooms, and it was in the lane where all the houses had high, well-trimmed hedges. With all my plans she agreed, and I am sure that if she had had any plans of her own I would have agreed with them also.

ON the morning of the first day I started to menstruate, I felt strange in a new way—hot and cold at the same time, with horrible pains running up and down my legs. My mother, knowing what was the matter, brushed aside my complaints and said that it was all to be expected and I would soon get used to everything. Seeing my gloomy face, she told me in a half-joking way all about her own experience with the first step in coming of age, as she called it, which had happened when she was as old as I was. I pretended that this information made us close—as close as in the old days—but to myself I said, "What a serpent!"

I walked to school with Gwen feeling as I supposed a dog must feel when it has done something wrong and is ashamed of itself and trying to get somewhere quick, where it can lie low. The cloth between my legs grew heavier and heavier with every step I took, and I was sure that everything about me broadcast, "She's menstruating today. She's menstruating today." When Gwen heard what had happened, tears came to her eyes. She had not yet had the wonderful experience, and I could see that she cried for herself. She said that, in sympathy, she would wear a cloth, too.

In class, for the first time in my life, I fainted. Miss Nelson had to revive me, passing her smelling salts, which she had in a beautiful green vial, back and forth under my nose. She then took me to Nurse, who said that it was the fright of all the unexpected pain that had caused me to faint, but I knew that I had fainted after I brought to my mind a clear picture of myself sitting at my desk in my own blood.

At recess, among the tombstones, I of course had to exhibit and demonstrate. Though I was the youngest by at least a year, none of the others were menstruating yet. I showed everything without the least bit of flourish, since my heart wasn't in it. I wished instead that one of the other girls were in my place and that I were just sitting there, my eyes widening and my mouth forming an "o" in amazement. How nice they all were, though, rallying to my side, offering shoulders on which to lean, laps in which to rest my weary, aching head, and kisses that really did soothe. When I looked at them sitting around me, the church in the distance, beyond that our school, with throngs of girls crossing back and forth in the schoolyard, beyond that the world, how I wished that everything would fall away, so that suddenly we'd be sitting in some different atmosphere, with no future full of ridiculous demands, no need for any sustenance save our love for each other, with no hindrance to any of our desires, which would, of course, be simple desires—nothing, nothing, just sitting on our tombstones forever. But that could never be, as the tolling of the school bell testified.

We walked back to class slowly, as if going to a funeral. Gwen and I vowed to love each other always, but the words had a hollow ring, and when we looked at each other we couldn't sustain the gaze. It had been decided by Miss Nelson and Nurse that I was not to return to school after lunch, with Nurse sending instructions to my mother to keep me in bed for the rest of the day.

When I got home, my mother came toward me, arms outstretched, concern written on her face. Seeing her, my whole mouth filled up with a bitter taste, for I could not understand how she could be so beautiful even though I no longer loved her.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

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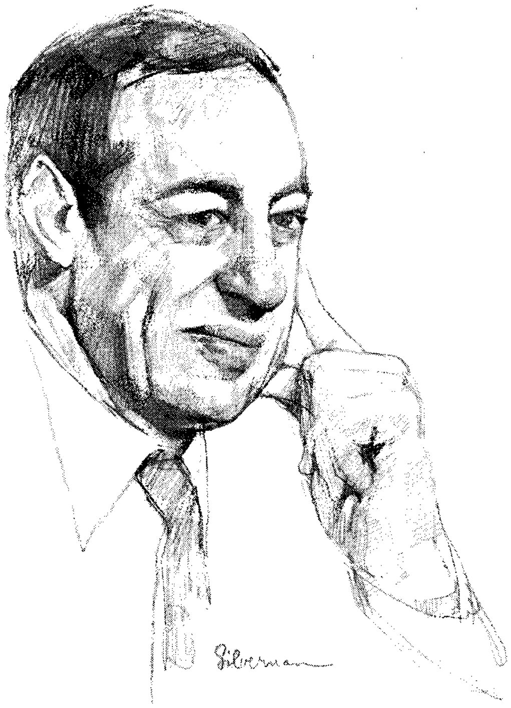
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Taki Theodoracopulos in the American Spectator*]

Every time I would get a whiff of roasted peanuts, or smell jasmine, or hear a boat glide silently through water, Cairo came to mind.

PROFILES

GOVERNOR—II



SHORTLY after noon on Monday, January 24, 1983, the principal members of Governor Mario M. Cuomo's staff assembled in the Governor's office, on the second floor of the State Capitol, in Albany. In addition to Cuomo himself, there was his son Andrew, who works as a dollar-a-year special assistant; Michael Del Giudice, secretary to the Governor; Timothy Russert, the Governor's counsel and chief spokesman; Michael Finnerty, the budget director; R. Wayne Diesel, the first deputy budget director; and Henrik N. Dullea, the director of state operations. The major item on the agenda was the new Governor's first budget, which had to be completed and presented to the Legislature by February 1st. The Governor, wearing a white shirt, a red striped tie, and a three-piece gray suit, and with his eyeglasses perched low on his wide nose, was seated at a glass-topped table that serves as his desk; it was bare except for a telephone console and a black loose-leaf binder, in which he keeps ideas for speeches and a list of things he hopes to accomplish. At the beginning of 1983, the gap between revenues and expenses in New York State was $1.8 billion, and the administration, which took office on January 1st, had been seeking some combination of cutbacks and new revenues to close that gap.

Now Finnerty handed Cuomo a memorandum recapitulating personnel and other reductions, new taxes and fees, and new spending that Cuomo and his staff had already tentatively agreed on over the past three weeks. The memo showed that they still had a gap of two hundred and ninety-two million dollars to close in the next few days, probably through further taxes, Finnerty said, though he knew that Cuomo had said he would not raise any of the "big three" taxes—income, corporate, and sales taxes—which together generate nearly eighty-five per cent of all state revenues.

Cuomo asked if the comptroller, Edward V. Regan, a Republican, and the fiscal staffs of the Legislature agreed with the Budget Division's revenue estimates. He was aware that the Legislature might have chosen to inflate revenue projections in order to reduce the apparent need to impose new taxes.

Finnerty replied that the Budget Division had estimated that revenues would rise by about six and a half per cent in the coming fiscal year.

Cuomo asked if Finnerty's estimates had ever turned out to be wrong.

"Everybody was wrong in 1980 and 1981," said Finnerty, who had served for six months as Governor Hugh Carey's secretary, and before that in the Budget Division and on the Assembly Ways and Means Committee's fiscal staff. "No one forecast an eighteen-per-cent cost-of-living increase that year"—an increase that had caused state expenditures to be millions of dollars higher than had been projected.

Cuomo looked at Diesel and said that because things were so fluid it was important for them to keep in close touch with Regan, and to ask him to affirm their estimates. Diesel had been recruited from Regan's staff.

"We have to revise our financial plan four times a year anyway," Finnerty noted.

Because Cuomo was worried about two other audiences—the media and investors for state bonds—he turned to Russert and said, "Tim, this gets to be an information problem. Maybe we should make a special trip to the Comptroller's office. Think about it."

"The only good thing about the last few weeks is that everyone now agrees about the dimensions of the problem," Russert said.

"Yeah, but everyone will want to have a three-hundred-million-dollar edge," Cuomo said. If legislators could say the deficit was three hundred million dollars less than it actually was, he pointed out, they would try to pack the budget with popular spending programs. That was why he wanted agreement on the amount of available revenue.

After a time, Cuomo rose from his chair and sat on the edge of the table, facing his advisers. He said he now wanted to talk about the press—a frequent topic among the politicians in Albany. (Robert Morgado, who served as Governor Carey's secretary, once said, "By the time I left government, the press occupied half my working day.") In his book "Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo: The Campaign for Governor," published by Random House, Cuomo writes, "The media become more than reporters and recorders; they are players. The reality becomes what they say the reality is." Referring to a weekly public-television program watched by most politicians and journalists in the state capital, the Governor asked, "Anybody see 'Inside Albany'? They said Cuomo was being introduced to new truths. Gabe Pressman"—of NBC-TV—"said Cuomo was learning the difference between philosophy and reality. The *Times* and then the *News* said right out that what Cuomo said in the past doesn't count. They're campaign promises." The notion that there must be a wide gap between campaign rhetoric and political reality seemed to trouble Cuomo almost as much as the budget gap. It was important for his credibility and for the credibility of government "to prove consistency," he said, adding, "I don't know anything you told me in the last two weeks that's not consistent with what I knew in the campaign. Maybe the severity of the problem—that's all. So we haven't learned anything new. The truth is basically what it was, and therefore basically our response should be what it was. It is important to get this truth across."

The theme of the budget message should be that the Cuomo administration was doing more for less, Finnerty said. The proposed school-aid formula, he pointed out, which would increase aid to four hundred and twenty-five needy districts by reducing aid to two hundred and seventy-five affluent districts, was a good example.

Of the new revenue measures he had tentatively approved, Cuomo asked, which ones had been rejected in the past by Governor Carey or by the Legislature?

Carey had been reviled for proposing increases in motor-vehicle registration fees and gasoline taxes, Finnerty answered. Because upstate and suburban residents were so much more dependent on automobiles than people in New York City, and because there had been a traditional feeling that New York City was favored by the state, most politicians shied away from these measures.

Cuomo said his administration should make it clear that New York City was more heavily taxed than upstate areas, and had raised its taxes by several hundred million dollars over the past two years. "You make a point of that," he said to his staff. "That has to be in there when you increase auto-registration fees, to show you're not picking on certain regions of the state." Then, swinging his legs back and forth, he asked, "What else do I have to worry about?"

Del Giudice asked if Cuomo wanted to hear the ten points that the staff would like him to stress in the budget message.

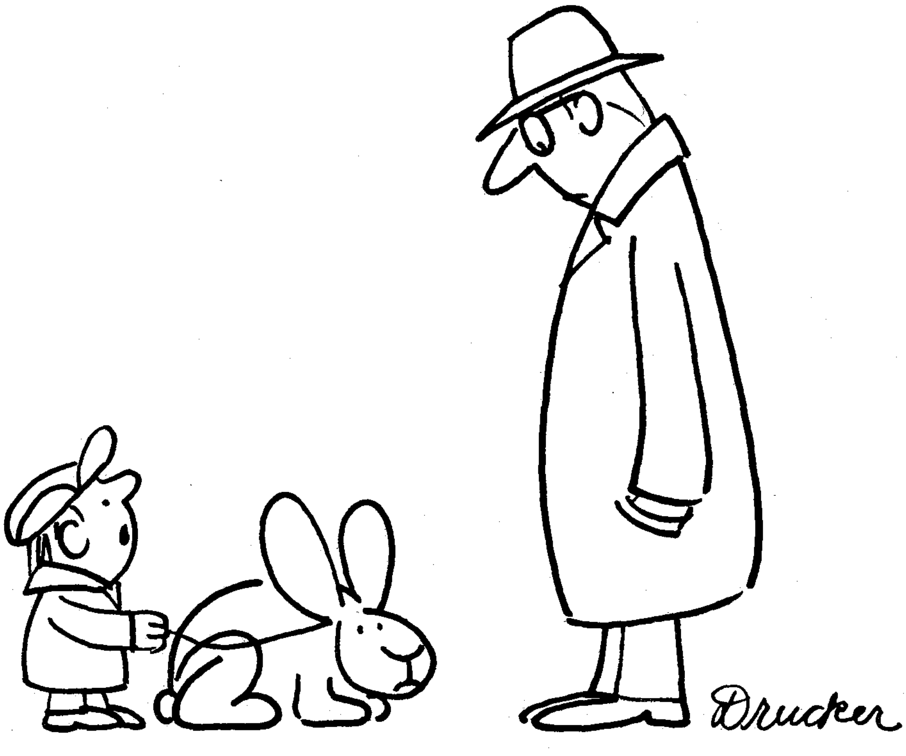
"No," the Governor replied. "Maybe I should do it myself." Cuomo devotes more time to writing his speeches than any other governor in memory. Opening his notebook, Cuomo enumerated the broad points he wanted to make. The reality he foresaw in the campaign, he said, was no different from the reality he saw today. "I don't want to come off sounding arrogant," he said, "but the need to balance this budget goes beyond partisanship." Coming to the end of his list, he said, "What do we want to be remembered for? That's an important notion." He paused, and continued, "I don't think the people understand that the majority of the state's function is redistribution—we are the balance wheel. We give back sixty per cent of the state money we take, but not to the people we took it from. That's 'the family.' We redistribute. Government ought to do what people can't do for themselves."

The meeting lasted two hours, and after that the advisers returned to their offices. Cuomo then explained to a visitor that his budget people had given him a list of "perhaps forty revenue options," but that in private they had been pushing him to raise the sales tax. "They're budgeteers," he said. "They don't understand psychology." An increase in the sales tax or the corporate tax or the personal-income tax would be simpler to collect than the variety of user taxes and fees on cigarettes, liquor, haircuts, theatre tickets, tennis-court time, and motor-vehicle registration—so-called nuisance taxes—Cuomo was choosing to raise. But raising any of the big-three taxes, he said, would "not give more certainty to people we're asking to invest." He went on, "We're now in the era of high technology—an era when we're trying to convince people we will be the place for the next couple of decades, the place to live and educate their children. We've got to say to them there are certain things we will stay with, and it goes way beyond the symbolism, but the symbolism is very important, too. Personal-income tax, sales tax, corporate-franchise tax—I said no all through the campaign. I want the business people in this state to believe me. So the credibility factor, and the fact that these are bad taxes and retard business development—these are all things that went through my mind."

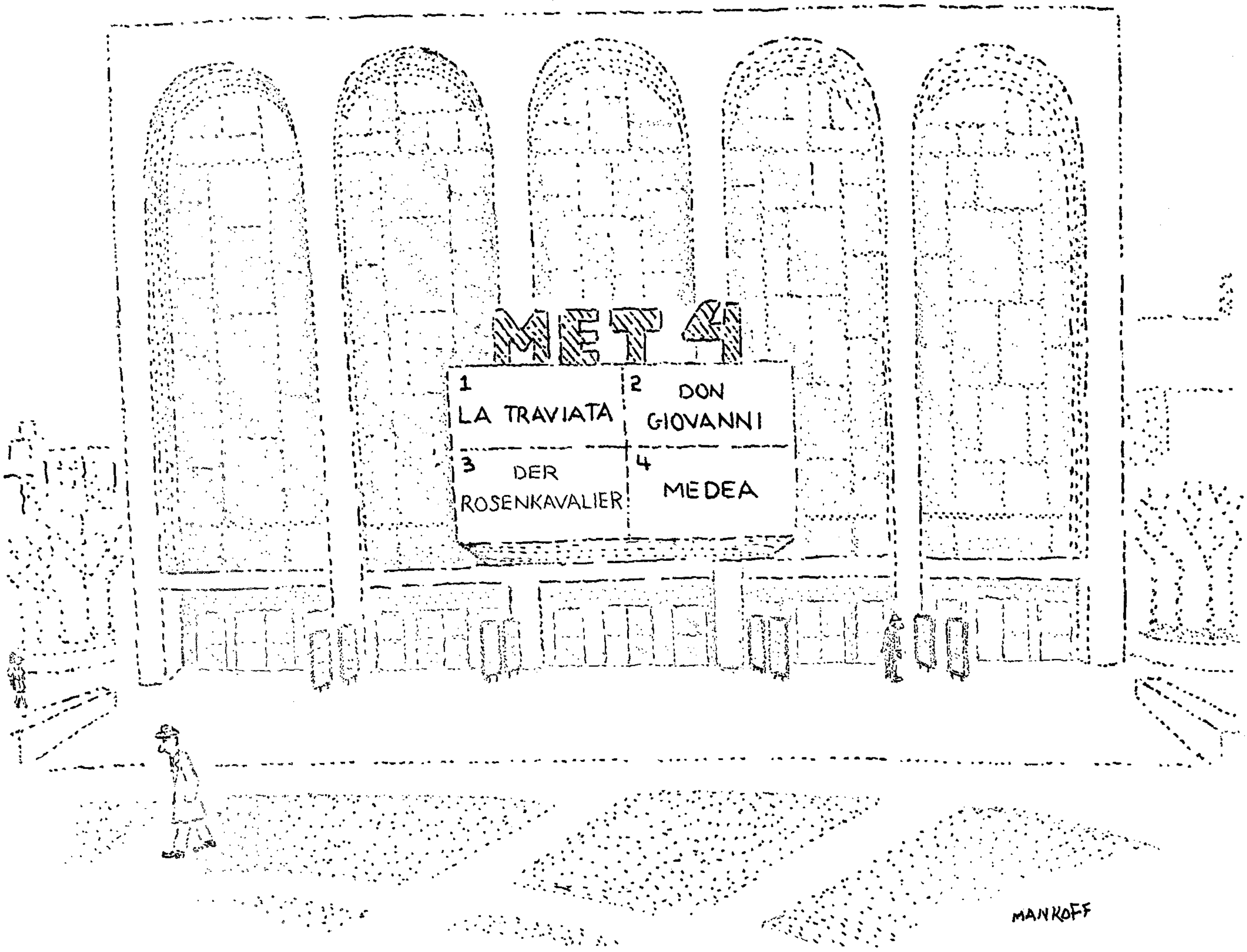
How did he decide among the revenue options presented to him?

"There are no specific criteria," he answered. "Cigarette and tobacco taxes—I'm for the five-cent cigarette-tax increase. I'm against a uniform statewide cigarette tax of twenty-three cents, because that punishes New York City, which already has a cigarette tax." He paused, and continued, "I once smoked three packs a day. I feel—and 'feel' is an important word here—first, that the economic consequences are important. Second, who is it you're hurting? I must confess—and I hope this doesn't come off moralistic, because I don't mean it that way—I don't feel bad about making it a little bit more difficult for kids and for others to buy a pack of cigarettes or to take a shot of whiskey."

That afternoon, the Governor, who usually gets a relatively modest number of telephone calls from people outside state government, received a call from Queens Borough President Donald Manes, who wanted to be reassured that Cuomo did not plan to eliminate a state appropriation for LaGuardia Community College, in Queens; from Richard Horan, the president of the Citizens Public Expenditure Survey, a business-oriented group, who called to urge that taxes



"He'll be a year old at Easter."



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not be raised, and that the state's contract with its employees be renegotiated; from the head of a state students' association, who asked that tuition in the state-university system not go up; and from Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, the largest municipal union in New York City, who said that the city desperately needed budget relief from the state. Budget pressure was beginning to mount as various groups and individuals mobilized to protect their particular interests.

THE Governor's first meeting the next morning was with Del Giudice. Pulling up a chair in front of Cuomo's desk, Del Giudice sat down, put a clipboard on his lap, and, looking down at his notes, told the Governor about several telephone conversations he had had with legislators and others that morning. Then he and the Governor began a review of appointments still to be made. Del Giudice brought up Dolores E. Cross, the president of the state's Higher Education Services Corporation.

"Are we going to reappoint her?" Cuomo asked.

"We can't make a change now," Del Giudice said, "because she serves for a fixed term, which will expire at midyear."

"I want to make it clear that we had the opportunity not to reappoint her but we did," Cuomo said. Del Giudice nodded and made a note. Turning to his own notebook, Cuomo said, "You have to give some thought to the Liberal Party." Certain Liberal leaders had been fighting for control of the Party, and a bitter battle was expected at a meeting to be held at the Sheraton Centre, in Manhattan, on Saturday. The Governor, who ran with the support of the Liberals, pressed a button on the intercom console and asked his son Andrew whether he had called Raymond Harding, one of the Liberal leaders. "I want it to be clear that if they have a war on Saturday I don't want to have to choose," Cuomo said. "The other side"—he was referring to Donald S. Harrington, the state chairman, and James F. Notaro, the state secretary—"was with me from the beginning." If they continued to fight, he said, the administration would hire no members of the Liberal Party, for fear of taking sides.

"I made that clear to him," Andrew Cuomo said.

Returning to his list, Cuomo told Del Giudice that they could now proceed with the appointment of H. Carl McCall as Commissioner of Human Rights.

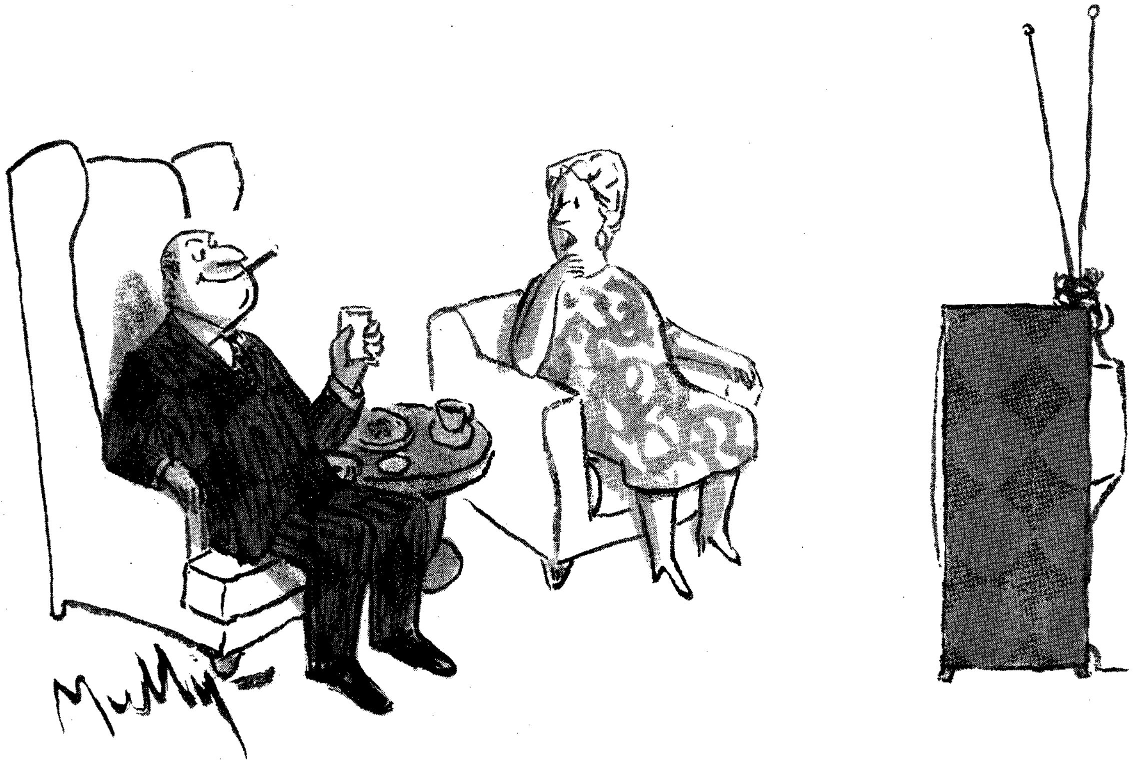
Del Giudice asked next about a new Superintendent of Insurance.

Again, Cuomo pressed the button for Andrew. "Where's my Insurance Superintendent?" he asked.

"I'm seeing him this week," Andrew said.

"Labor?" Del Giudice asked.

"I have to talk to Roberts before I reappoint her," the Governor said, referring to Lillian Roberts, who was appointed Labor Commissioner by



"But you used to hate the Muppets."

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Governor Carey. "I like the way this is shaping up with women."

Del Giudice then asked about a Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

"You know there's a problem there," the Governor said. "Six or seven low-level people got indicted there. If we replace Foschio"—the commissioner, Leslie G. Foschio—"I want it made clear that it had nothing to do with this. He's a good friend of Joe Crangle's." Crangle is the Erie County Democratic chairman, who supported Mayor Edward Koch in the 1982 Democratic gubernatorial primary. "I'm sure Crangle will take good care of Foschio," Cuomo added, laughing. He mentioned Bernard Gifford, a vice-president of the University of Rochester, as an able manager who would make a good Motor Vehicles Commissioner, but said he thought that Gifford was already committed to a job in California.

Del Giudice asked about John Van Lindt, the chairman of the state Racing and Wagering Board.

"We ought to leave him," Cuomo said. "I'll call Andrew." He punched the button for Andrew and said, "Why don't you call Van Lindt and tell him he's reappointed, and say something nice about Sal"—Salvatore Curiale, an old friend of Cuomo's, who was then counsel to the board and is now a deputy insurance superintendent.

"The chairman of the state Athletic Commission?" Del Giudice asked.

"I want someone who will make clear that you don't have to get killed in boxing," Cuomo said. "Someone who'll make them wear headgear. We have to do something with boxing. You have to give me someone there. How about José Torres?"—a former light-heavyweight champion. "Why don't you call him? We have to replace the entire commission. They're political. And they were with the other guy!" He laughed. "Everyone was," he said. "If I appointed only those who were with me, I wouldn't have a government."

Del Giudice mentioned the Urban Development Corporation, to which Cuomo wanted to appoint William Stern, a businessman who served as his 1982 campaign chairman and chief fund raiser. He pushed the button for Andrew again, and said, "How fast can we move on Stern?"

"This week," Andrew replied.

"How about Sallese for director of veterans' affairs?" Cuomo asked his son. Nicholas Sallese, a teacher at St. John's, has done a study of veterans in higher education.

"I don't know him well," Andrew said.

"I do," the Governor said.

Cuomo then told Del Giudice that he had a lot of respect for Brooklyn City Councilman Robert Steingut, even though Steingut had supported Koch in the 1982 gubernatorial primary, and would like to offer him a position in the administration. "Why don't *you* call Bobby," he said to Del Giudice.

Cuomo and Del Giudice talked about increases in the taxes on cigarettes, liquor, tennis-court time, theatre tickets, and beer, in the taxes on utilities, in motor-vehicle registration fees, and in real-estate-transfer taxes, all of which Cuomo was to propose the following week. "To some extent, we tax people who have the opportunity not to tax themselves," Cuomo said. He meant that people could avoid most of these new taxes by not playing tennis or drinking beer or attending the theatre, and so on. And he added that the taxes he would request—an increase of four hundred and eighty-five million dollars in user fees and sales taxes—somehow did not violate his pledge not to raise the general state sales tax. "Here we are targeting," he said. "The tax is not across the board on all purchases."

THAT afternoon, the Governor held a press conference in the Red Room, next door to his office. The Red Room is large and elegant, with mahogany wainscoting, arched window bays, an ornately carved fireplace, and bronze chandeliers; it served as the governor's office until the end of Grover Cleveland's state administration, in 1885, and has since been used for press conferences and ceremonial occasions. That day, there were fifty reporters present. One of the first questions asked was whether Cuomo had briefed the legislative leaders on his budget plans.

"We're briefing the leadership," he said.

This exchange suggests how it is that misunderstandings can arise be-

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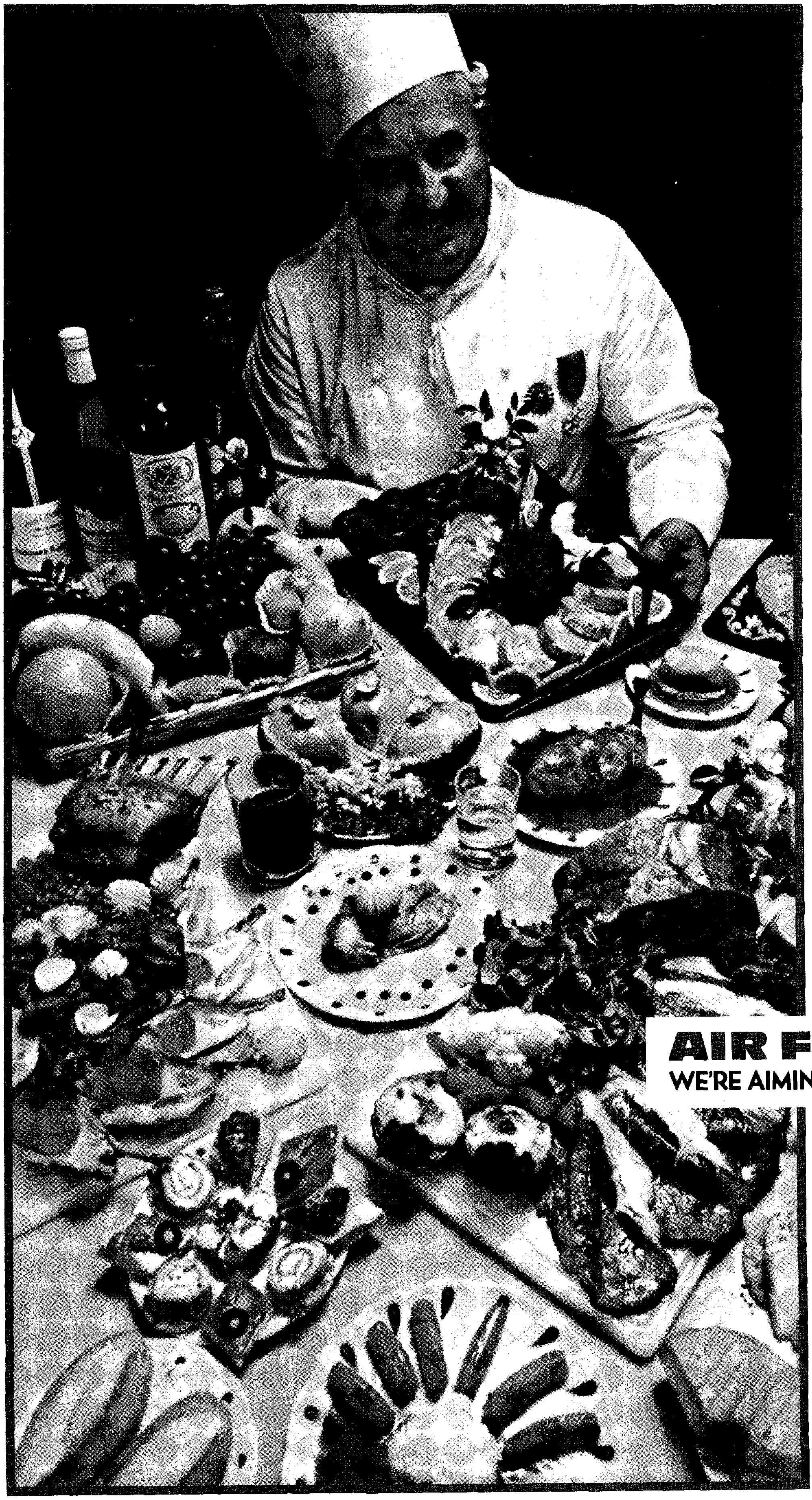

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"I believe that's Roger Hillard. He's never mastered the art of entering a crowded room."

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tween politicians, and between politicians and the press. The Governor and Stanley Fink, the Democratic Assembly Speaker, had different definitions of a briefing. To Cuomo, it was a political courtesy—one that would help create a coöperative spirit and would also permit the legislative leaders to respond intelligently to press inquiries the next week and to get a head start on their own budget deliberations. Fink said at the time that he felt the briefing should be a true consultation. "Cuomo, when he was lieutenant governor, thought there should be some give-and-take and consultation before announcing the governor's budget," he said.

Similar misunderstandings over the budget arose between the Governor and the press corps. At the press conference, several reporters wanted to know whether he had made his final budget decisions. "By tomorrow night, I will have made all the decisions," Cuomo said. "I haven't made them all yet." He refused to say what decisions he had made. Thus, the reporters, who are generally well informed about the details of legislation and government policy, were left, for the moment, with rumors. Since only a week remained before the final budget had to be released, they couldn't believe that all the "i"s had not been dotted. They thought Cuomo was trying to manage the news. Although many reporters like Cuomo, they began to complain—and, in some cases, write—of what they saw as his tarnished credibility.

MONDAY morning, January 31st, the state's four principal legislative leaders—Speaker Fink, who is from Brooklyn; Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, a Republican from Binghamton, who has been in the Senate since 1953; Senate Minority Leader Manfred Ohrenstein, a Manhattan Democrat; and Assembly Minority Leader Clarence D. Rappleyea, Jr., a Republican from Norwich—came to a private breakfast at the Executive Mansion. The breakfast permitted Cuomo to let them have a preview of the budget—totalling $31.518 billion—he was to brief the press on later that day. "He's been very communicative," Anderson said after the breakfast. "I have high hopes we can reach a consensus on the budget."

As the Governor entered the Red Room at midday for the press budget briefing, he had a bounce in his step. Assuming a place behind a lectern at the front of the room, he pointed to a large screen, on which were projected the extreme budget-balancing options that he had rejected. He had refused to lay off ninety thousand workers, he told the reporters; he had refused to "shut the entire state- and city-university systems, plus all the institutions and programs of the Office of Mental Retardation and Developmental Disabilities;" he had refused to sanction a dramatic increase in "all or any one of our broad-based sales, personal-income, or business taxes, though any one of those three steps could have balanced the budget." He said, "The choices we finally made were, I believe, more reasonable," and were predicated on those principles which were "the soul" of his administration. He listed these. "First, the principle of family, mutuality, the sharing of benefits and burdens fairly for the good of all." There would be shared "pain" and "sacrifice," he said, with those "best able to bear it" feeling the pain most. "Second, the principle of partnership" among government, business, and labor. "The third principle is balance. Budgetary balance, social balance, regional balance. It means in the short term that expenditure cuts be balanced with tax increases. . . . In the long term, it means much more: it means the balancing of pressing, immediate needs with our obligations to the generations that follow."

Next, Cuomo told the journalists that despite some "necessary" cuts and layoffs total state spending would rise nine hundred and forty-five million

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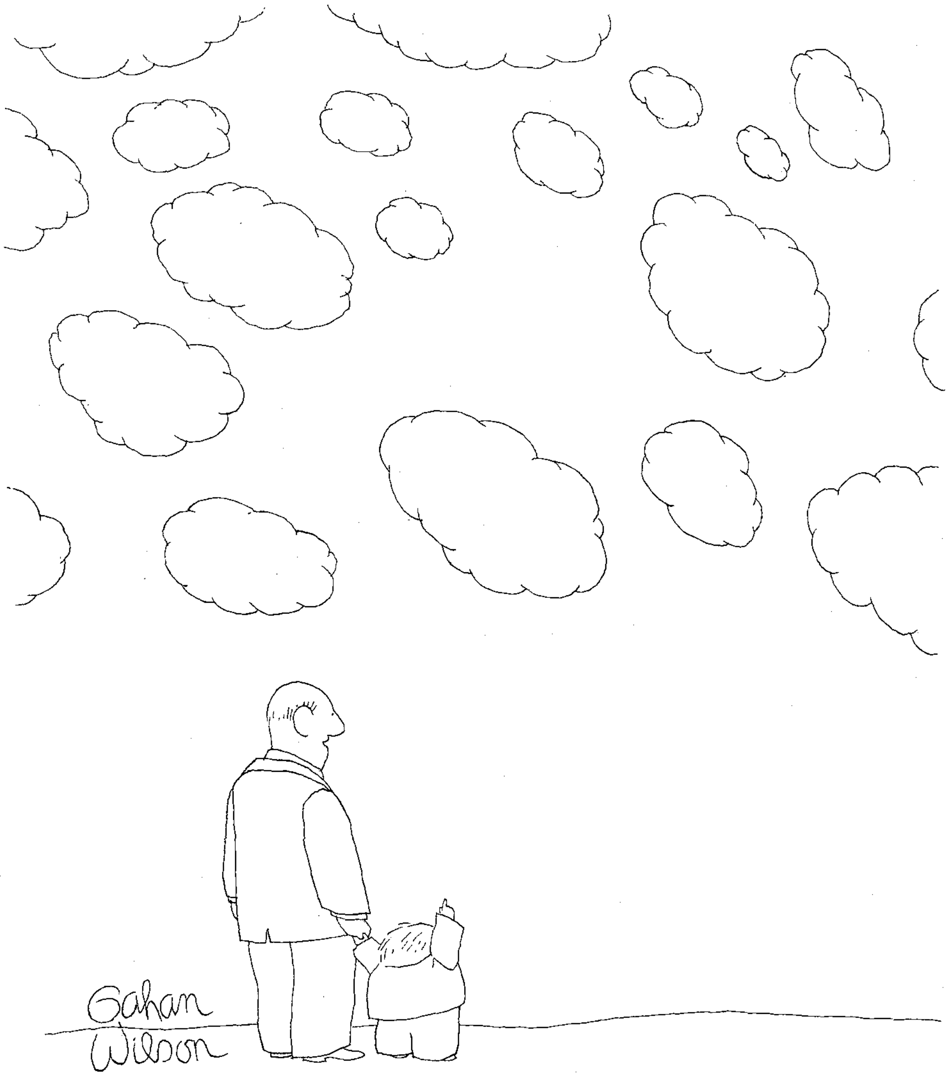

"That's a cloud, too. They're all clouds."

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dollars in his budget plan, "because even in the most austere of years the work of government must continue." Over a period of six years, he said, this new spending would allow the state to reduce the local share of Medicaid costs from twenty-five per cent to ten, saving localities more than six billion dollars; it would provide "modest increases" of five hundred million dollars in programs for "the most needy," including an increase of up to fifty million dollars for the homeless; and it would cover increases in debt service, pensions, health-insurance premiums, and salary costs. To accommodate these spending increases, and to come up with a billion dollars to repay and replace the five hundred million dollars in short-term borrowing that had been used to balance the previous budget, Cuomo said, the state revenue base had to expand by about two billion dollars. That was too heavy a burden to place on revenues, so in order to achieve a balanced budget he had decided to rely chiefly on three components: reductions of $429 million in state operations and local assistance; accelerated tax payments and tightened enforcement, which would yield $434 million more than in the past; and "increases in user fees and consumption taxes" totalling $485 million. While President Reagan had imposed reductions across the board and liberal Democrats in the Assembly favored across-the-board tax increases, Cuomo said, his remedy allowed the administration "to tax selectively and to cut selectively, without the blanket actions that substitute speed and simplicity for parity and equity."

Reality, the Governor continued, dictated that he address the subject of labor costs. Because these costs make up about sixty per cent of the budgets of state agencies, he said, the state work force would be reduced by fourteen thousand. Excluding the Department of Correctional Services, the State Police, and the Division of Parole, and certain positions at the Division for Youth, he said, there would be eighty-four hundred layoffs, and the rest would come from attrition, hiring freezes, and voluntary furloughs—for a total saving of $219 million the first year. In exchange for Medicaid relief, in effect, he was proposing reductions of $79.9 million in special aid to small cities; $34 million in highway-assistance money, most of which goes to upstate communities; and $34.8 million in sewage-treatment aid for communities throughout the state. The combination of accelerated tax payments, new licensing fees, tightened enforcement, and increased consumption taxes and user fees would total $919 million, he told the journalists. This included $115 million to be realized from the five-cent increase in the cigarette tax and another tax on the wholesale price of cigars and various tobacco products; $110 million from raising the sales tax on certain entertainment and business services; $88 million from taxing the state portion of interstate phone calls; and $32 million from a twenty-five-per-cent increase in the alcoholic-beverage tax.

Immediately after asking for these "sacrifices" to close what he called the "direst" deficit in state history, Cuomo asked for new spending, though the request meant that he risked blurring his austerity message. Local-assistance payments would rise $434 million, or 4.1 per cent. Capital spending and long-term debt-service payments would climb. (Interest costs would go up even higher if a $1.25-billion-dollar bond issue he had proposed for work on highways, bridges, and other facilities was approved.) There would be seven thousand new prison beds to alleviate overcrowding, six thousand additional housing units for the homeless. The State Police would be expanded; the maximum unemployment benefit would be raised for the first time since 1978; textbook aid to both private and public schools would rise by a third. Then Cuomo outlined his most controversial proposal of all: to increase school aid by $74 million, with "less wealthy districts" receiving more aid through a change in the school-aid formula. He concluded by expressing the hope that the legislators would agree, for the first time in four years,

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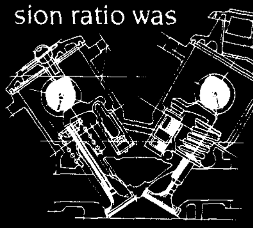

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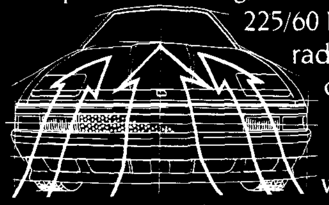

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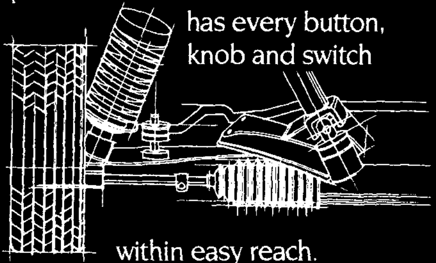

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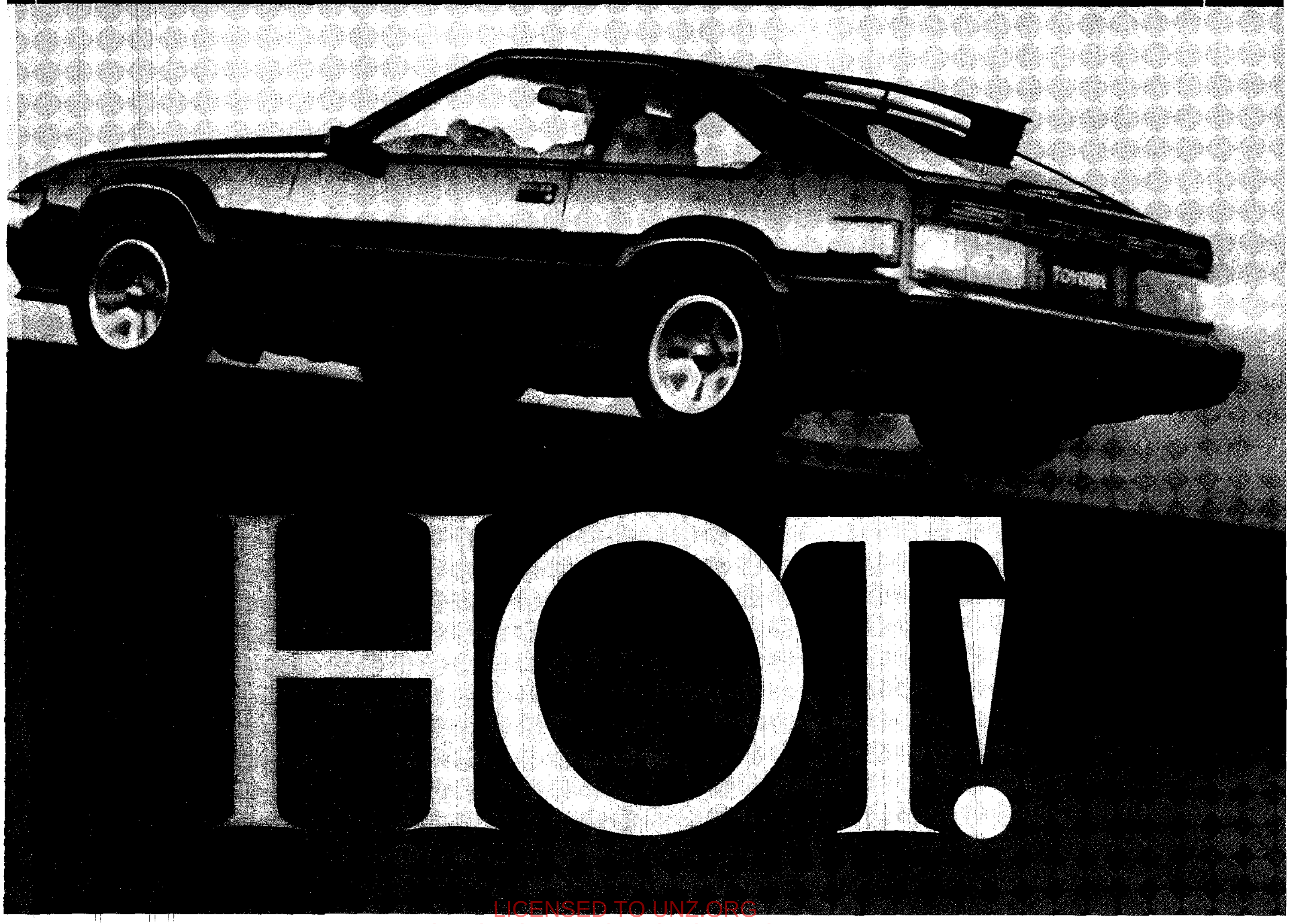

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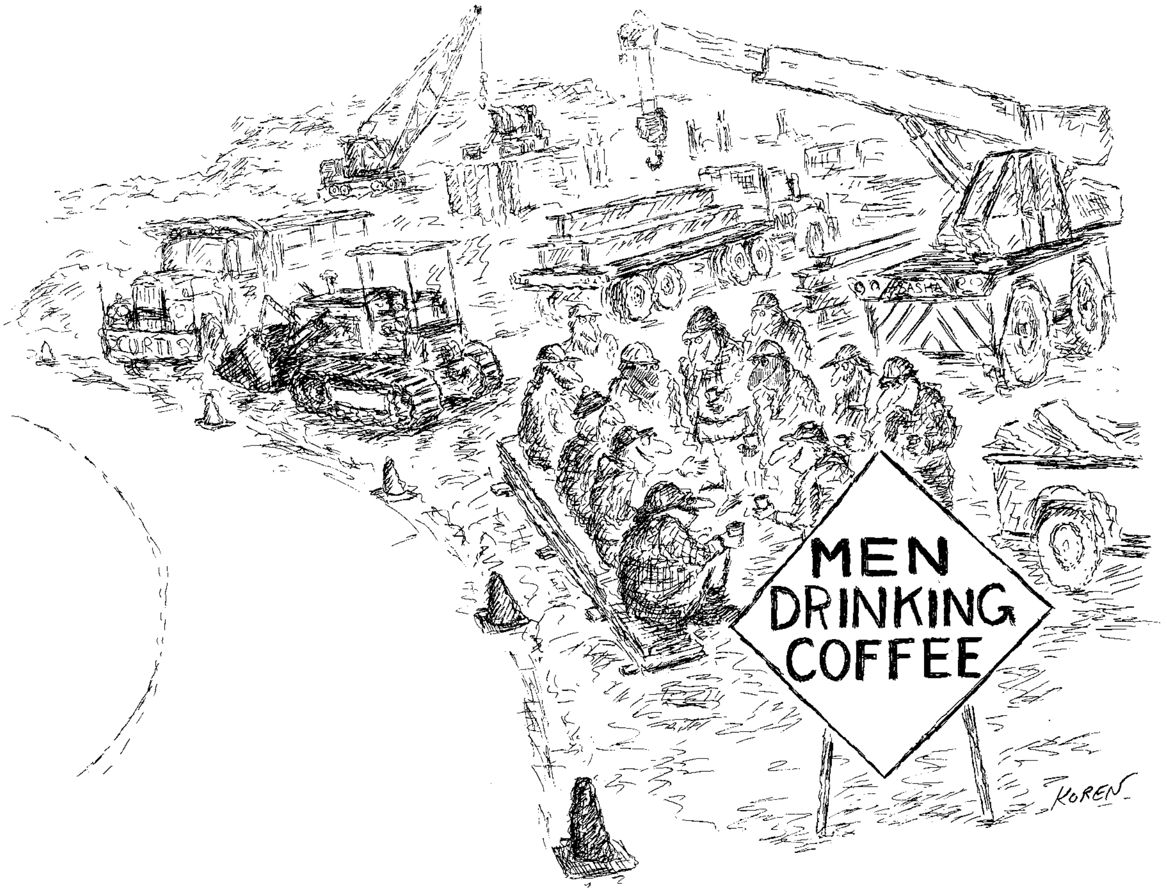


to meet the constitutionally imposed deadline of April 1st for approval of a budget.

On returning to his office, Cuomo was greeted by Timothy Russert, who told him that the initial press and public reaction to his budget was generally positive. Cuomo sat back in his chair and said of the two principal legislative leaders, "Warren Anderson is not going to like the school-aid formula"—the reason being that Anderson's Republican constituents would in most cases be giving up aid in favor of less wealthy, Democratic school districts. "And Stanley Fink will be under pressure to ask for an increase in the personal-income tax"—because Democratic Assembly members would generally feel that the combination of taxes and fees fell too heavily on the poor and the middle class. "I think, strategically, the strength of this budget is that you'll have pressure from all sides all at once. What happens when there is equal pressure on all sides of a container? Nothing happens. So I don't expect to see many changes—no dramatic changes."

Shortly before 6 P.M., the Governor packed his briefcase and headed for the Executive Mansion, where he was to be host at a dinner and a slide presentation on the budget for publishers and editors from around the state.

THE next day, Cuomo offered another slide presentation—this one for the members of the Legislature, who crowded into the Red Room. After explaining his budget, he said that he "welcomed an exchange of views," and added, "I believe that it would be wrong of us not to be open-minded." He then fielded questions, pausing at one point to say that if the legislators wanted still more spending they should come up with new money. One legislator began, "During your campaign for Governor—"

"I deny it!" Cuomo interrupted, and laughter filled the room.

It was evident after the meeting that the response was positive. "This guy's very sharp," said Assemblyman Angelo F. Orazio, a Democrat from Nassau County. "This guy's brilliant." Republican Senator John Marchi, of Staten Island, who has been the chairman of the Finance Committee since 1973, said, "This is my fourteenth term, but this was the first time I'd ever received a call from the Governor saying he was available and would be in touch with me." Of Cuomo's performance, Marchi said, "He has a light touch, so some of the sting is removed." Arthur J. Kremer, a Democrat from Long Beach, Long Island, who is the chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, said, "He's given us a tough, honest budget." Stanley Fink, who was in his fifteenth year in the Assembly and fifth as Speaker, seemed more reserved in his praise of the Governor than his Republican counterparts did. At a late-afternoon press conference, Fink said, "I believe he honestly arrived at this budget," and went on to say that the Governor was trying to create an "aura of family," but "obviously, even in a family, people want to make different choices." Fink expressed concern about the proposed cuts in aid to small cities, highway funds, and sewage-treatment aid. Although he himself is from Brooklyn, there are thirty-nine Democratic assemblymen from upstate and generally wealthier suburban districts, whose opinions he must consider. Fink was noncommittal on the proposal for changing the school-aid formula, but he said that he was worried about the service reductions and layoffs, and wasn't convinced that a single income or corporate tax wouldn't be preferable to what Cuomo had outlined. A couple of days later, Fink proposed an income-tax surcharge as a substitute for Cuomo's nuisance taxes.

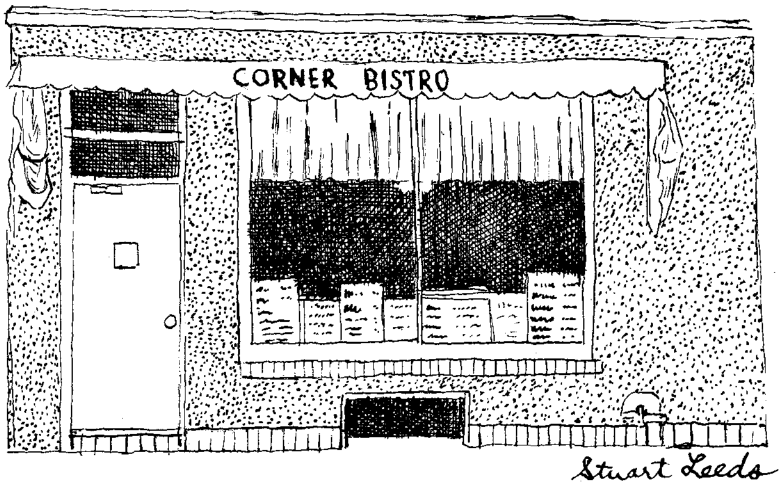
With the Governor's budget now complete, it was sent simultaneously to the Senate Finance Committee and to the Assembly Ways and Means Committee. In the Senate, about sixty professionals served under James Biggane, a slight, rumpled man, who had been in state government for thirty-seven years, the last nine as director of the Finance Committee staff, and who planned to retire at the end of the legislative session. Technically, Biggane became a consultant to the committee during the winter, turning the reins over to Eugene Tyksinski, his deputy. Finnerty observed of this situation, “Gene meets with us, and Jim meets with the leaders.” Thus, it was the voluble, politically shrewd Biggane on whom Warren Anderson relied for budget advice. In the Assembly, about twenty-five people reported to Ralph Laws, the Ways and Means Committee secretary. Laws, a tall man with a drooping gray mustache, who had been chief economist of the State of California, came to work for the Assembly in 1976, and is now a special assistant to Speaker Fink.

After each committee’s staff had prepared a descriptive analysis of the Governor’s budget for members of the Senate and Assembly majorities (the minority staffs carry out separate analyses), each committee held two weeks of hearings, at which department heads and members of the public were invited to testify. “Generally, they are showcase hearings,” Biggane says. “They don’t really amount to a lot.” In fact, both Biggane and Laws acknowledge that their staffs had prepared detailed alternative budgets before the hearings were concluded. The major information for an alternative budget comes not from the hearings but from letters and phone calls from representatives of important constituencies, or private meetings with them; from attendance at legislative party conferences; and from separate consultations with Fink and Anderson. The alternative budgets are prepared by early March. Then the fiscal staffs get together, compare notes and assumptions, and begin a series of technical negotiations, which are presumably matched by political negotiations between the legislative leaders and the governor—presumably, but not always. In 1980, the Democratic Assembly and Governor Carey were allied against the Senate, and in the next two years the Democratic Assembly and the Republican Senate were allied against Carey. In none of these years did the state meet the April 1st budget deadline, and as a result the bond-rating services lowered the state’s credit rating.

A few days after Cuomo’s budget was released, Majority Leader Anderson sent a one-page memorandum to editors and publishers asserting that “an early reading of this proposed Cuomo budget” suggested that there was no “shared” sacrifice, as Cuomo had said there would be. Instead, upstate areas would be harmed and New York City would be helped. The city, he said, stood to receive more than half the revenues from the billion-dollar statewide tax increase, while paying only thirty-five per cent of the new taxes; he also charged that the city would receive two-thirds of tax revenues collected outside the city, and suffer fewer layoffs. Speaker Fink said that Assembly Democrats were most agitated by the proposed layoffs and by Cuomo’s reliance on sales taxes. Fink said it was his “feel” that the state could raise corporate or personal-income taxes without driving out business, because the maintenance of state services was at least as important to businessmen as the tax burden. “The old evidence that businessmen make a determination to stay based on taxes alone is not correct,” he said. For the past week, members had been reading newspaper reports based on leaks and coming to his office to complain about Cuomo’s “Republican budget,” he said. He added that he had tried to mute the criticism. “I have to spend a lot of my time with my members defending a Democratic governor,” he said.

At the start, Fink, Anderson, Ohrenstein, and Rappleyea all said privately that they had to cope with a “reality gap” among the members almost as broad as the budget gap. Soon after Cuomo unveiled his budget, Ralph Laws, emerging from a meeting of the Assembly Democratic conference, said, “They don’t understand that just to balance the Governor’s budget at this point requires a billion dollars in new revenues.”

In February, each of the main participants in the budget negotiations offered a private prediction about how the budget would finally come out, and, despite the political tempest, their predictions were remarkably similar. Majority Leader Anderson said that many Republican senators were as sensitive as Democrats to layoffs of state workers. Republicans, like Democrats, represented districts with mental-health, prison, university, and other facilities. Republicans and Democrats alike received significant campaign contributions from public-employee unions, and both feared, according to James Biggane, “union vengeance.” Anderson predicted, “I think you’ll see fewer layoffs.” As for school aid, he said, “It might be done by adding money. The formula he proposed is not going to go.” According to Biggane, Cuomo’s school-aid formula unfairly redistributed an extra hundred and four million dollars to New York City and subtracted nineteen million dollars from school districts in other parts of the state. “It’s a showpiece,” he said—a gesture with no chance of passage. Anderson complained that it was not easy to distinguish “wealthy” districts from “poor” ones. He said Oswego County was “allegedly wealthy,” yet it had an unemployment rate of 12.4 per cent. “Everyone when he talks of ‘wealthy districts’ conjures up visions of Pocantico Hills and Fishers Island, and they are wealthy,” he said. “The problem is in places like the mid-Adirondack districts, which are considered wealthy because they have a lot of land and not a lot of pupils.” Anderson said he thought that most of the funds cut from aid to upstate communities would be restored. In regard to taxes, he said, “I don’t think you’ll see reductions in the amount raised,” adding that the number might be two hundred million less than Cuomo proposed if the Governor’s staff could increase revenue projections by that amount. He said he wasn’t sure whether some other combination of taxes would be substituted for Cuo-



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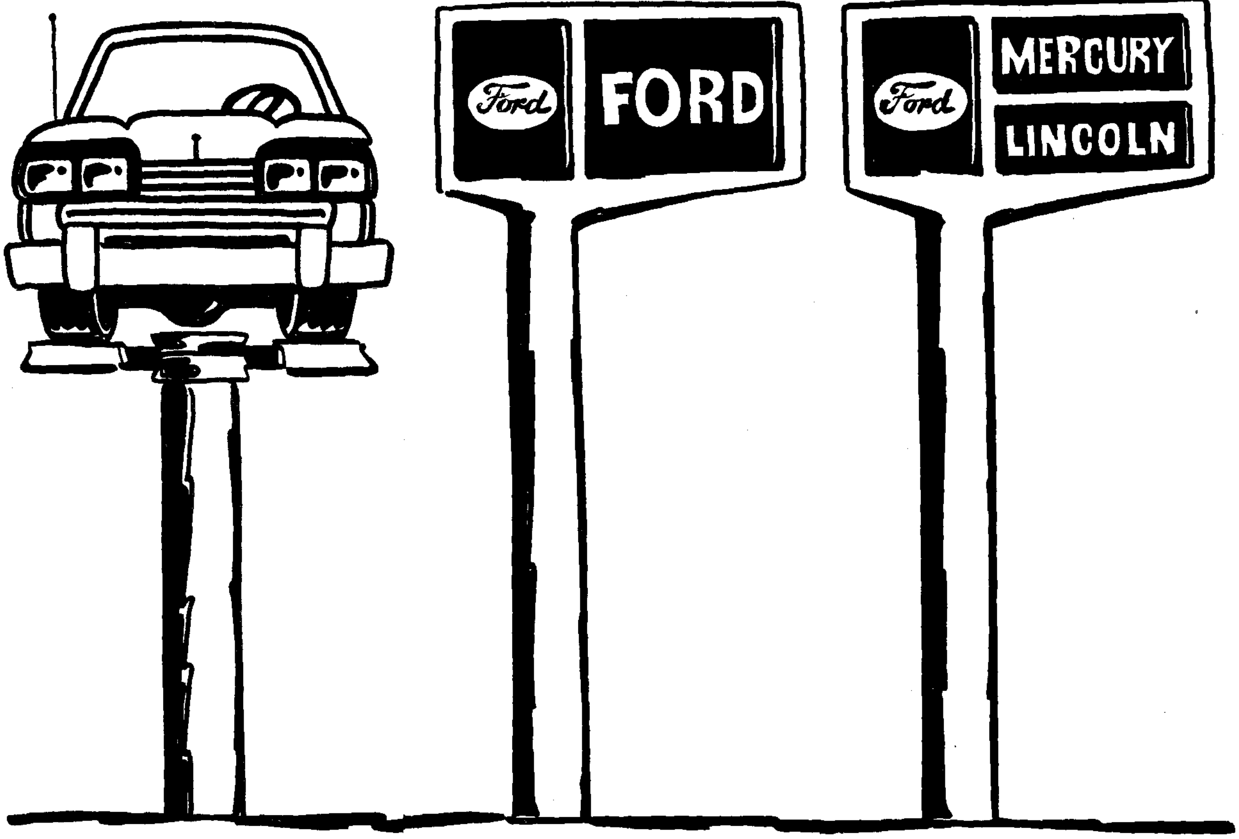

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mo's, but as long as the Governor firmly resisted, he said, there would be no increase in any of the big-three taxes. He didn't see how the state could now afford a phased takeover of Medicaid costs. Biggane agreed. "That's a large piece of money"—six billion dollars over six years—he said. "Politically, if we're going to do any of that, why do it in a non-election year?"

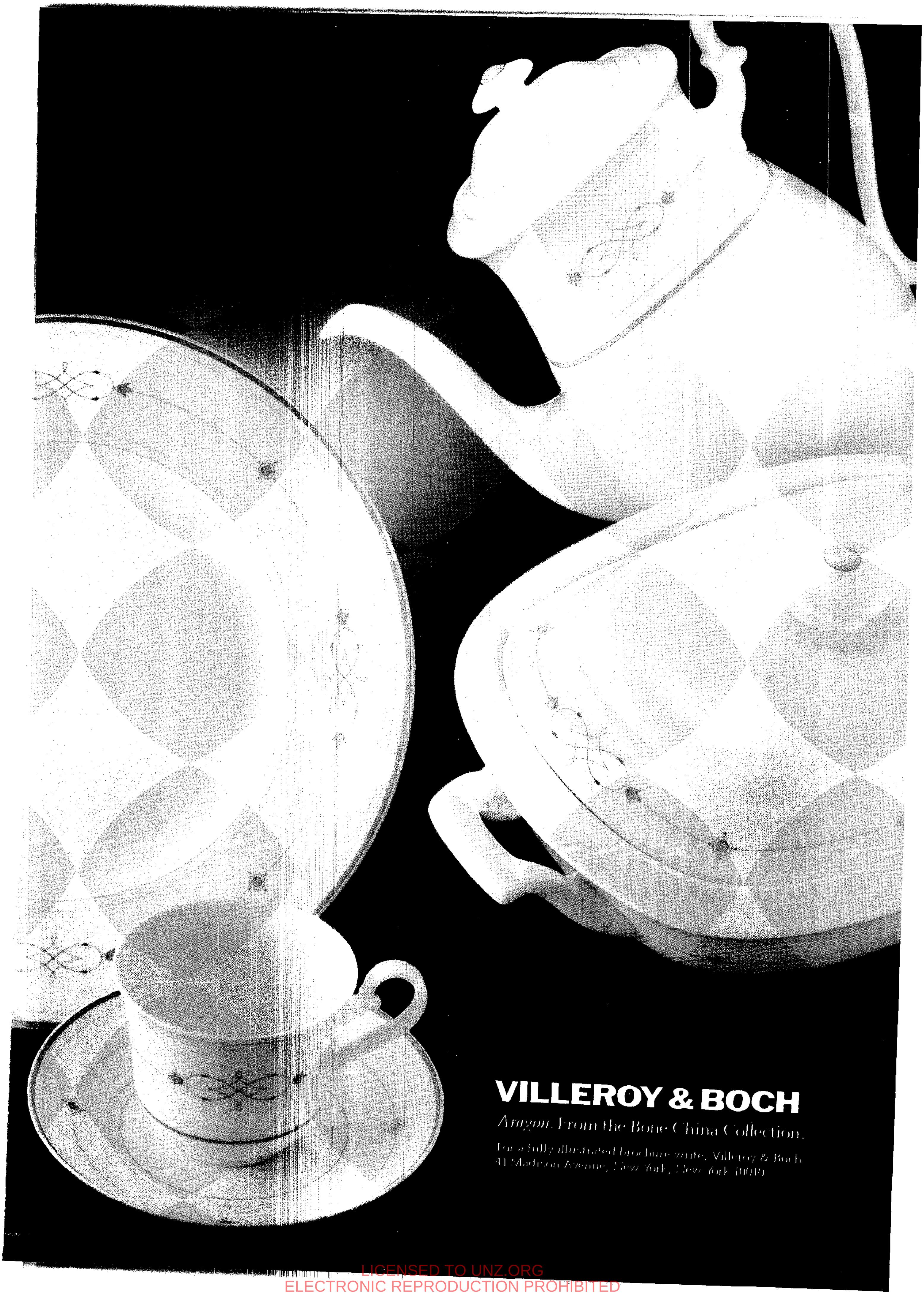
Fink was also uncertain about whether the state could now afford a takeover of Medicaid costs, although he thought the political pressure to do so would be intense. The Speaker agreed that prospects for overhauling the school-aid formula were dim. The one area where his guess differed from Anderson's concerned the final tax package, because Fink preferred an increase in one of the big-three taxes and did not yet accept Cuomo's opposition as immutable.

Because the Democrats held a comfortable majority in the Assembly, the views of the Republican minority in that house counted less than those of the Democratic minority in the Senate, where resistance from Republican conservatives to any tax increase could be expected to force Anderson to cross the aisle for votes to pass a budget. Senate Minority Leader Ohrenstein agreed that Cuomo would lose on school aid, and he explained why: "Republican senators, and some in Stanley's Assembly, always want save harmless"—a guarantee that no district will lose funds—"for the so-called rich districts. We always put in a little more money than the Governor wants to save legislators from political embarrassment. My guess is that we'll add more money than the Governor asked for, because I would guess the Legislature is not ready for political discipline." Senate Democrats would align with Cuomo, he said, "but we have the luxury of having only a few suburban legislators in the Democratic minority"—that is, from wealthier districts. He agreed that there would be fewer layoffs and that some programs that had been cut and some upstate aid would be restored. As a Democrat, he was uncomfortable with Cuomo's package of sales-tax increases, but he also worried that the income-tax surcharge advanced by Fink and other legislators from his party was counterproductive.

Del Giudice guessed that the Assembly and the Senate would be united against the proposed layoffs, so that there would be fewer. However, the Senate and the Governor would probably be allied against the Assembly in opposing an increase in any of the big-three taxes, and would succeed. He said that the Assembly and the Senate would be allied against the Governor in blocking meaningful school-aid reform, and would succeed. He, too, thought that some cuts would be restored. Governor Cuomo, asked the same questions on February 1st, the day his budget was officially released, privately predicted that there would be a compromise, saying, "That's the key to decision-making—when you compromise and both sides are unhappy. That's this budget."

If the main actors, with remarkable unanimity, could predict in February the April 1st outcome of budget negotiations, it is fair to ask why they engaged in what Eric Lane, counsel to the Senate Minority Leader, calls "a courting dance." One reason is that the leaders need time to maneuver, in order to claim credit and avoid blame. Robert Morgado, who spent seventeen years in the legislative and executive branches, observed, "They fear that more than anything else—being blamed." Or, as Eugene Tyksinski, of the Senate Finance Committee said, the Republicans wanted the taxes to be known as the Governor's. He continued, "The idea of raising broad taxes is not a goal we're seeking. On the other hand, if the noise is too intense and the layoffs are too intense, let the Governor come forth with a tax increase. Pin the tail on the donkey. It's got to be his tail, not ours." While referring to the budget process as a "game," one Democratic leader in the Assembly placed the game in a slightly less jaundiced light: "Each leader wants to feel at the end of the game that he is portrayed as the winner, or the best negotiator, or somebody who didn't give in. What is at stake is not just the numbers and layoffs but the feeling each of these leaders has concerning how the public perceives him."

DURING the month of February, the legislative leaders and the Governor met regularly to exchange information and feel one another out. By early March, reaction to the Governor's proposed budget cuts was being felt by legislators. Busloads of state workers came to Albany to protest layoffs. Mayors and county executives came to plead for more aid. Students from the state university gathered in Albany to condemn a proposed tuition increase. Parents from many of the state's seven hundred and thirty-three school districts, accompanied by their children, stalked the halls of the Legislative Office Building and collared their representatives to complain about school aid. Parents of mentally retarded children lobbied to keep facilities open. One legislator who felt a lot of this public heat was Arthur Kremer, of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee. To his office came a procession of visitors. "Sometimes you feel like a small-loan officer in a



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"I can forgive you, but can you forgive yourself?"

bank," Kremer said after one trying day. Michael Sovern, the president of Columbia University, wanted a million dollars for Columbia's School of Dental and Oral Surgery; the Long Island retired teachers' association wanted fifteen million dollars in pension adjustments; citizens from Utica did not want the Marcy Psychiatric Center converted into a prison. Kremer remarked, "What they are all saying is 'We know you're busy with the big issues, but we don't want our issue to fall between the cracks.' The way I think we go in the next three weeks is to sit down and decide which agencies to put money into, and then add everything up and see what the bottom line is. And then match up the revenues." Sighing, Kremer added, "We're going to alienate a lot of people this year."

There is a trickle-up theory in Albany that works this way: the legislative leaders tell the governor in private get-togethers what their members complain about in the party conferences or in one-on-one sessions; disaffected groups and lobbyists corner legislators, who in turn urge them to get in touch with the governor; legislators write to the governor; they buttonhole gubernatorial aides. And in March of this year Cuomo held a series of informal cocktail parties at the Executive Mansion for both Democratic and Republican legislators. (This practice, initiated by Governor Alfred E. Smith and then abandoned, was revived at Timothy Russert's suggestion.) The parties were popular among legislators. Above all, they were pleased that the Cuomo administration was treating them with respect. They were also pleased that at these parties the Governor did not make a speech, and did not lobby. He and his aides circulated and mostly listened.

"I've never been invited here except for a ceremonial occasion," said Assemblyman William Hoyt, a five-term Democrat from Buffalo, at one of the Governor's parties.

"It builds a reservoir of good will," Speaker Fink said. "Look, the Governor is a very simpatico guy. Very earthy."

Moving around the main-floor reception area that night, Cuomo could not help finding out what was on the legislators' minds. "The commitment not to raise taxes has long-range consequences for human services and the State University of New York," Assemblyman Maurice Hinchey, an Ulster County Democrat, said. "I think we need, in the short term, more revenues to operate." He was asked if raising taxes wouldn't be more of a political negative than reducing services in his district. "I don't think so," he said, reflecting what is a widespread feeling in Albany.

Assemblyman Hoyt said, "I hate his budget, but if I were in his place I'd do the same thing." Hoyt was troubled because four to five hundred employees at the Buffalo State University and Buffalo State College were scheduled to be laid off as a result of budget cuts.

Speaker Fink said that the proposed layoffs were the most pressing issue for most of the legislators. He was asked if his income-tax-surcharge proposal to raise more revenues—which was opposed by Majority Leader Anderson as well as by the Governor—was permanently out of consideration. "It's off the table until someone puts it back on, and that someone is the Governor," Fink replied. "I honestly disagree with the Governor." Fink also had a procedural concern. "My big problem now is I can't get the Governor to flush Warren out," he said, referring to Anderson. "What are his revenue estimates? Will he do a broad-based tax? A Medicaid takeover? Fred Ohrenstein will play a big role this year. Warren indicates to me he needs Freddy's help to get eight hundred and fifty million dollars in nuisance taxes. But Freddy will not help without input on how to spend the revenue. And Anderson might not agree to that. I told the Governor tonight. He didn't seem concerned. He ought to be concerned."

If the Governor was not focussing on Ohrenstein's potentially pivotal role in the negotiations, Ohrenstein himself certainly was. The next morning, seated in his office in the Capitol, the Minority Leader proclaimed, "There is no way Warren Anderson can pass the tax program without Democratic votes. He can't get thirty-one votes"—a majority. This question of Democratic votes produced one of the few genuine blowups during the two months of budget negotiations. Ohrenstein emerged, with the other legislative leaders, from an early-March meeting in the Governor's office and told waiting reporters that Anderson had said in the meeting that he would need some of Ohrenstein's twenty-six Democratic votes. Anderson felt that a confidence had been betrayed, and threatened not to come to subsequent meetings if Ohrenstein was present. Ohrenstein said that he was not betraying "a confidence" but pointing out "a political reality."

There was little question that the Minority Leader was enjoying this opportunity to be onstage. For years, Ohrenstein had been an outsider, a self-proclaimed reformer from Manhattan's West Side who was mistrusted by members of the Albany club because he was always announcing that he was "shocked" or "outraged." Ohrenstein has mellowed. Now he said that his Democratic conference had decided in the past few days to try to reduce layoffs "substantially," to restore the cuts in special aid to cities and highway and sewage-treatment aid, and to try to unearth extra revenues, preferably by finding that Cuomo's revenue estimates were too conservative. On these matters, there was no disagreement with Anderson, although Anderson let the Democrats take the lead on them. The major division between the Majority Leader and the Minority Leader was over school aid. Ohrenstein, with all but six of his senators from New York City, supported Cuomo's proposal; Anderson, with all but five of his from outside the city, did not. "What we are concerned about is that in restructuring the formula New York City not get less than the Governor proposed," Ohrenstein said, noting that under Cuomo's budget the city would receive slightly more than a hundred million dollars extra for its schools. "How in the blazes do I get twenty-six guys to vote for taxes when the city winds up with less?" Later that day, Anderson said he could never round up votes for Cuomo's school-aid package, and that was why he had "urged Freddy not to do what he did"—embrace the Cuomo formula.

While the Senate seemed to be stalled, the Assembly was moving forward. Earlier that morning, after weeks of digesting staff reports on the budget and consulting the Democratic conference in the Assembly, Ralph Laws and Speaker Fink had met and settled on the Democratic majority's position in the negotiations. A few hours later, Laws told a visitor that, like both the Republicans and the Democrats in the Senate, the Assembly Democrats supported a restoration of special aid to small cities and highway and sewage-treatment aid to communities around the state. Without employing the upstate-versus-downstate rhetoric that Warren Anderson had used, Laws nevertheless said that Democrats agreed with Republicans that "some elements" of Cuomo's budget "adversely affected some commu-

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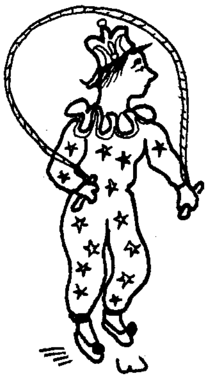
nities more than is fair." Laws said that they agreed that the state work force must be reduced, but with fewer layoffs; that they favored raising the revenue estimates, believing that the Governor's state-lottery receipts, for example, were underestimated by fifteen to twenty million dollars; and that they wanted to squeeze more from parts of the Governor's expenditure budget, believing that instead of a seven-per-cent increase in fuel-oil costs, for example, various state departments would, because of the current oil glut, enjoy a five-per-cent reduction. In all, Laws said, to restore the Cuomo cuts would require an additional two hundred million dollars. On school aid, the Assembly Democrats would basically align themselves with Anderson against Cuomo and the Senate Democrats. "We want not to have a radical shift in the distribution but to have a shift at the margin," Laws explained. "We probably want the Governor to spend a little more, too." Like the other principals, the Democratic leadership in the Assembly at this point played down the Medicaid takeover, because they were uncertain how it could be financed, and they had not yet focussed on the billion-dollar bond issue to rebuild the state's physical plant. Fink still preferred a broader-based tax than Cuomo's nuisance taxes, although he was prepared to support them, and he was wary about having Democrats be responsible for an unpopular tax package. (Within days, the Speaker staked out a middle position by proposing to replace a hundred and fifty million dollars of Cuomo's nuisance taxes with a three-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar sales tax on the professional services of lawyers, architects, accountants, and others. With this measure, Fink announced, *the state would* realize the money needed to restore programs.)

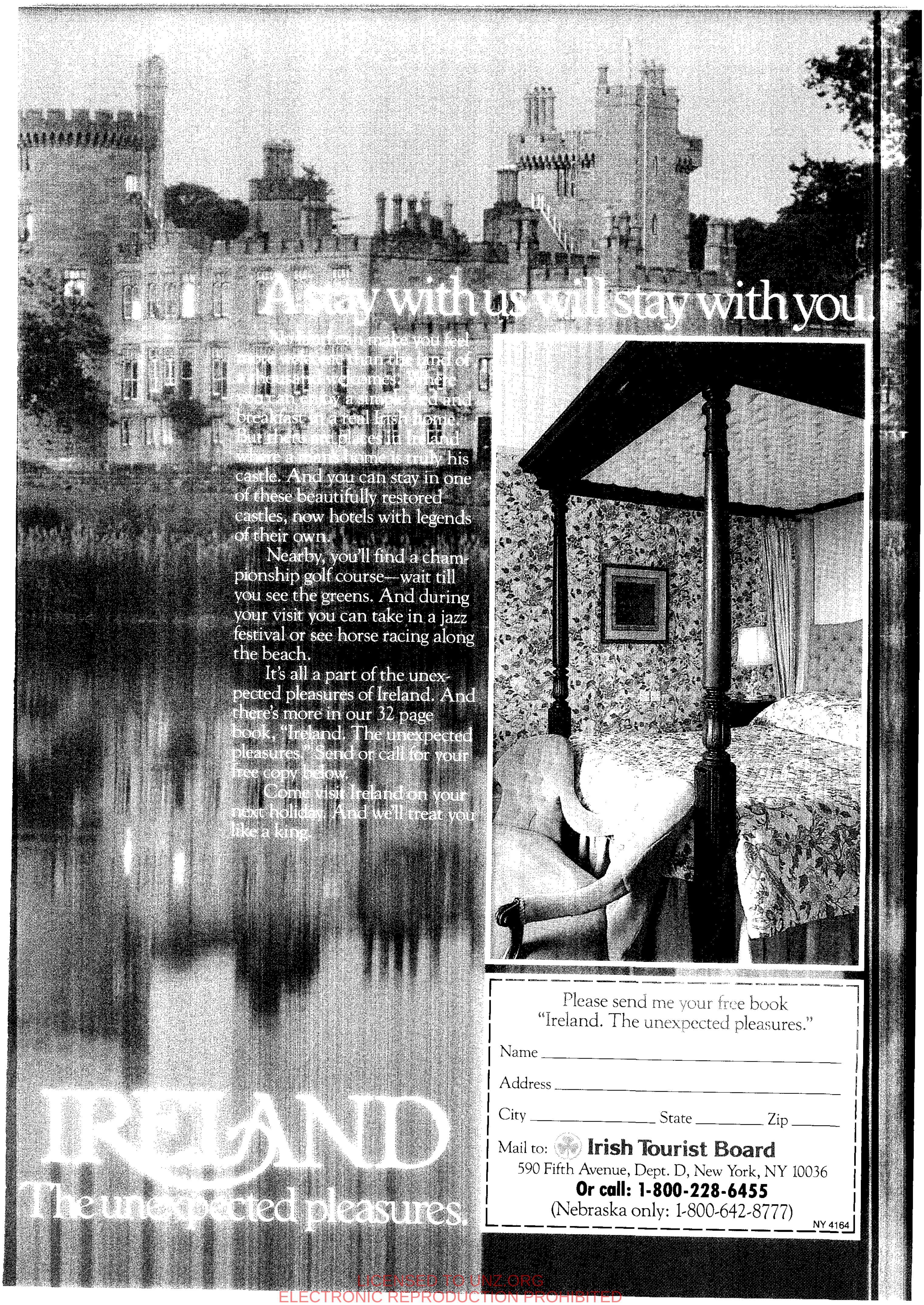


A concern for appearances is by no means incidental in Albany. Of the package of new taxes, Ohrenstein said, "Unless Mario requested it, we'd never get the Republican Senate to go along." Unless Anderson could get Senate Democrats to vote for new taxes, he wouldn't pass any, Ohrenstein added. "He won't give us the luxury of opposing taxes and then having Democratic candidates running against his incumbents a year and a half from now saying their opponents voted for taxes," he said.

If Speaker Fink took "certain positions," it might make it easier for Senate Republicans to go along, Anderson said, implicitly acknowledging that part of the tax ritual has to do with avoiding blame—or, at least, sharing it. Similarly, although Fink personally favored Cuomo's proposed school-aid reforms, publicly he followed Anderson's lead, not wanting to offend a growing suburban Democratic constituency.

On the afternoon of March 2nd, the legislative leaders met with Cuomo in his office. Reporters are usually alerted to these meetings; they come down from their offices, on the third floor of the Capitol, and wait in the corridor outside for the meeting to break up. This time, Anderson appeared first, and said he was disappointed, because he still had "no feel" for where Cuomo would bend on his proposed budget. Fink came out soon thereafter, and seemed angry, saying of the tax package and the Medicaid takeover, "I don't know where the Senate is on that." Despite this public bluster, Fink said privately that the budget negotiations were "on track" and that serious negotiations would begin within days.

On March 11th, the Governor was extremely optimistic. From the beginning, one of his key goals had been to achieve what he called his "Hallelujah endorsement." He had said in February, "What I want is an editorial endorsement—from *Barron's*, the *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*—right after Easter saying, 'Hallelujah! They closed a billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar gap and never once raised the big-three taxes. Hallelujah!'" Now the Governor said he believed that these editorials were near, and he added, "We're doing so well it's troublesome." He said that by certifying two days before that his fiscal projections were realistic and his budget was "very tightly balanced," Comptroller Regan had "closed down" the Legislature's room to maneuver without appearing irresponsible. He said he was confident that there would be "no substantial games with revenues," and so there would be a truly balanced budget, no rises in the big-three taxes, an agreement by April 1st, new money for the homeless and the disabled, and agreement on the bond issue to be



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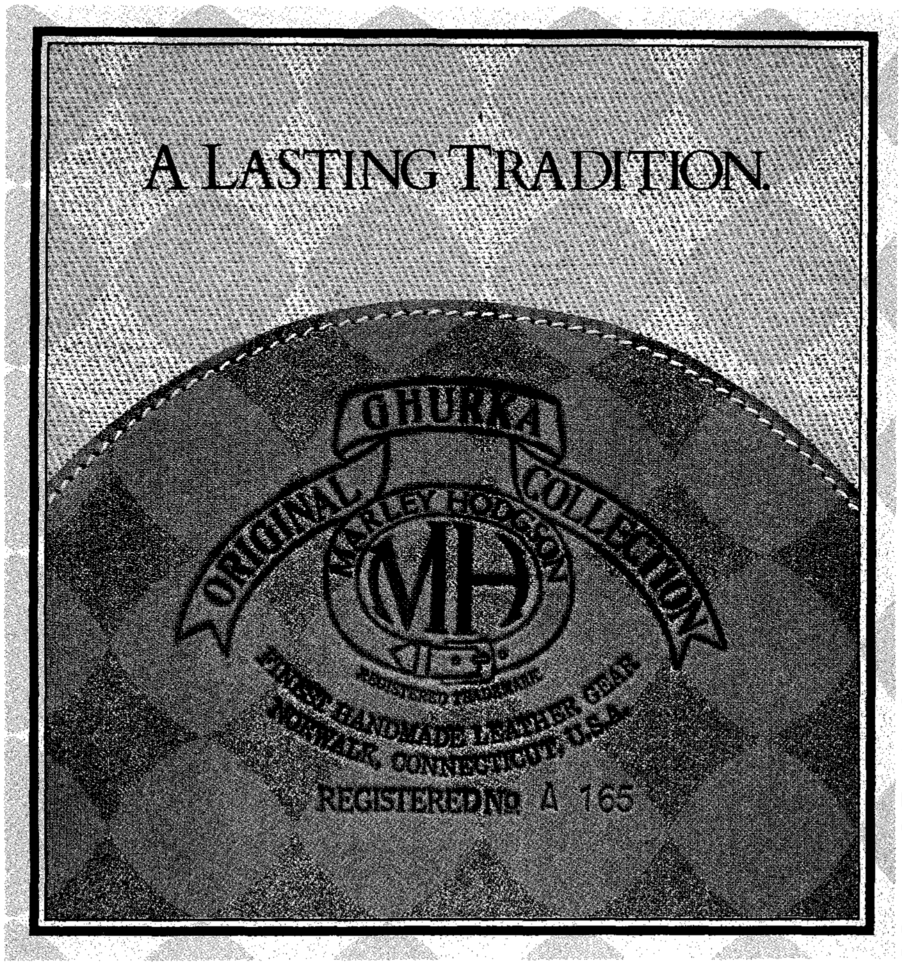
placed on the ballot in November. And this would be accomplished in a new spirit of candor, he said. "So far, we've set a record for the truth. We're doing it a new way." The Governor said that he was prepared to accept two hundred and fifty million dollars more in spending to restore aid to upstate cities and to the state-university system, and to reduce the number of layoffs. Some of that money would also pay for more school aid than he wanted. He was also prepared to compromise on his formula, he said, but he still hoped to "make progress" on redistributing funds from wealthier to poorer school districts. To come up with the extra money, he said, the Legislature would probably find sixty million in new savings in his proposed expenditure budget, and add about a hundred million in revenues by saying that they were underestimated. (Actually, Comptroller Regan had given the Legislature some leeway when he said that Cuomo's budget might have underestimated revenues by up to seventy-five million dollars.) As for the remaining ninety or so million dollars, Cuomo said he would ask the Legislature to take it out of the funds for the state takeover of local Medicaid costs. (*Another option that the Governor* found alluring was to add Fink's three-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar professional-services tax to his own tax package, thus increasing revenues.) He also said he was not optimistic that funds for the Medicaid costs would be available beyond the next year. Although the Speaker was less certain of this, Cuomo said that he and Fink were allied: only four hundred million dollars separated them—"and that's before we've negotiated." Cuomo went on, "Anderson is taking a good position. He's for my budget except for education. They"—the Republican senators—"want to divide me from the Democrats. By staying with Cuomo, they would weaken the alliance between me and Fink. It's too hard for them if Fink and I and Ohrenstein are allied." Although Cuomo acknowledged that appearances counted, he said that they counted less this year than they would next. "Nobody's running this year," he said.

ON Sunday, March 13th, as the Cuomo administration prepared to enter a crucial week of the negotiations, Del Giudice told a visitor that he was optimistic about the prospects for the Governor's budget, but that "what will happen this week is that it



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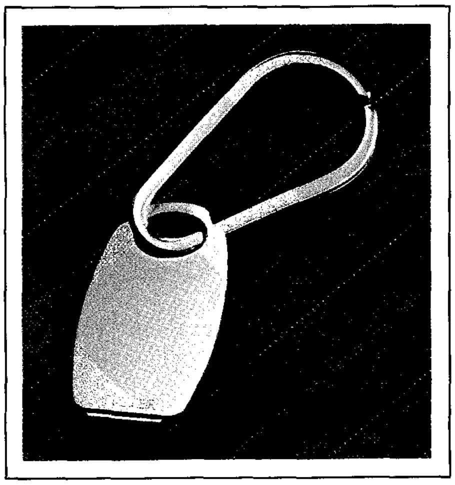

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will come together and fall apart forty-four times." Del Giudice predicted that by the end of the week there would be an agreement in principle, which, he said, could be "fine-tuned" in a leisurely way the following week. This fine tuning would include requests from individual members of the Legislature for spending programs important to their districts. In prior years, these member bills had been merged into what is called a deficiency budget, added after the regular budget is adopted. This year, Cuomo had decreed that the Legislature should let the public know the true cost of the budget by lumping the regular and deficiency budgets into a single budget document. "The big trick is to get their candid agenda on the table," said Del Giudice, noting that this should happen soon. Of the negotiations ahead, he said, "There are four main actors, and they all have to win. Each has to have something that reflects the wishes of his conference. Warren will win by moving some dollars out of New York City to upstate and suburban school districts. Stanley will win by getting some social programs put back and funded by responsible revenue measures. Ohrenstein will win by retaining most of the money for New York City, and he'll take credit for avoiding some layoffs." And Governor Cuomo would win, Del Giudice added, by having a balanced budget without raising any of the big-three taxes, by getting new money for the homeless, and by having the budget passed on time in a spirit of partnership—of family.

That evening, Cuomo and his strategists gathered in Del Giudice's Albany office: the Governor; Finnerty and his deputy, Wayne Diesel; Russert; Henrik Dullea; Thomas Hartnett, the director of employee relations; and Andrew Cuomo. Dressed casually in a navy-blue flannel shirt and gray slacks, and with one leg draped over the side of an armchair, the Governor opened the meeting by reviewing his list of budget objectives and offering a status report on each. He said that the three-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar professional-services tax proposed by Speaker Fink "is getting more and more inviting, because it gives more money to New York City—and to upstate." He said he would be prepared to shelve some but not all of his nuisance taxes for this revenue measure.

There remained other ticklish problems, Del Giudice said, holding up a

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memo from Speaker Fink's office that outlined items that Assembly Democrats wanted to include in the budget.

"Look at this," Cuomo said, taking the memo. "They want to give four million five more to the Arts Council. We have a billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar deficit and they put that on their list. Why? Because the *Times* wrote an editorial?"

"What we'll see emerging during this week is from twenty-five to thirty-five million dollars in individual items," Del Giudice said. "Stanley and Fred will need it to get individual votes." This sum had not been included in any of the budget negotiations.

"I think we have to treat this budget differently," Cuomo said loudly and somewhat angrily—though his own budget contained such items as a new engineering school for Senator Anderson's Binghamton district. "If there was ever a year where there were no special items, this is it! If there was one contract I should have honored, it was to the C.S.E.A."—the Civil Service Employees Association. Glancing down at the memorandum, Cuomo said, "What the hell is the Mid-Hudson Medical Consortium?"

"It's Maurice Hinchey's contract," said Del Giudice, meaning that it involved Hinchey's district.

"They've just never thought of these items as main-budget items," Dullea said. Traditionally, these special items have been the grease that oiled the squeaky wheel. Yet even if all strictly political items were eliminated, Del Giudice remarked later, the budget would be reduced by no more than a hundred million dollars—less than one per cent of the total.

Referring to a list of items on which he would be willing to compromise, Cuomo asked Del Giudice, "How much of what I read can I tell them tomorrow?" A meeting with the legislative leaders was scheduled for the following morning.

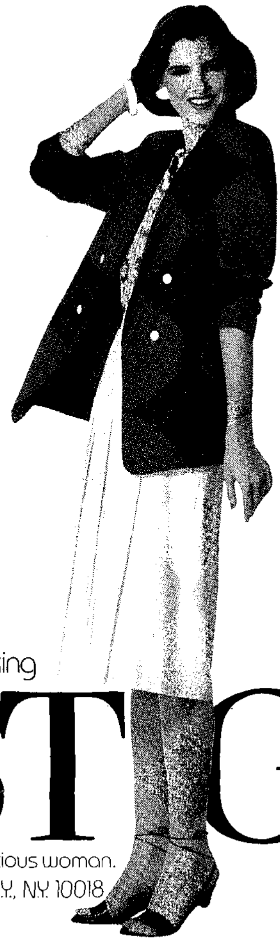
"Very little," Del Giudice answered. "It's too early."

"What can they reasonably expect of me tomorrow?" Cuomo asked.

"I have problems with 'reasonably,' " Finnerty said.

"Fink is reasonable," Cuomo said.

"Yes, but his conference is not," Finnerty said. Some members of the Democratic majority, he said, including Melvin Miller, of Brooklyn, were claiming that Cuomo's budget could have been submitted by a conservative Republican. Miller had particularly



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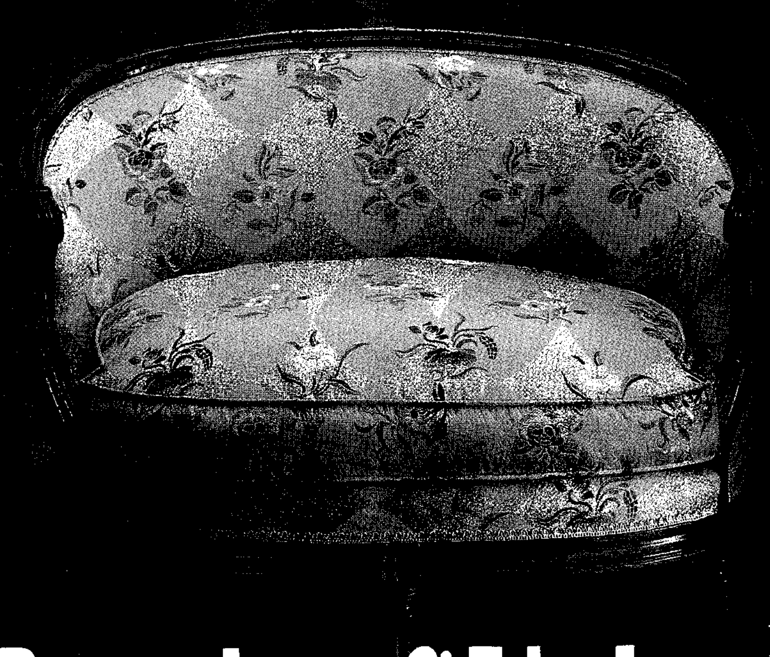

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deplored cuts in appropriations for higher education and mental health. Finnerty noted that the Democratic conference was asking for three hundred and fifty million dollars in new revenues.

"The answer to that is no," Cuomo said. "How do they decide without knowing what to spend it on?"

"He'll say he gave you a list on Thursday," Finnerty said, pointing to Speaker Fink's memo.

Cuomo said, "So I have the meeting and Fink says, 'I need to know if you'll go along with my three hundred and fifty million dollars.' I refuse. What does he do? Make a deal with Warren?"

"He can't," Finnerty said. "And you *can* go and make a deal with Anderson."

"Precisely," Cuomo said.

Finnerty, who had spent the day in meetings with the legislative fiscal staffs, said there were several issues to be considered now, because of the Legislature's demands. One was where to find new revenues. Another was how much in new revenues, with the Legislature wanting to spend more than the Governor thought prudent. A third was how to spend the new revenues. Which cuts proposed by Cuomo should be restored? Which new programs initiated? And, once the Democrats agreed, how did they get Anderson to go along? Then, Finnerty said, there were subsidiary issues, like whether new revenues would go first to reduce layoffs or to add services.

Playing the role of Speaker Fink, Del Giudice said, "We're reducing the number of layoffs. We're just adding some necessary programs. I'm putting back fifteen hundred to two thousand jobs."

"Yes, but there would still be seven thousand layoffs," Cuomo said.

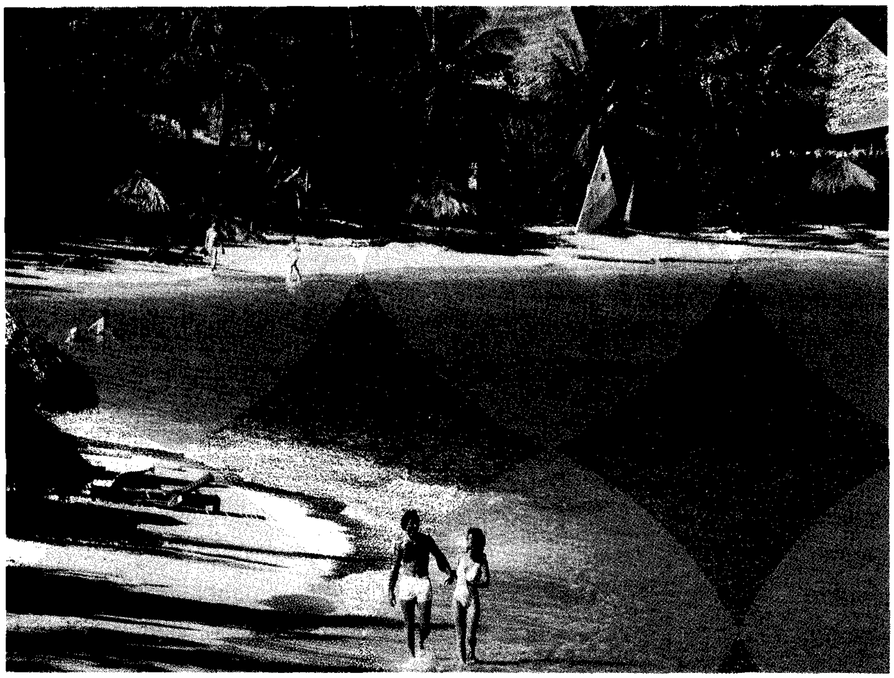
"If you didn't want layoffs, Governor, why did you recommend them?" Finnerty asked, assuming the role of Fink in his turn.

"I had to," Cuomo answered. "There were no other revenues."

"What role is there for the Legislature in this process?" Del Giudice asked, still speaking for Fink.

"Stanley, Warren doesn't have that problem," Cuomo said. "I came up with a billion dollars more in taxes. When do we say that's all we can afford?"

Finnerty said, "He's going to say, 'Governor, I worked with my members last week. What you're asking me to tell my Democratic conference is



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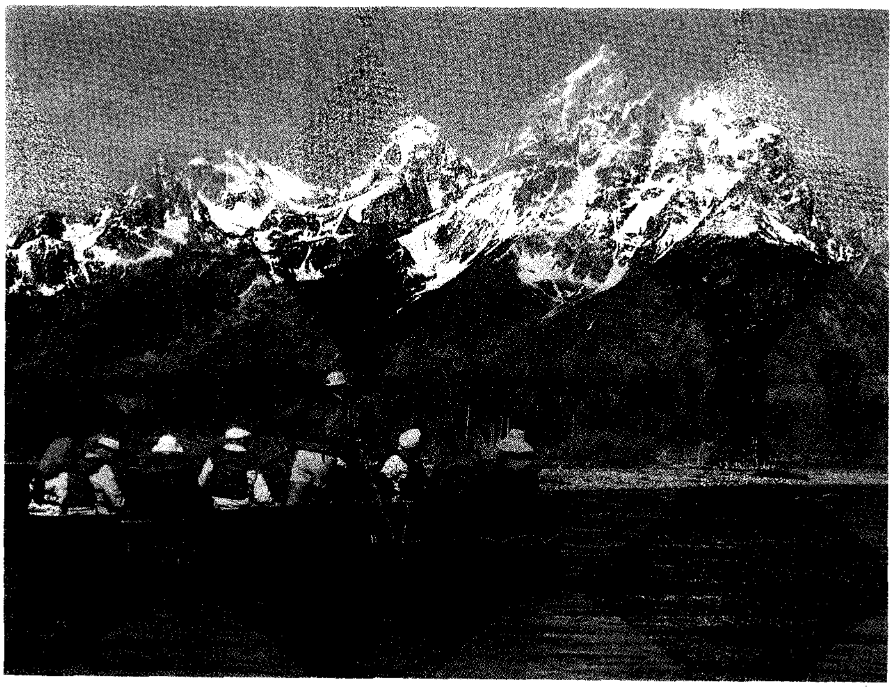

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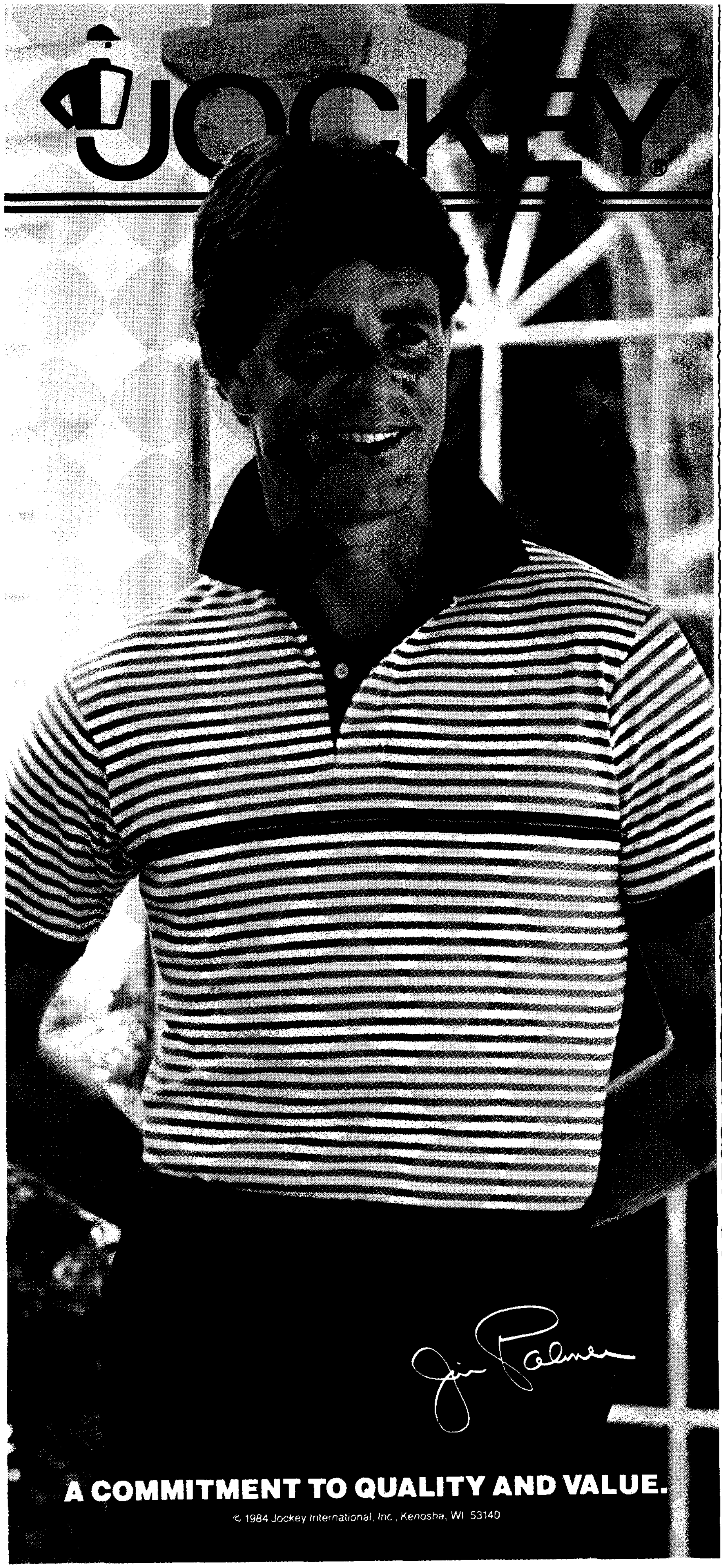
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that you're closer to Warren Anderson than to Democrats.' "

"No," Cuomo said. "Warren Anderson is close to my Democratic budget." He added, "The fact that Warren Anderson happens to agree with it doesn't sully it."

"O.K., Governor. I'll give you my budget next week," Del Giudice's Fink said.

"I'll be here," Cuomo said.

"Stanley may need a fight with you to get his conference to go along," Finnerty said.

Cuomo disagreed, maintaining that Fink had more flexibility with his conference than Anderson had with his. He knew that Anderson was simply more moderate than most of the other Republican senators—at heart a Rockefeller Republican.

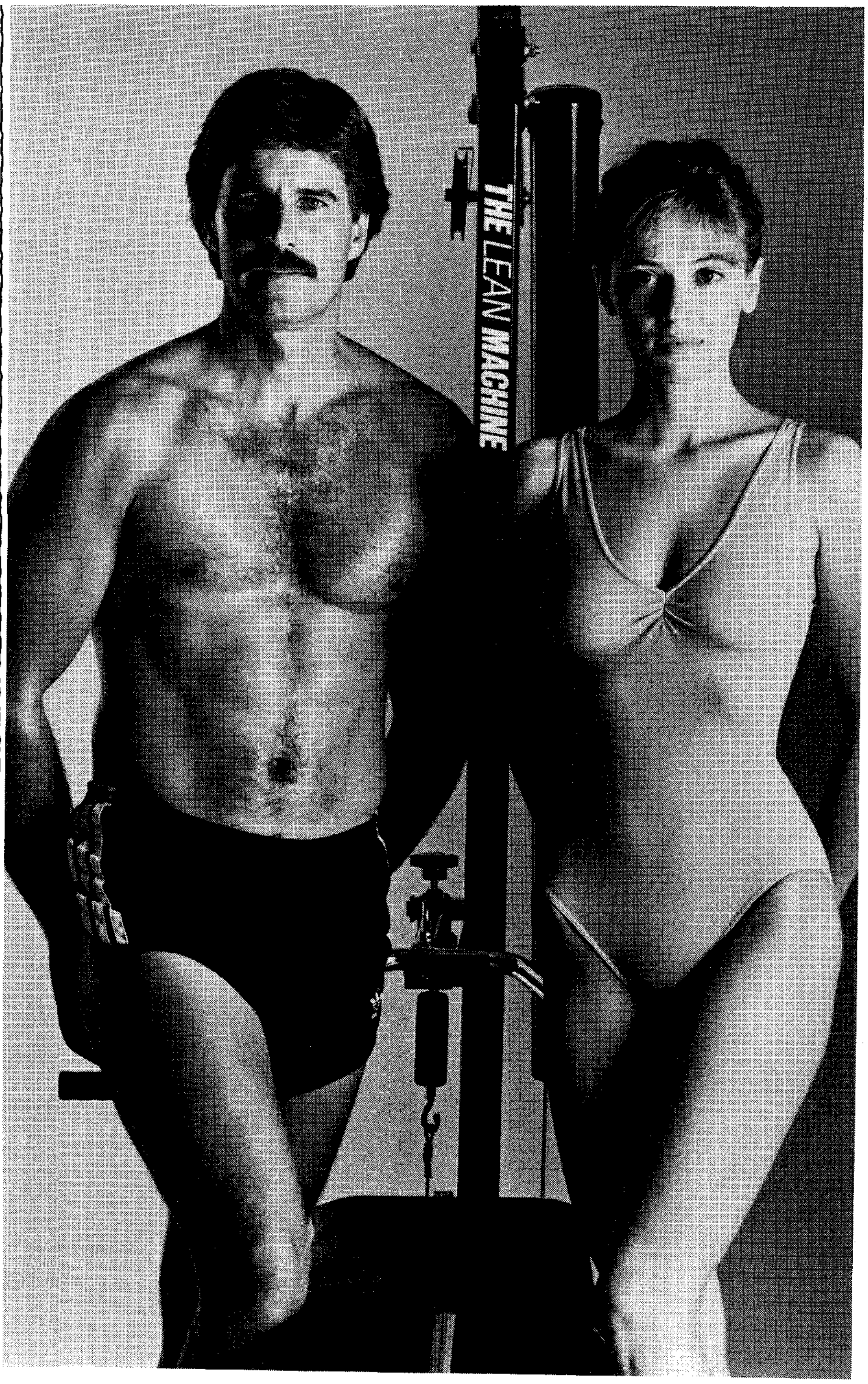
"The major problem we have is how to get to zero layoffs," Del Giudice commented.

Cuomo said that they might be able to reduce layoffs to a thousand but not to zero. "But we've got to be able to say we tried," he added. He asked Hartnett how his discussions with James Featherstonhaugh, the counsel and chief lobbyist of the Civil Service Employees Association, were going. Would they succeed in devising a joint plan to encourage voluntary early retirements, and thus reduce the number of layoffs?

The C.S.E.A. was sending a notice to all employees, Hartnett answered. The notice would explain the provisions made for those who chose to retire early.

THE next morning's meeting went well. The legislative staffs began to work around the clock to agree on new revenue estimates and to gauge the cost of restoring those programs favored by the Legislature. Minority Leader Ohrenstein emerged from the meeting pleased and further impressed with Cuomo. "He's a very forceful chairman of the board," he said. "Of course, he's the most powerful of us at these meetings. He is the leader, no question about that. It's not what Carey did. He would obfuscate and frustrate the process. Mario knows exactly where he wants to go. The important thing about a leader is to know when not to get dug in. With Carey, there'd be weeks and weeks of acrimony, and then we'd have to force him to do business. The Governor should be the catalyst making the system work." And the system was working this year, Ohrenstein said. After that morning's meeting, the differences between the Legislature and the Governor were what he called "narrow and very precisely defined." He continued, "The problem is, will Warren agree to a tax package which we will support? Will Mario agree to raise revenues sufficiently to cover programs we want to put back in the budget in order to get the votes required to pass it? The ball's in his court." Although Cuomo was sympathetic to Speaker Fink's proposed professional-services tax, he had not revealed this at the meeting. Anderson, too, took no position on the proposal at the meeting, but his office issued a press release that morning announcing what sounded like opposition to it. Ohrenstein said that he was perplexed. "I don't know what this means," he said. "If he [Anderson] rejects it and Mario accepts it, at that point Warren is holding up the budget." The Assembly could then pass a budget and send it to the Senate, he said. "Then Mr. Anderson can put together a budget and see if he can pass it"—without Ohrenstein's Democratic votes.

Speaker Fink told a visitor to his office that, like Ohrenstein, he did not really believe that Anderson's opposition to his professional-services tax was firm, because "I've been around him long enough to know—a lot of posturing goes on." Posturing as such did not seem to bother Fink. What did anger him was criticism from people who suggested that the Assembly was interested in restoring some of Cuomo's budget cuts only in order to pander to constituents. He said he resented blanket statements from people like Lewis Lehrman, Cuomo's Republican opponent in the 1982 gubernatorial election, to the effect that the budget should be balanced simply by cutting expenditures. Fink said, "It's very easy to hear Lehrman say 'cut.' Obviously, he's not concerned about delivery of higher-education services. Or mental health. Or drug-treatment centers that would have to be closed." With considerable passion, Fink declared, "My members believe strongly that it's a question of the level of the delivery of services. We really believe strongly that these are the kinds of things we should be providing." President Reagan reduced funds for day-care and drug-treatment and job-training programs, he pointed out, and he said, "You just can't be glib and say, 'Ronald Reagan is cutting money from day care, what do you want from us?' We're the last bastion of responsi-



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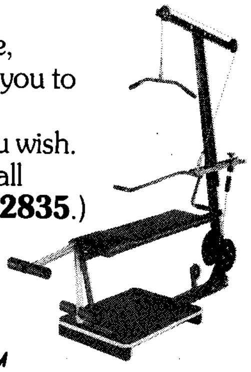

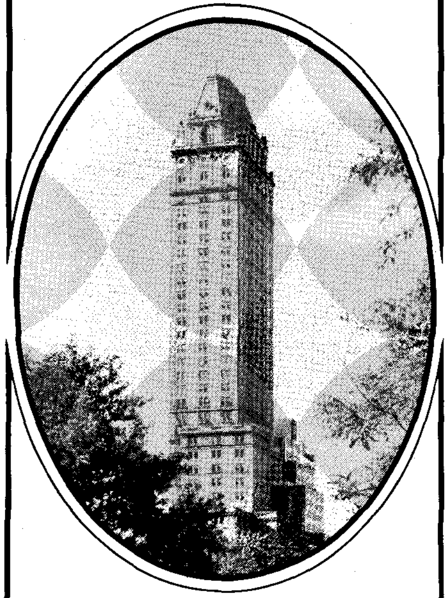

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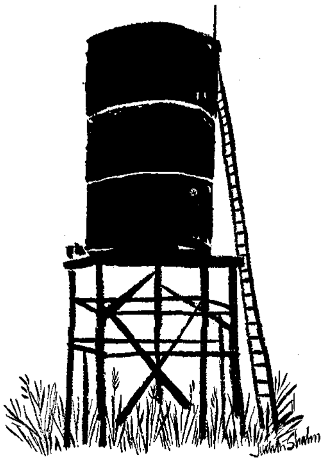
bility." Democrats in the Assembly, he said, were "people with feelings and sensitivity for the quality of life." He went on, "These are programs we'd like to deliver. We save lives by having these programs." Fink ticked off a list of items that the Assembly wanted restored to the budget. A million nine hundred thousand dollars for day care would assist working women who "would rather put their kid in a day-care center to go out and be useful, productive citizens than collect welfare." By replacing the $9.7 million that President Reagan had removed from drug-treatment programs, Fink said, the Legislature could give some young people the opportunity to escape addiction. "Prekindergarten programs have proved to be one of the greatest for improving reading scores," he continued. "I tell you, I'd love to start kids earlier in life going to school." And about financing for the state Council on the Arts Fink said, "Cut four and a half million dollars from it—from the thing that brings people into the state of New York? It's silly to cut down; it's silly economically." (It appears that Cuomo came around to Fink's viewpoint, for a year later the Governor proposed an eight-million-dollar increase in the Arts Council budget.)



Fink said he thought that Cuomo's proposed budget was too conservative. He acknowledged that their differences stemmed in part from their different perspectives, but he believed that another factor was involved, too. Simply put, Stanley Fink is more of a traditional New Deal Democrat than Mario Cuomo. Whereas Cuomo worried about the long-term effect that taxes would have on businesses, and thus on jobs and economic growth, to Fink this often sounded suspiciously like Republican trickle-down economics. His first instinct was to want to distribute society's wealth to the needy.

Unlike the Senate Republicans, Fink said, he had responsibly proposed new revenue sources to pay for the expenditures he wanted to make. He continued, "The next step, as I see it, is for the Governor to say, 'Well, I want my budget passed, and Warren said he was going to do it,' in which event I will say to them, 'Go do it!' Or the Governor's going to say, 'Stanley has a more intelligent approach. I'd like to work with you.' As of right now, I don't know what the Governor's position is."

Warren Anderson's reading of the Governor's position on the professional-services tax differed from both Fink's and Ohrenstein's. "As of this moment, it appears unacceptable to the Governor," Anderson told a visitor. He added, however, that in the meeting Cuomo "did not rule it out or in." In his wood-panelled office, on the third floor of the Capitol and at the opposite end of the Senate Chamber from Ohrenstein's office, Anderson said that although he didn't rule out a professional-services tax (as his press release had suggested), the tax "does present us with real problems"—specifically, it would raise the cost of doing business in the state. Otherwise, he said, he thought the parties were indeed close. He said that the staffs could come up with a hundred million dollars in new money by paring parts of Cuomo's proposed budget and could add seventy-five million more in revenues, to restore programs and to keep workers on the payroll. Anderson also acknowledged a certain unhappiness among Republican senators, saying, "People in our conference don't like any taxes, and that means greater reductions in the work force." But they didn't like that alternative, either, he said. "They're ambivalent."

Anderson was asked if he had the votes in his conference to pass a tax package.

Shifting his legs and looking uncomfortable, Anderson said, "Certainly it's something the Democrats in the Senate have to support."

Responding to Lewis Lehrman's notion that any tax increases should be resisted, Anderson, like Fink, bridled, and said, "What resources does he have that permit him to say that Willowbrook can be run with fewer people than the Governor runs it with? A budget process has to be specific."

A KEY conservative figure in Anderson's Republican conference is Senator William T. (Cadillac) Smith, the deputy majority leader and a fourth-generation farmer from Big

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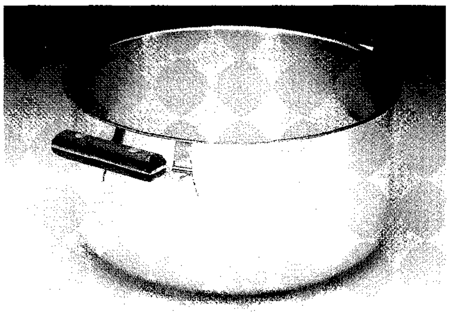

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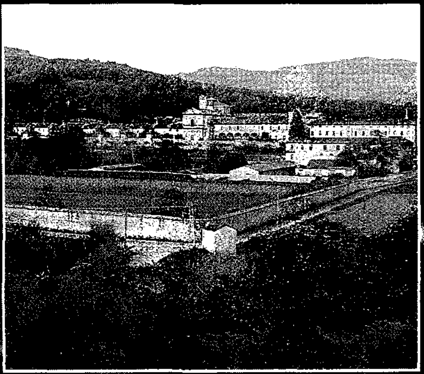

Top: The Monastery of Farneta, Italy.
Below: Sam Sebastiani (left) during the 1983 Farneta harvest.

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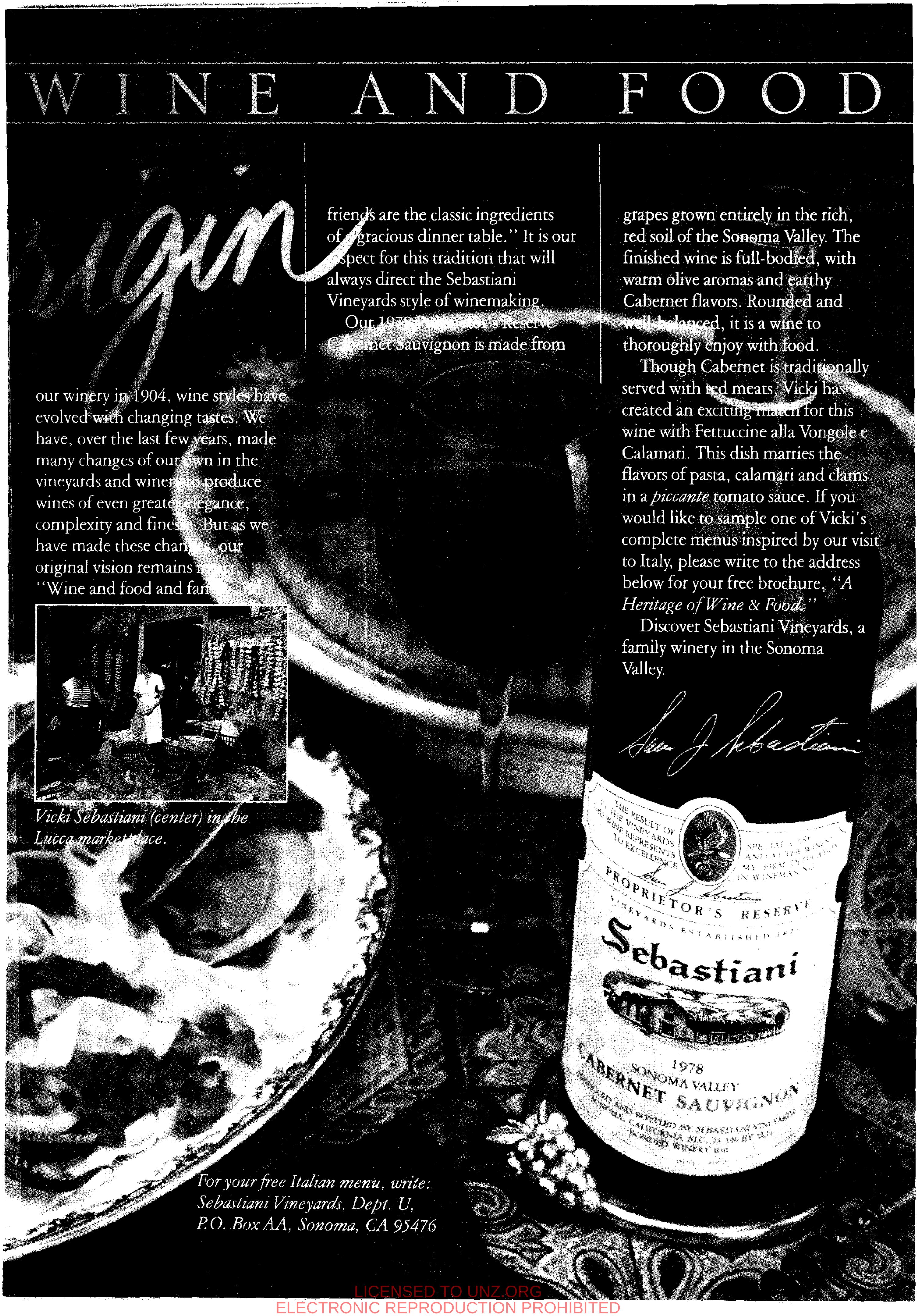

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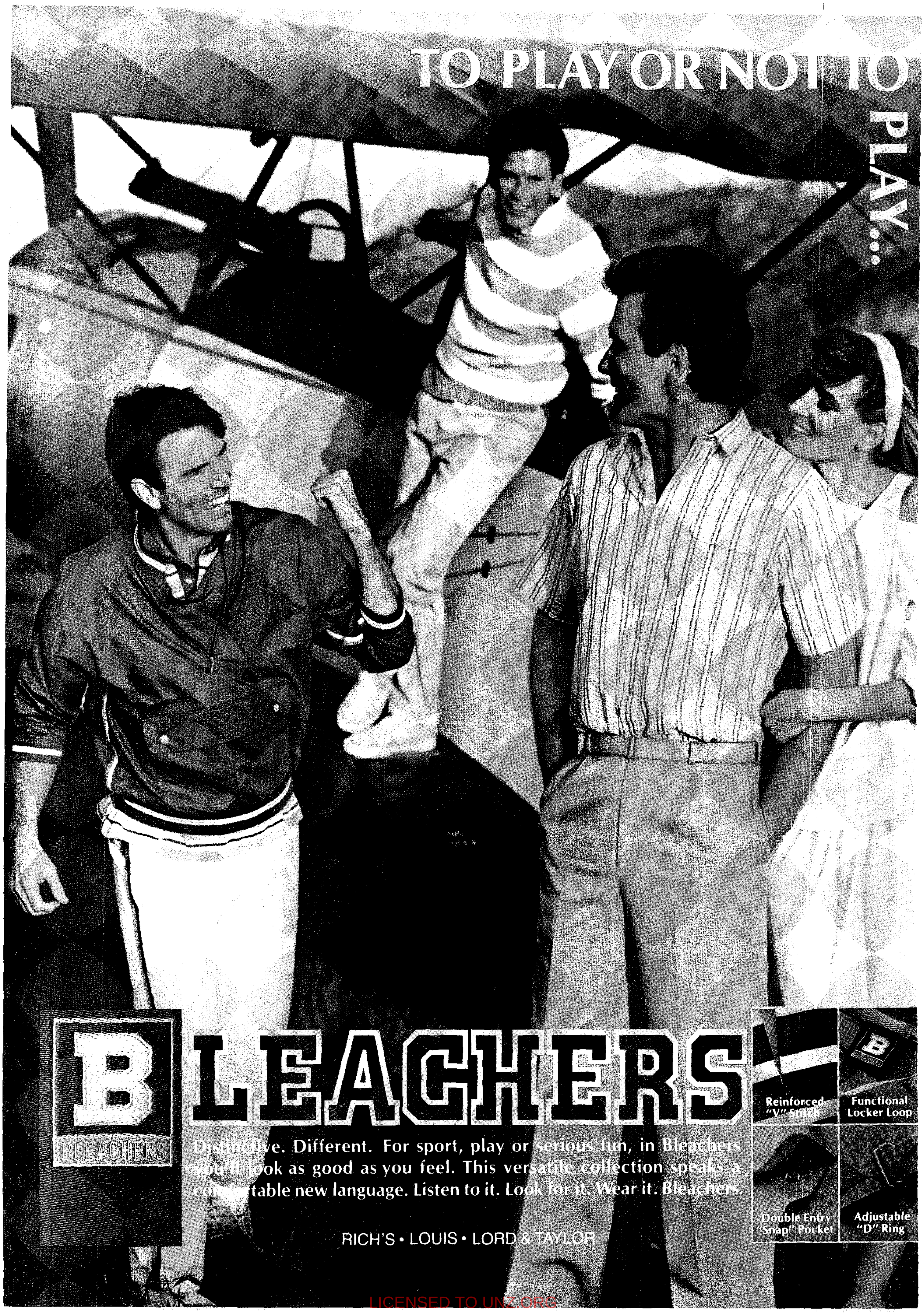
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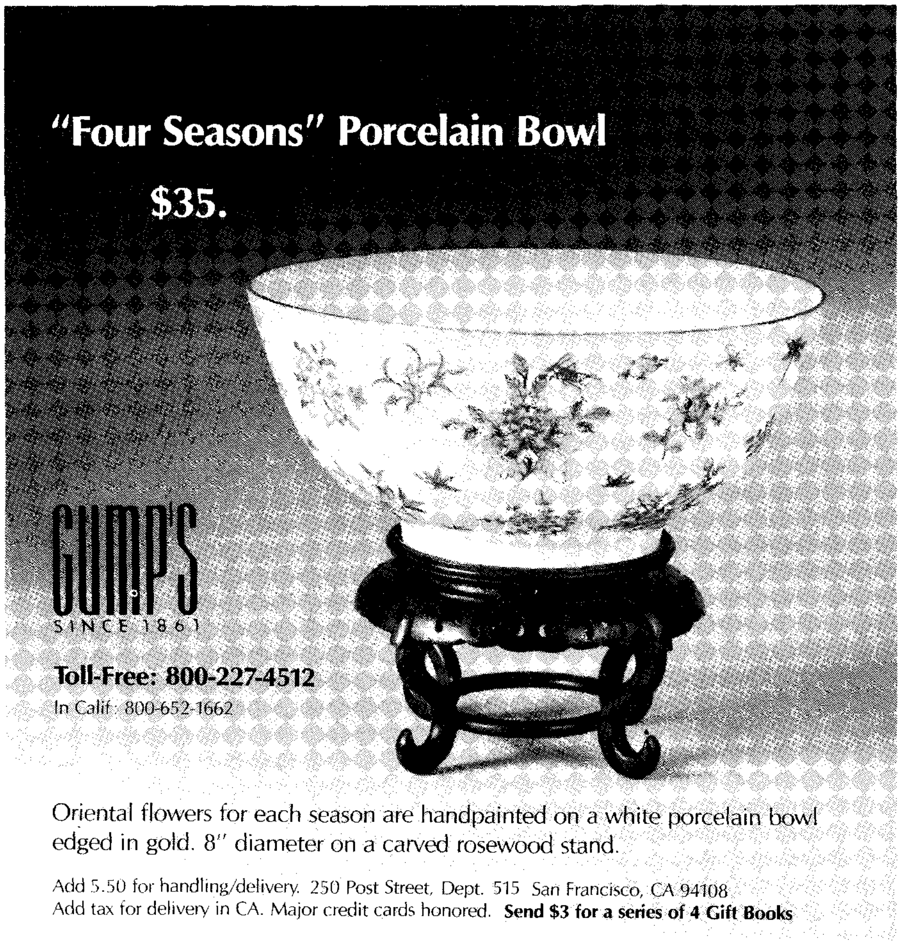
Flats, in Chemung County, along New York's southern tier. Smith came to be called Cadillac in the early nineteen-sixties. The federal government was offering farmers subsidies for not growing certain crops, and in Smith's case this meant not growing corn and grain on a hundred acres of a thousand he owned. Outraged, Smith bought a Cadillac with the subsidy and affixed to its back a large sign denouncing President John F. Kennedy and Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman. In 1962, Smith was easily elected to the State Senate, where he added to his reputation as a true-blue conservative. In 1966, he was the only senator to oppose Governor Rockefeller's introduction of Medicaid. In his Senate career, he has concentrated on denouncing welfare for farmers and "freeloaders," as he calls them, opposing aid programs that he says "tilt" toward New York City, and staunchly resisting tax increases. He calls Warren Anderson "a liberal," and adds, "Why he puts up with me, I'm not sure."

On the surface, Smith conforms to certain stereotypes. He wears an American-flag pin in the lapel of his suits. He speaks slowly, chews tobacco, and drinks straight vodka from a large glass without ice. On March 14th, Smith told a visitor to his office, on the ninth floor of the Legislative Office Building, that half the Republican conference opposed Cuomo's original tax package. "And I don't know if he has half of them now," he said. There was absolutely no support for Fink's professional-services tax, he went on. "There was quite a mood last week to pass the whole thing and blame Cuomo." But the Automobile Club of New York was "raising hell" about Cuomo's higher motor-vehicle registration fees and gasoline tax; upstate newspapers were running editorials against the Cuomo tax package; letters were pouring in from liquor stores and other small establishments. In addition, the hostility of upstate constituents to taxes in any form prevailed. "There may be some taxes I'll support," he said. "But they'll be minimal."

On the spending side, Smith showed that he could mimic the liberals he deplored. For example, he favored restoring the funds for special aid to cities and for highways and sewage treatment. Senate Republican subcommittees, he said, "want to put three hundred and fifty million dollars more into the Governor's budget proposal—



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maybe four hundred million." That is about the same amount as the Democrats want to add. On school aid, he diverged from his Republican colleagues. Cuomo's liberal proposal, he said, "is not bad." Smith explained, "I come from a low-wealth area. I can support it." What he resented about it, he said, was that while Cuomo wanted to lift the "save harmless" feature—meaning that wealthier school districts might lose some aid—his proposal would not lift "save harmless" from New York City, particularly from relatively affluent Manhattan. He also resented as "tilted" toward the city the proposed increase in the motor-vehicle registration fee and the gasoline tax, which would be hardest on nonurban residents, who are without mass-transit facilities.

Smith is known to be a devout believer in a balanced budget, and on being asked how he would balance this budget he said he thought that there was perhaps two hundred million dollars in underestimated revenues, and that further cuts could be found. By rejecting a phased takeover of Medicaid, he said, the state could save a hundred and fifty million dollars. "I would go back to the unions," he said; that is, he would persuade them to renegotiate what he characterized as a thirty-two-per-cent raise over three years. (The actual figure, counting a payroll lag, was about twenty-five per cent, state officials said, although they conceded that the employees' rate of pay would have risen thirty-two per cent from one contract to the next.) If that increase could be cut in half, Smith said, the state might save two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. On being told that his figures added up to five hundred and seventy-five million dollars, just a third of the deficit, and that the gap would grow even wider when the cost of his spending programs was added to the Governor's budget, Smith reluctantly conceded that he agreed with Democrats that there would have to be larger tax increases.

How, then, did he explain the difference between a Democrat and a Republican, a liberal and a conservative, in Albany? Smith answered, "There is no philosophical difference between the two parties, when you get down to it. All of them want more money. I have Republican colleagues who are pretty conservative who want to spend more money. It's politics. Everybody likes to vote for more spending, and against more taxes. Look at Congress.

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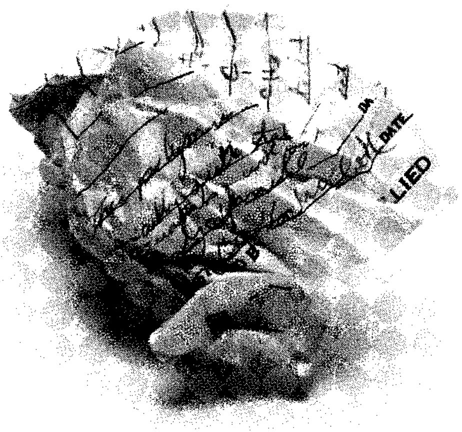
It's a democracy." Representatives are blamed, he said, if they don't "bring home the bacon."

RALPH LAWS, special assistant to Speaker Fink, put the same thought this way: "There is a mentality in this state which focusses on a major role for government as a provider of services of all kinds." He told a visitor that Lewis Lehrman was "theoretically correct"—that the budget could be cut dramatically—but that "politically" neither the public nor its representatives, Democratic or Republican, liberal or conservative, truly wanted that. One reason, he said, was that "Governor Rockefeller was very clever in scattering facilities throughout the state." Everyone now had a stake in state programs, from the state university's sixty-four campuses to the state's thirty-three mental-health institutions and six hundred and twenty-five outpatient centers, from its forty-three prisons to its hundred and eighty thousand subsidized apartments, from its repaved roads and repaired sewers to school aid, from grants for neighborhood crime-fighting groups to buses for the handicapped.

Another reason that dramatic cuts could not be made was that since sixty per cent of the budget was earmarked for local aid, reductions would confront local governments with a difficult choice between steep tax increases or closed schools. Still another reason, sometimes overlooked, is the power of public-employee unions, which help finance the campaigns of both Democrats and Republicans. For example, James Featherstonhaugh, the C.S.E.A. counsel, said that in 1982 his union spent "in excess of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and maybe as much as three hundred thousand, for governor, Assembly, and Senate." An inspection of the union's 1982 donations reveals that it gave two thousand dollars to Warren Anderson's reëlection campaign, five thousand dollars to Manfred Ohrenstein's, and three thousand dollars to the campaign of Republican-Conservative Senator Richard Schermerhorn, the chairman of the Senate Civil Service and Pensions Committee. The state United Teachers gave a total of almost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the Legislature that year, including four thousand to Anderson and twenty-five hundred to Fink. In addition, the politically powerful New York State Medical Political Commit-



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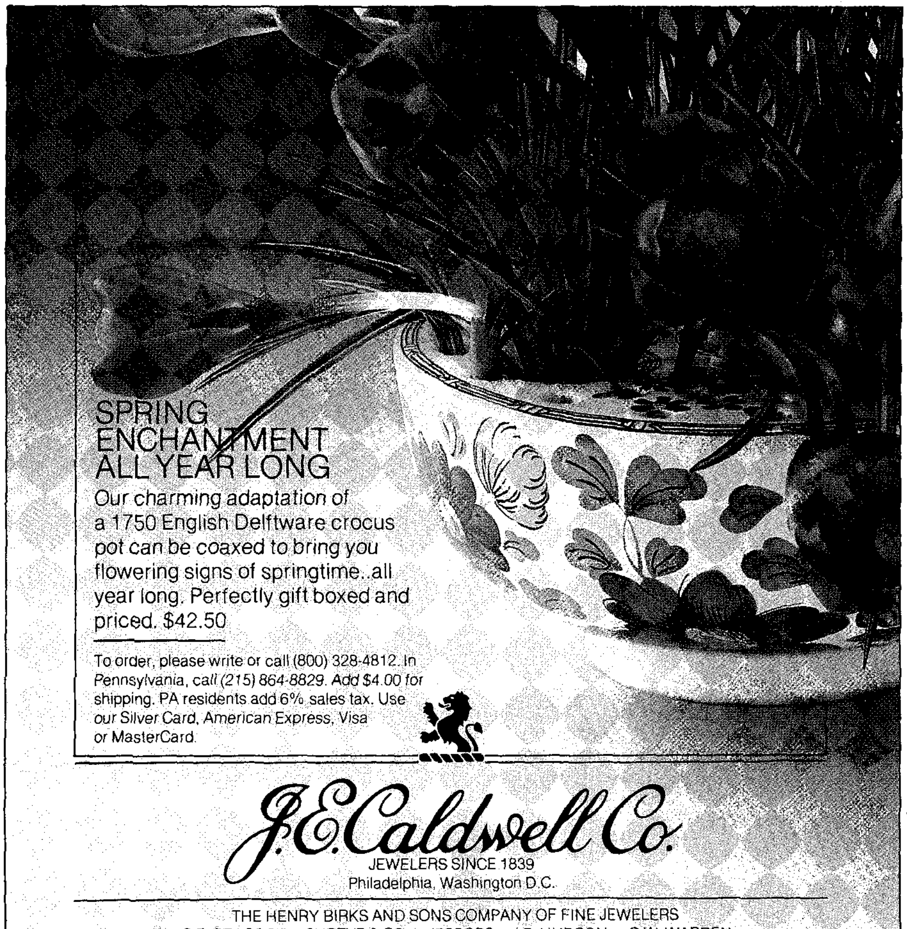

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tee gave about half that, and the New York State Bankers Association Political Action Committee gave just under fourteen thousand dollars. C. Mark Lawton, a former state budget director, says that the push for school aid "derives from political activity by the unions." He adds, "School superintendents may want more aid, but lining up school districts is not as important as lining up teachers."

In Albany, elected officials sometimes function, as Assemblyman Kremer put it, like "small-loan officers in a bank." They are in the business of providing more services, not fewer—a major reason that Republican and Democratic legislators both say that it is politically easier to raise taxes than to cut programs. It is also easier to measure public officials' accomplishments by projects built, programs passed, and legislation signed than by reflective judgment, vigorous management, or wisdom. It reveals something about the political culture of Albany to note that Governor Cuomo's "austerity budget" proposed to spend nine hundred and forty-five million dollars *more* than had been spent the year before, and that opposition from both Republican and Democratic legislators was based on their conviction that Cuomo was too parsimonious. Few in the inbred Albany colony question the way the budget is sometimes manipulated for political gain. Each year for the past decade or so, Albany has opened its "magic window" of deferred payments, shovelling money into local school districts this year and paying for it next.

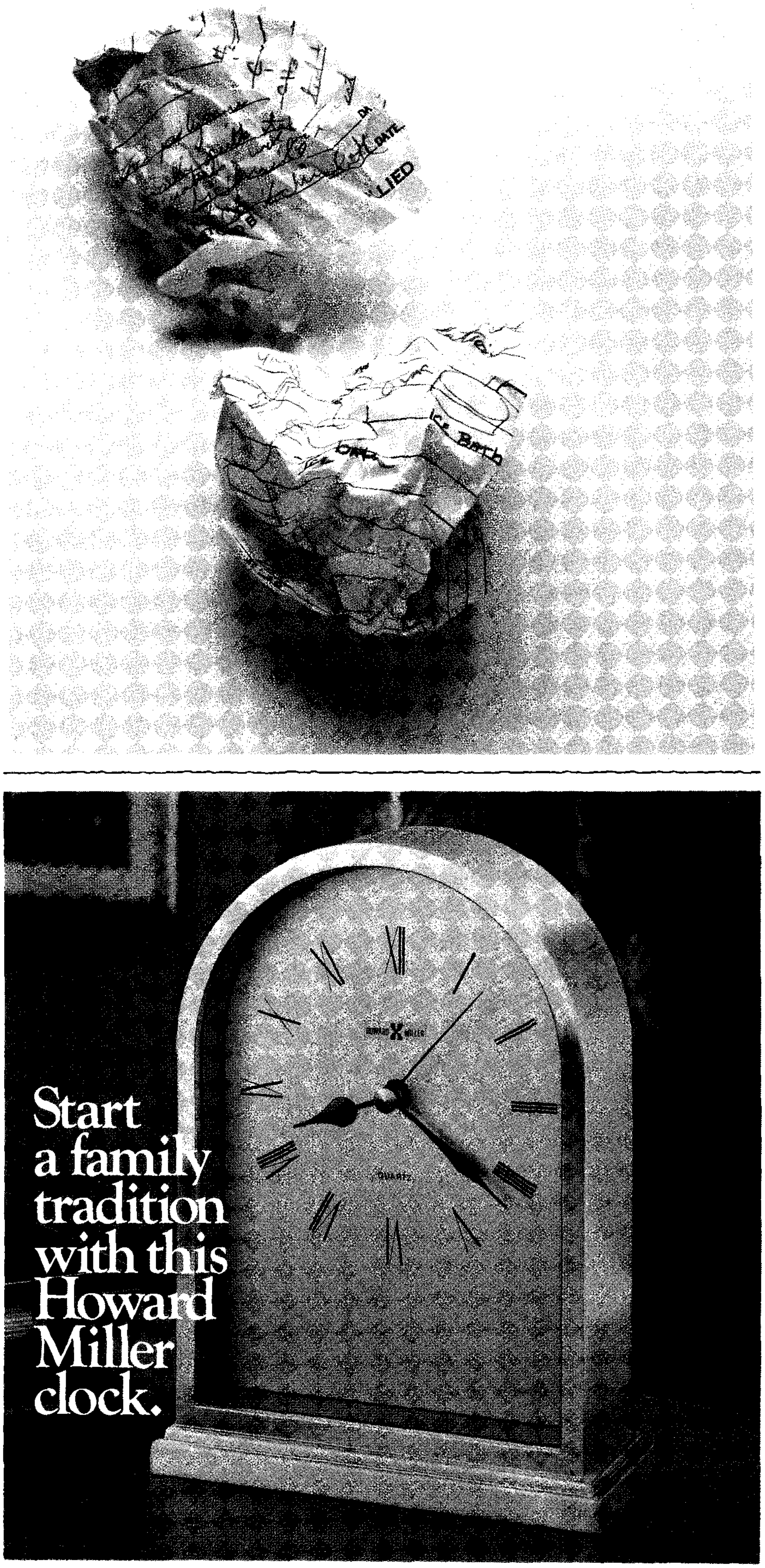
This unity of purpose, this marriage of liberals and conservatives, is not new. Governor Rockefeller's initial budget, in 1959, totalled two billion dollars; his final budget, in 1973, was almost nine billion. Under Rockefeller, the outstanding debt of the state's public-benefit authorities quadrupled to twelve billion dollars. There was only feeble opposition to this debt burden in Albany.

"On budget issues, you're not going to find those differences," Minority Leader Ohrenstein said of distinctions between Republicans and Democrats. "Every legislator wants more for his constituents." John Marchi, of the Senate Finance Committee, who has Democratic, Conservative, and Republican endorsement, said, "We're not that far apart on fundamentals." The major difference, Marchi and Ohrenstein agree, is that Democrats have tended to be concentrated in cities and

Republicans in the suburbs and upstate, so each group emphasizes different concerns. A gasoline tax was, not surprisingly, more popular with Democrats than with Republicans. But this difference has faded as Democrats in the Assembly have achieved success outside New York City. The major point of contention between Democrats and Republicans in Albany now, said Senator Emanuel R. Gold, of Queens, the Democratic deputy minority leader, often comes down not to the question of whether government is good or bad but to the question of whose ends government should serve. "It depends on whose ox is gored," Gold said. "A liberal says there should be government control, and he's talking about environmental protection and consumer protection. A conservative says there should be government control, and he's talking about abortion rights and prayer in schools."

Warren Anderson conceded in mid-March that there was "not much difference on this budget" between Democrats and Republicans, but he added, "You'd have to look at a broader spectrum, and say, 'If not for the Republican Senate, what would this have been? What if four, five years ago we had not started reducing the state income tax? Where did the initiative for that come from?' " Indeed, a year later, during the 1984 budget negotiations, Anderson proposed a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar tax cut over the next five years. This was possible, he said, because the state would enjoy a four-hundred-and-thirty-four-million-dollar surplus this year. Yet the next day, confronted by a governor who disputed this claimed surplus, Anderson quickly retreated, saying that he would not allow his position to block passage of a state budget. He would carry this issue to voters next fall, he said, suggesting that he was more intent on gaining rhetorical advantage than on reducing taxes. Or, as Anderson once said in another context, "If you scratch the legislators here, they'll tell you that survival is what this is all about."

ON the evening of March 18, 1983, the Governor and the legislative leaders went to the Red Room to brief reporters after a long day of bargaining, and announced a general agreement on the principles of a new budget. There would be work-force reductions but fewer layoffs; over nine hundred million dollars in new taxes but no broad-based tax; about three



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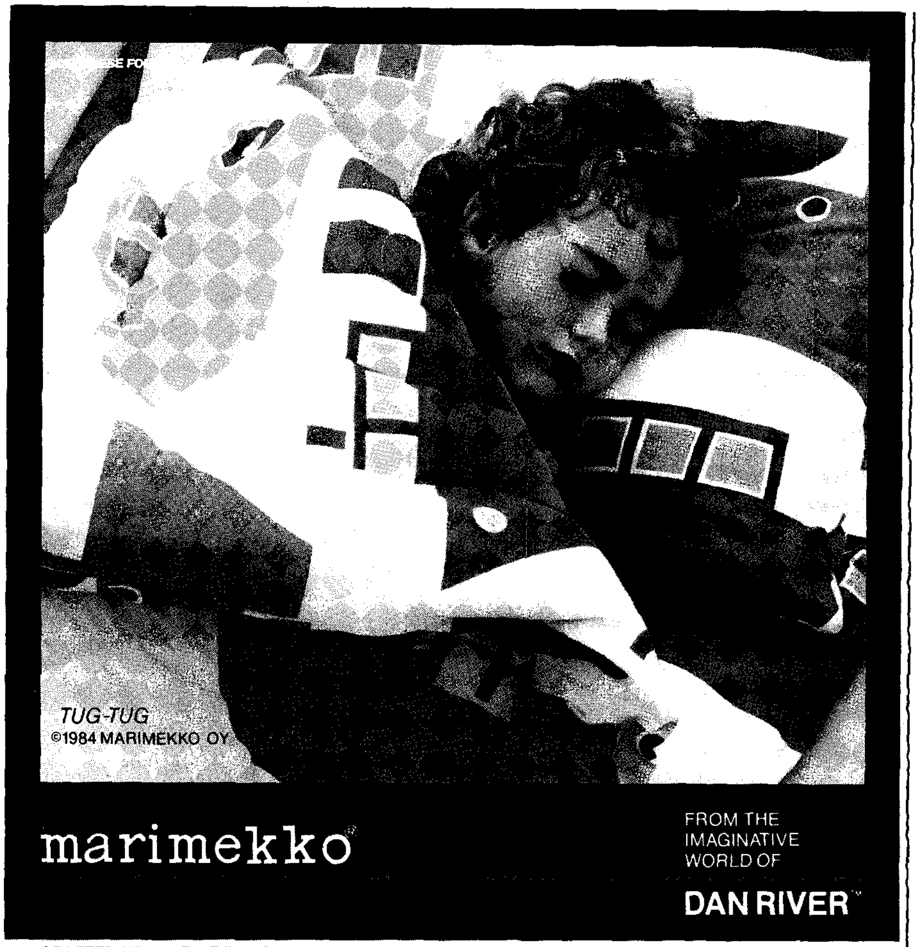

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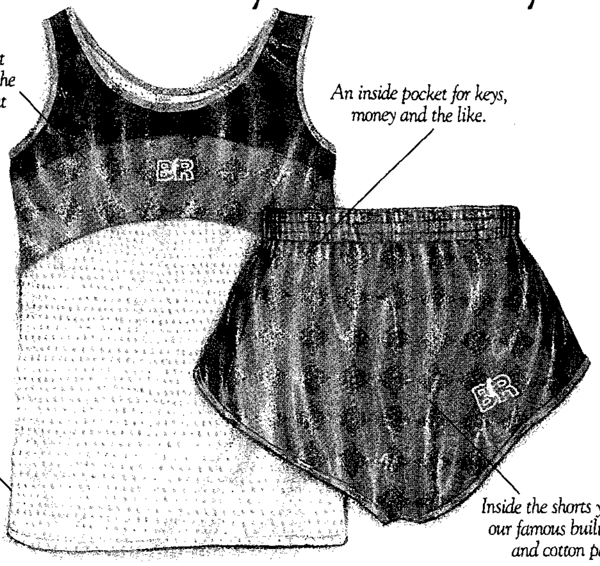

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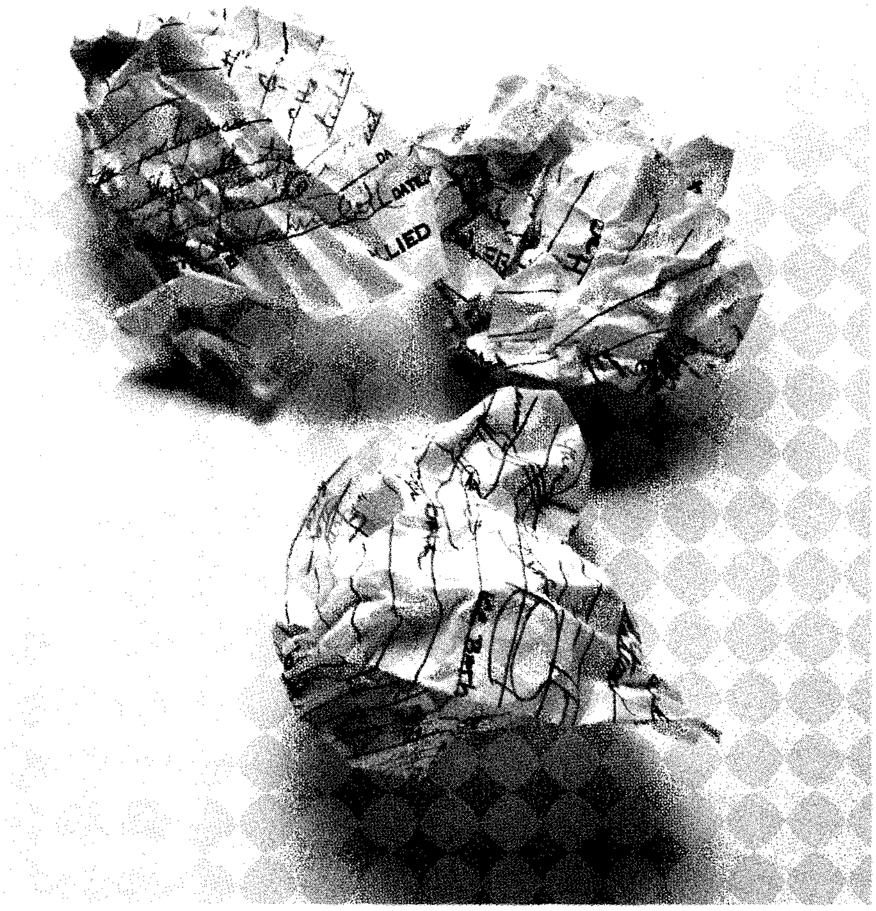
hundred million dollars of the cuts proposed by the Governor would be restored; the school-aid formula would retain its "save harmless" feature; there would be a bond issue; and the April 1st deadline would be met. But, the Governor warned, "there is still a great deal to be worked out by way of detail."

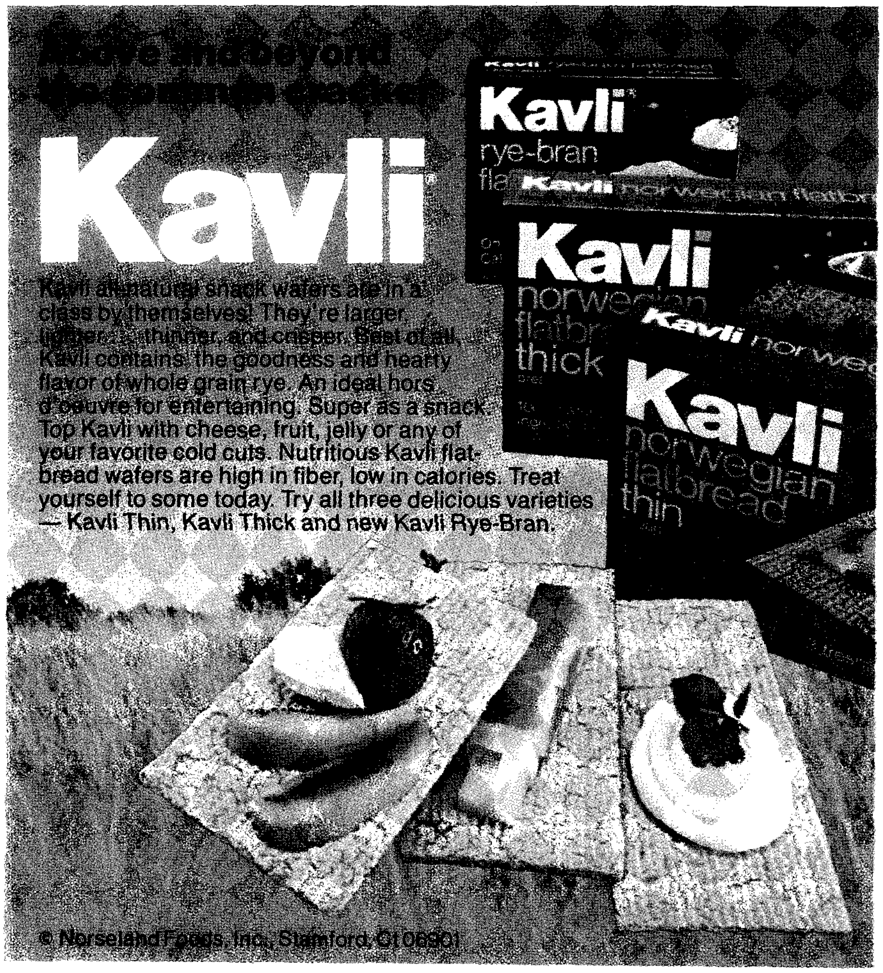
The agreement, they all emphasized, was a tentative one, and events over the next few days bore that out. There were disagreements over what taxes to include in the final package; the Republicans fought for sunset provisions, so that some of the taxes would expire in two years, and Cuomo wouldn't have a revenue cushion to brag about in the next election year. Nevertheless, negotiations continued.

At 1:40 A.M. on March 28th, Cuomo, Fink, Ohrenstein, Anderson, and Rappleyea stood applauding one another in the Assembly Chamber, as the Assembly, following the Senate, passed a budget of $31.6 billion, only eighty million more than the Governor had originally proposed. "Say hallelujah, it's the miracle of New York—it really did work," Cuomo said. "It's the family of New York—it really works." To achieve early agreement, everyone had compromised. Anderson compromised on a capital-gains tax. In place of unpopular additional nuisance taxes on such things as bowling, haircuts, movie tickets, dry cleaning, parking, and shoe repairs, Cuomo, with legislative concurrence, substituted a ten-per-cent capital-gains tax on real-estate transactions exceeding a million dollars and a gross-receipts tax on oil companies. "The Governor compromised on layoffs," said Ohrenstein. The number was reduced from Cuomo's original eighty-four hundred to thirty-one hundred. (This number kept changing, and ultimately dropped to about a thousand.) Fink compromised on the professional-services tax, which Anderson argued would be "passed on to customers" in smaller upstate communities where people did not shop around for lawyers or accountants. Both Ohrenstein and Cuomo compromised on the school-aid formula. No school district would lose aid, New York City gained seventy-six million dollars, and Anderson hinted he might work toward the eventual elimination of "save harmless." In all, the agreement restored most of the three hundred and sixty million dollars in cuts that the Legislature had wanted to see restored. Cuomo's original revenue estimates were raised by eighty million dollars, and a hundred and fifteen million dollars in other spending that Cuomo had wanted was eliminated. The negotiators eventually agreed to a three-year, $1.6-billion plan to relieve local governments of all but ten per cent of their Medicaid costs for long-term care. The Governor got the budget passed on time, and, among other victories, he won approval for twelve and a half million dollars in new spending for the homeless—fifty million dollars over four years.

"Everybody around here fights for symbolism," Kremer had observed just before the budget was passed. And there was something in the final budget enabling everyone to claim at least a symbolic victory. But the price was steep—a billion dollars in new taxes. "I think this budget is the most fantastic job of public relations I've ever seen," said Assemblyman Mark Alan Siegel, a liberal Democrat from Manhattan. "This is the largest single-year tax increase in the history of the state, I think." (Actually, Governor Rockefeller proposed a tax increase of $1.1 billion in fiscal 1971-72; the Legislature passed part of that in April of 1971, and some of the rest in December at a special session.)

Since everybody is fighting for symbolism, elected officials and their staffs try to sort out the winners and the losers after an agreement is reached. Cuomo stressed that "the eventual product was only a hair different from mine." Legislators emphasized their success in restoring most of Cuomo's proposed cuts. People close to Speaker Fink complained that Cuomo had caved in to Anderson and the Senate Republicans too easily, and had lost some credibility in the process. "The Governor wanted layoffs," one person said. "There won't be any. The Governor wanted the 'save harmless' removed. It's not going to be removed. The Governor wanted three hundred million dollars in program money not to be spent. All of it has been restored. So—tough he hasn't been. He hasn't been tough and he hasn't been easy. He's been agreeable. The fact is that he was willing to pay a price for an early agreement." Referring to the Governor's tendency to invest his words and actions with a moralistic tone, a Democratic Senate aide said, "Why did he call them 'principles' if they weren't principles? If Cuomo's role as governor was to be a mediator, he did an excellent

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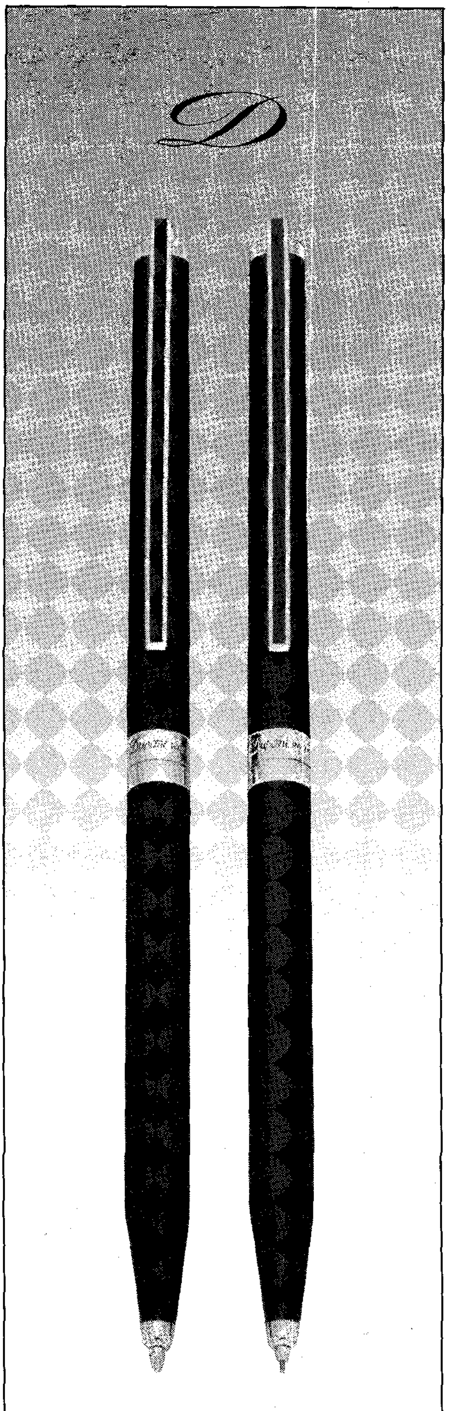
job. But that's not what the prophet does."

All the legislative leaders praised the ecumenical spirit that Cuomo brought to the negotiations. After the budget was passed, Cuomo and the legislative leaders received the "Hallelujah" editorials that Cuomo had hoped for from around the state. They were applauded for producing a compromise document in a new, coöperative spirit, and doing so before the April 1st deadline. "Can you imagine? We're all cheered for complying with the law," Cuomo observed afterward.

WITH the budget out of the way, Cuomo could focus his attention on the government he had headed for three months. At midnight three days after the budget was passed, the Governor, sitting cross-legged on the floor in his Albany office to relieve a chronic back pain, asked Del Giudice to schedule a meeting with his top aides at the Executive Mansion in a few days, and to bring to the meeting suggestions for goals for the next three to six months. In considering the difference between negotiating a budget and running a government, he said to his secretary, "Everything we've done up to now has been imposed on us. Now we can call some shots."

In Albany, focussing on the actual business of state government is never easy. There is a tendency in the media, and in the Capitol as well, to think of the relations between the executive and the legislative branches as the locus of state government. And certainly what goes on during the first six months of the year, while the Legislature is in session—the budget negotiations, the roughly seventeen thousand bills considered by the Legislature, Senate consideration of gubernatorial appointments, the daily press accounts of conflict and compromise—can obscure the tedious grind of governing. When Cuomo was sworn in as governor, he had two hundred thousand state employees to supervise and motivate, and fourteen hundred non-civil-service appointments to oversee, including the heads of fifty-eight agencies. The government he now led was responsible for helping to maintain New York's agriculture, and its ranking as the nation's No. 3 dairy producer, No. 2 apple grower, and No. 10 potato harvester; for providing operating aid to mass transit—seven hundred and thirteen million dollars—and also for monitoring trains and buses that each year carry almost four billion passen-



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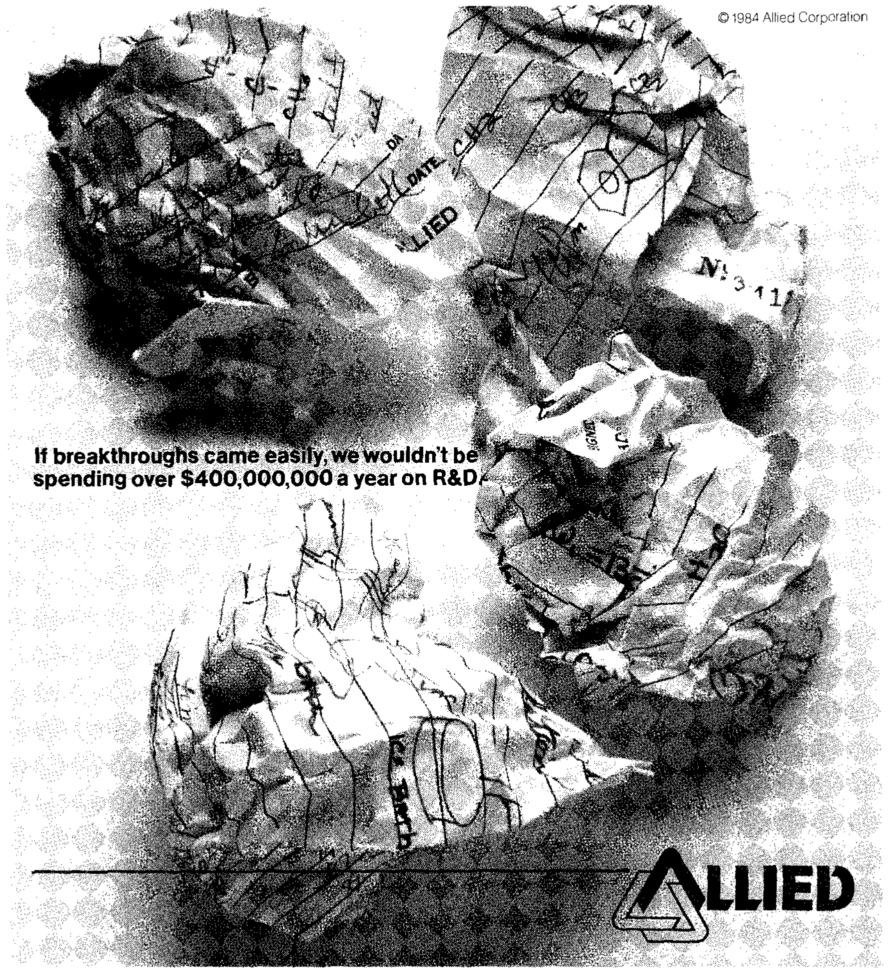
"Upstate New York knows what the state government does," Ohrenstein said one day in the winter of 1983, sipping herbal tea in his office. "Every school district outside the major cities knows that the bulk of its dollars come from the state. Almost all school boards are elected, so the part that Albany plays is enormous, because the question facing them is do we or don't we raise taxes. In New York City, the voters have at most only a distant relationship with the state. They hear about it when the mayor fights with the governor or the Legislature to help balance his budget. That's not true upstate. In upstate New York, the Agriculture Department is of enormous importance. Before I became minority leader, I didn't know there was a state of New York north of Albany or Livingston Manor."

Although the Constitution of the United States conferred vast powers on state government, for decades America's preference for local government and preoccupation with curbing and checking the accumulation of federal power kept state governments weak. The state executive was more a symbolic "legal unity," wrote Woodrow Wilson in 1887. "It cannot be said to have any place or function or guiding power. Executive power is diffused by our law throughout the local organs of government; only a formal superintendence remains with the authorities at the state capitals." Until 1907, when Governor Charles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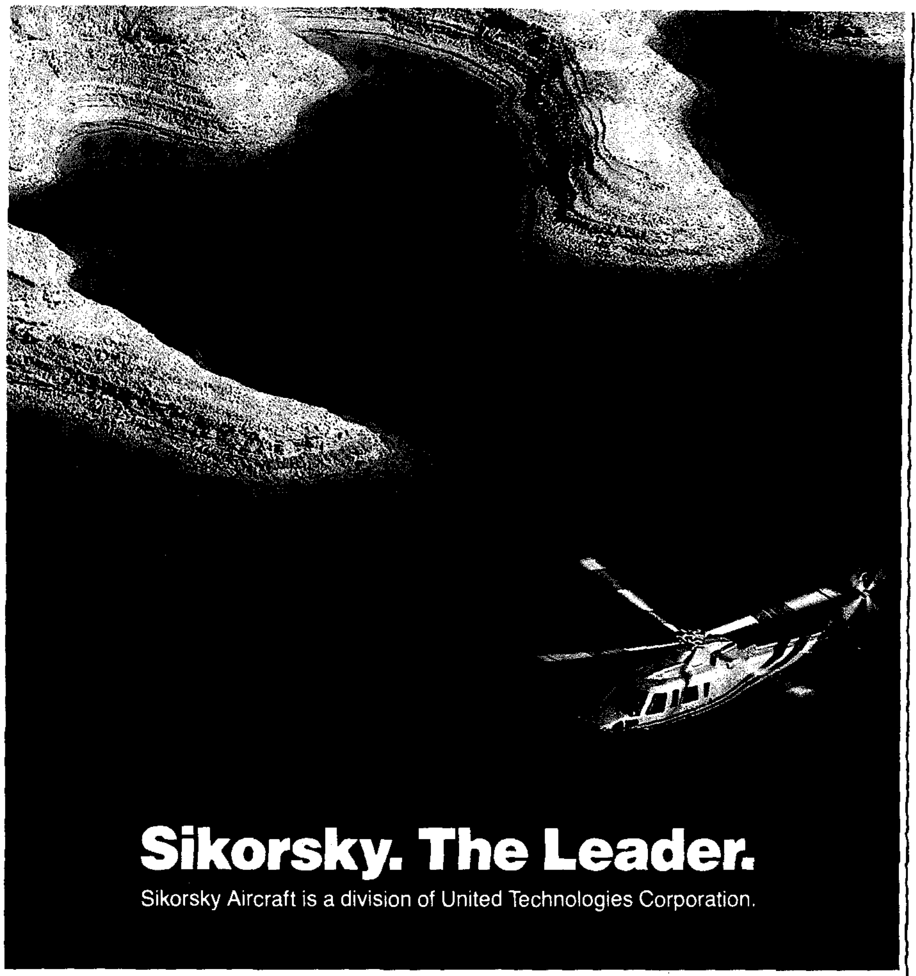
Evans Hughes induced the Legislature to pass the Moreland Act, the chief executive of New York State had no way to investigate mismanagement or misbehavior in the executive branch. Nearly two decades later, in 1925, Governor Alfred Smith successfully promoted a state constitutional amendment that consolidated under the executive branch the more than one hundred and fifty state agencies; two years later the state pioneered a constitutional amendment granting Smith and his successors the power to submit to the Legislature a single budget document. Not until then did New York appoint its first budget director. At that time, federal aid to the states was negligible. By 1930, the federal government had only fifteen grant programs, representing less than two per cent of state revenues.

Smith's successor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, expanded state government's role as a laboratory for social programs, particularly emergency unemployment relief. Roosevelt's successor, Herbert H. Lehman, emerged as the chief fiscal officer of the state when he intervened and rescued New York City from bankruptcy, as Hugh Carey would four decades later. Lehman's successor, Thomas E. Dewey, was the first governor to serve a full four-year term. After the Second World War, Dewey, who was another link in a nearly unbroken chain of progressive governors, both Democratic and Republican, spurred the growth of state aid to localities. Nevertheless, through Dewey's term and then Averell Harriman's the governor was still more concerned with policy than with administration.

Beginning in the sixties, federal aid to the states expanded, and so did the role of the governor. By 1970, federal aid made up twenty per cent of New York State's budget, and by 1980 thirty per cent. This explosion of federal funds coincided with Nelson A. Rockefeller's four terms as governor. With the same robust, can-do spirit that John F. Kennedy brought to Washington, Rockefeller devoutly believed that a systematic application of money, intelligence, energy, will, and systems analysis could conquer most problems.

Despite its scope, state government remains a somewhat esoteric and arcane subject. "State government has always been a strange animal in this country's history," observes Stephen Berger, who has worked for Governors Rockefeller, Carey, and Cuomo.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"Go back to the Articles of Confederation. States were granted enormous powers. And yet you go to school and there are no courses on state government. There are on city and federal government." For years, planners and scholars advocated regional government and tri-state approaches to reduce overlapping jurisdictions and to find a broader jurisdiction than cities to finance many essential government functions, recalls Berger. "But something happened in the sixties no one took note of: states became the regional government. You had revenue sharing. You had block grants"—all dispensed through the state. The state Metropolitan Transportation Authority now coördinates most mass transportation in the New York metropolitan region. The court and probation system is financed by the state, as is the City University of New York. Between 1975, when the state saved New York City from bankruptcy, and 1982, state aid to the city rose by seventy per cent.

The government that Cuomo now commands affects the lives of millions of people. Is Cuomo managing that government as well as he managed the 1983 budget negotiations? Unlike Hugh Carey, who usually functioned as a chairman of the board, Cuomo likes to think of himself as a "hands-on executive," often taking his meals at his desk. But while he does immerse himself in the details of state government, if he were allowed a choice he might spend his time making entries in his diary or writing speeches. "He'd rather deal with the song than with the details," says David Burke, a vice-president at ABC News, who was Governor Carey's secretary from 1975 to 1977 and became a personal friend of Cuomo's. "He sees his role—and I agree with him—as inspirational. Hugh Carey never articulated well what we want to be."

Cuomo can be gregarious, but by his own admission he is happiest when he is alone. In his diary, he speaks repeatedly of yearning—at the height of a campaign, when he's engaged in debate, while he's making headlines—to get away by himself and think. "The thing you miss most is privacy, solitude," Cuomo wrote in his diary in the spring of 1982, one month after announcing his candidacy for governor. "I felt it this morning. For a moment my only relationship to the others in my world was to be sure that I did not hurt them, that I help them if I can. . . . But no sense of wanting to share

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joy and certainly no sense of wanting to share my pain. A comfort in silence, in introversion, in the quiet hours before it's time to start another day wearing a tie for 18 hours." Then, referring to his parents' grocery store, where he worked as a boy, he continued, "Back to the back room, and the boxes and the sacks and the door separating me from the rest of the world—their world. I get the feeling that I'm ready for the passage out and always have been." The diary, which he usually works on every day, is more than Cuomo's useful record of events. In a sense, it is his confessional, his private dialogue with his conscience.

To understand how Cuomo delegates authority, it appears that one must first understand this need for private contemplation. One must be aware that he dislikes feeling dependent on anyone. And one must also understand that the former Queens lawyer who once represented community groups against landlords and big government has always mistrusted bureaucracy. Probably because of these traits, and because of his aversion to the dominant role Robert Morgado played as Carey's secretary, he refuses to place reliance on an all-powerful secretary—a chief of staff who is the center of the wheel. Rather than lean on one or two aides, Cuomo prefers to consult widely, just as he prefers to make his own phone calls, answer his own mail, write his own speeches, shine his own shoes.

Cuomo expects Del Giudice to be first among equals, but no more. It was agreed from the start that Del Giudice would have less power than previous governors' secretaries, some of whom have operated as chief executive officer—or, at least, executive vice-president—of the entire state government. Del Giudice, being a competent, experienced hand at government, has a relaxed relationship with both Cuomo and the rest of the staff. Some of Cuomo's friends and aides have questioned whether Cuomo delegates enough to Del Giudice and others. Because he reserves most decisions for himself, aides are at times insecure about their own authority, their ability to negotiate. For example, Andrew Cuomo as well as Del Giudice screened many people for top jobs in the administration. Even then, after the secretary interviewed candidates for state jobs, the Governor reserved for himself the decisions about their salaries.

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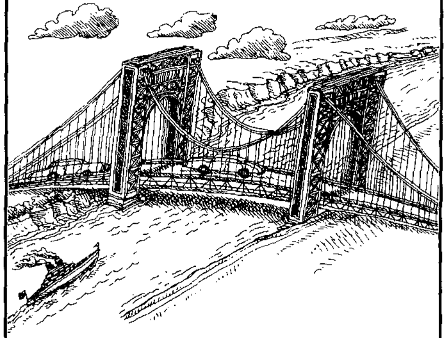

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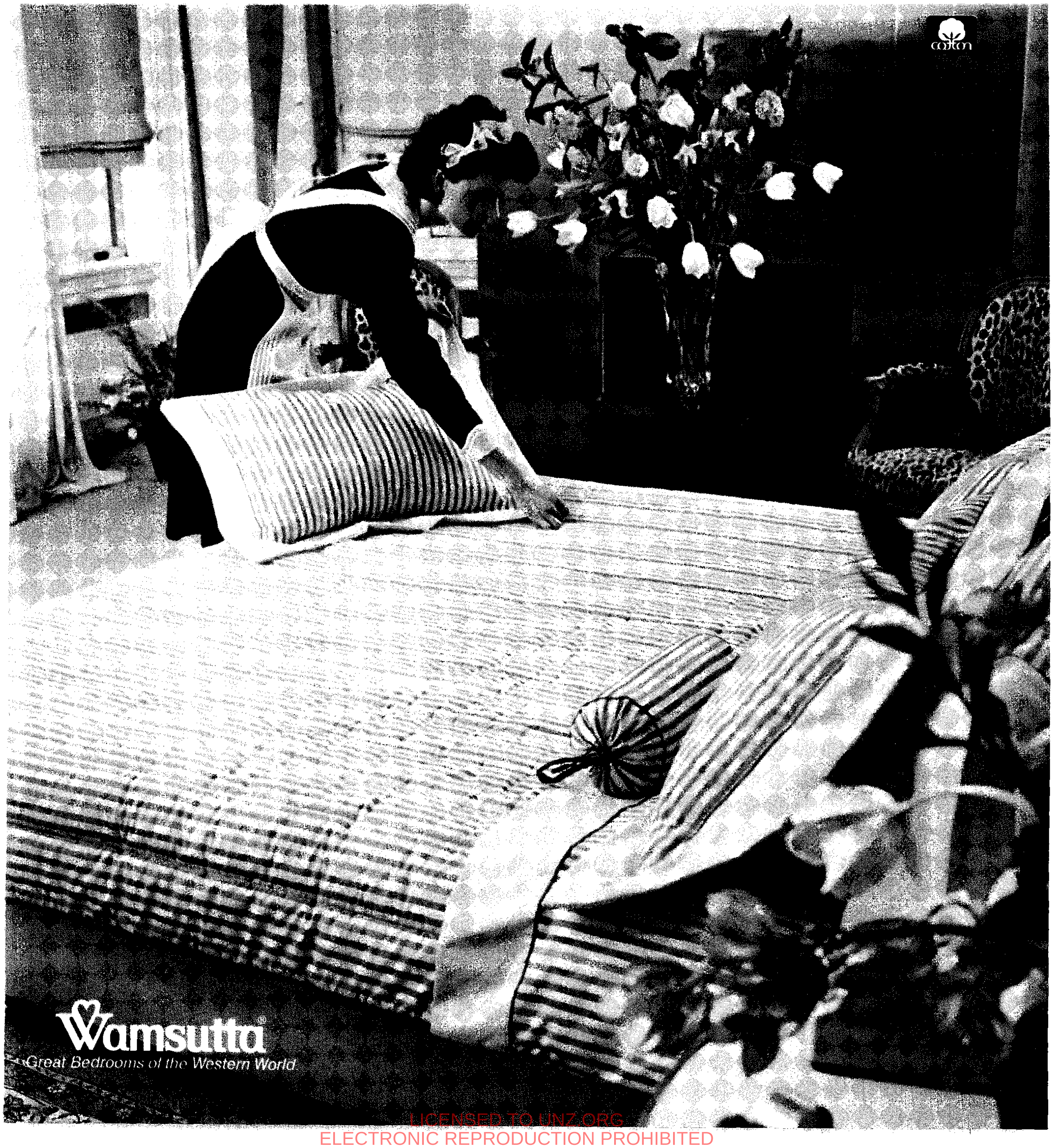
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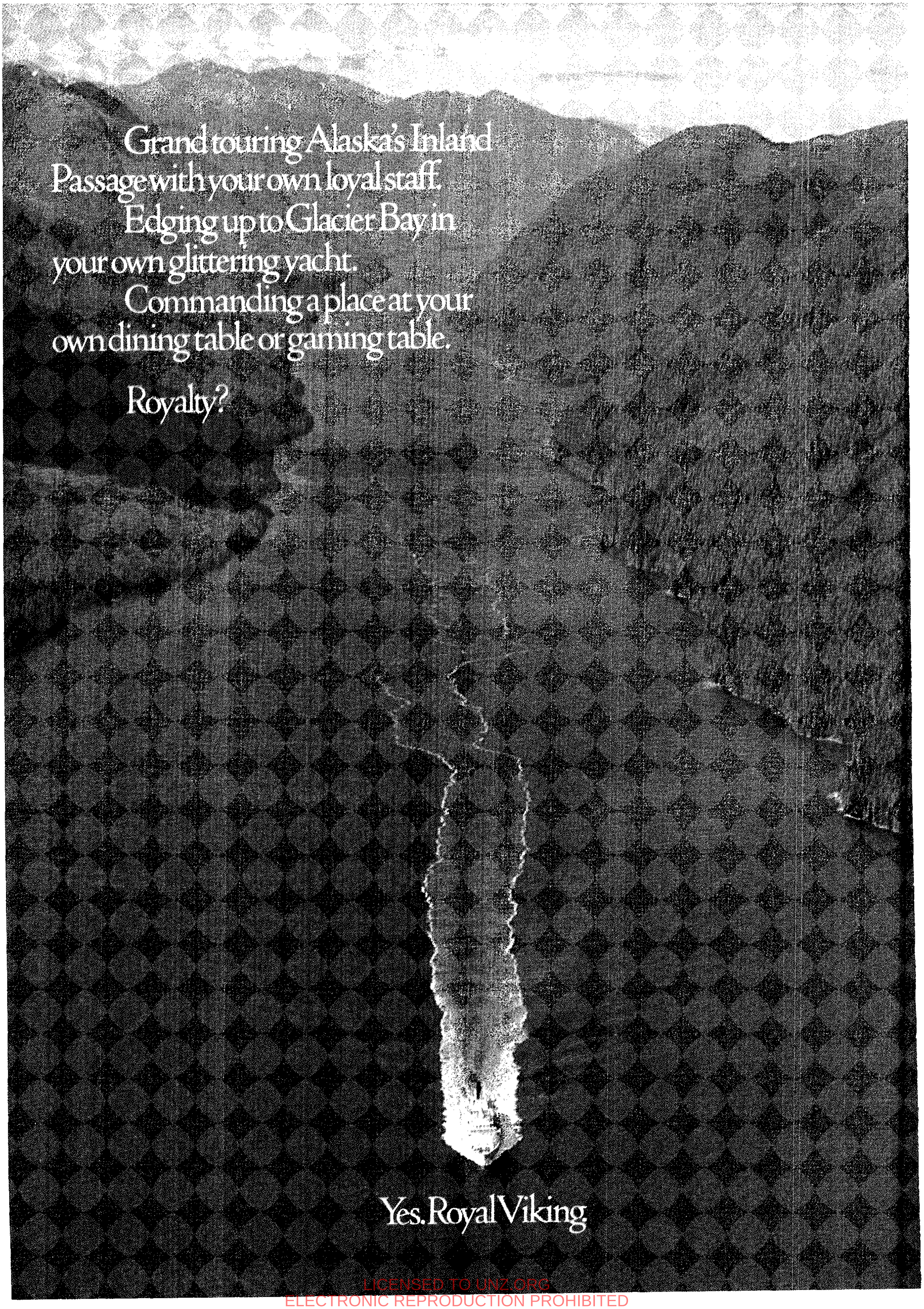
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ing, in January of 1983, just days after Cuomo was sworn in as Governor, Cuomo's first instinct was to go to the prison himself—an instinct that aides persuaded him was wrong. In his first six months as governor, Cuomo often made his own scheduling decisions, summoning Peter Drago, then his director of scheduling, to his office with the stacks of requests, and going through them. Until Cuomo belatedly appointed a scheduling committee to sift through the many invitations he receives, and make considered judgments about his public appearances, he usually insisted on making on-the-spot decisions himself—at least, through the first half of 1983. Peter Quinn, Cuomo's chief speechwriter, said that the Governor often cancelled meetings to review speech drafts with him, and added, "I don't think Cuomo can keep this up. You can't hover over each speech forever."

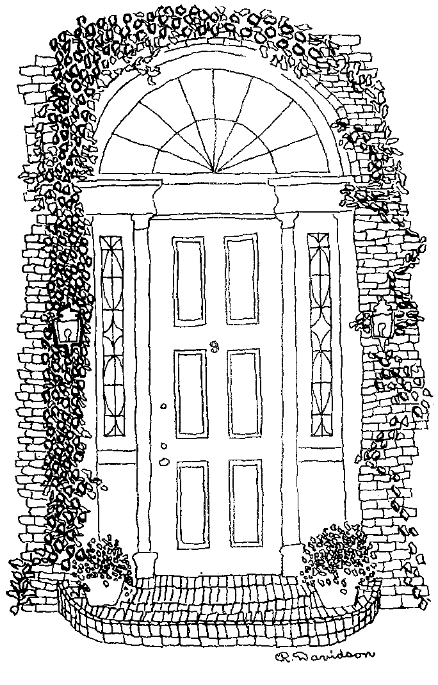
This style of management attracts critics. Echoing a widely held view within the Legislature and among members of the executive branch, Ralph Laws said last winter, "My own sense is that he may have a fatal flaw in not being able to delegate to a few strong people. I think that could do him in. Except for that, he could be a great governor." Early this year, Majority Leader Anderson told Marcia Kramer, of the *News*, that the Governor "tries to do too much himself; he's his own bottleneck sometimes."

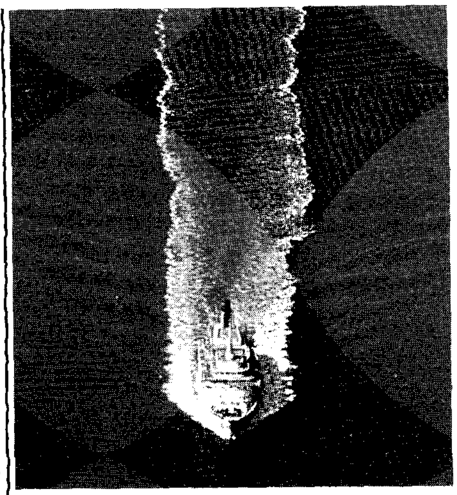
In the continuing negotiations between the two branches of government, legislators and their staffs have often been annoyed that Cuomo aides had to speak with the Governor before giving them answers. Norman Adler, who is the political and legislative director for District Council 37, and who ran Cuomo's field operations in the gubernatorial campaign, said, "My principal worry is that Mario has almost a compulsion for detail. I just wonder whether he's learning that he can't be one of the most important figures in the national Democratic Party and chief executive of the state and spokesman for the liberal philosophy and at the same time worry about what's going on in the cleaning of the Thruway north of Syracuse. Mario was elected governor. He's like a guy who owns a department store and cleans its windows himself."

Robert Morgado, who is now an executive with Warner Communications, says of Cuomo's aversion to having a powerful chief of staff, "I don't know any large corporation, public or private, that works that way and is successful. There is nothing inconsistent in having a strong chief of staff and being a strong chairman or a strong chief executive. They are different functions." One is the outside person, articulating policy, planning it, developing it; the other is the inside person. Morgado believes that Cuomo is articulating a "political strategy," and explains, "It has nothing to do with a managerial strategy. Sooner or later, political and managerial strategy have to come together, or the organization is paralyzed. Ultimately, government is not entrepreneurial."

There are people who see Morgado's idea of delegation as a surrender of gubernatorial power. Speaker Fink, among others, is convinced that one reason Governor Carey got in trouble with the Legislature is that legislative leaders felt that they shouldn't have to deal with Morgado rather than with Carey. It is widely believed that because one man largely controlled access to a governor who sometimes brooded, Carey became too isolated, and was victimized by a single viewpoint—a viewpoint, as Morgado concedes, that had little room for what Morgado calls "the Byzantine world" of Albany, which he also likens to "a high-school society."

Robert Sullivan, a former college economics instructor who has worked with Cuomo since 1975, dismisses Morgado's notion of a pyramidal structure. He says, "You want to see a model for the way Mario runs the government? It's Rooseveltian. He doesn't allow power to build up too





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much at one point." Various aides have access to Cuomo, some perform duplicate functions, lines of authority sometimes cross, and Cuomo alone is at the center of the wheel.

Cuomo was asked not long ago about his views on delegating authority, and he said, "Delegate what? I was elected to govern. I wasn't elected to let other people govern. To the extent that my strength allows me to bring myself to bear, that's what I ought to do." Besides, Cuomo continued, "how can they possibly say I don't delegate? Do they think that every time Hank Williams"—the Environmental Conservation Commissioner—"makes a deal not to prosecute General Electric in exchange for something, I know about it? Of course I delegate! I delegate less than other governors have, but it's not going to make me tired. I'm no fool. If I felt I was getting weaker, I would delegate more and do less. But that's not happening."

In addition to his staff, Cuomo has a cabinet of fifty-two members, and to keep in touch with them he relies both on his staff and on personal contact. Dullea, the director of state operations, three deputy secretaries (William Eimicke, Hugh O'Neill, and Ilene Margolin), and three assistant secretaries (Francis Murray, Norman Schneider, and Cornelius Foley) are each assigned a group of commissioners and subject areas to work with. These people report to Del Giudice stating whether and how the Governor's objectives are being met. Like Governor Carey, Cuomo has so far avoided holding many cabinet meetings; there were five (along with fourteen subcabinet meetings) in his first twelve months. (Carey, by Hugh O'Neill's count, met with his cabinet just once in eight years.) Cuomo usually meets with commissioners individually, or else holds what the staff calls "functional meetings" that include people in agencies and on the Executive Chamber staff with overlapping interests—criminal justice, say, or economic development. Each agency head is required to submit a monthly report to the Governor.

Cuomo is more accessible to his agency heads than his predecessor was. But where the commissioners that Carey appointed were generally praised, Cuomo's agency appointments have sometimes provoked charges of cronyism. "I think it's the most undistinguished group of commissioners I've seen in a long time," one Democratic

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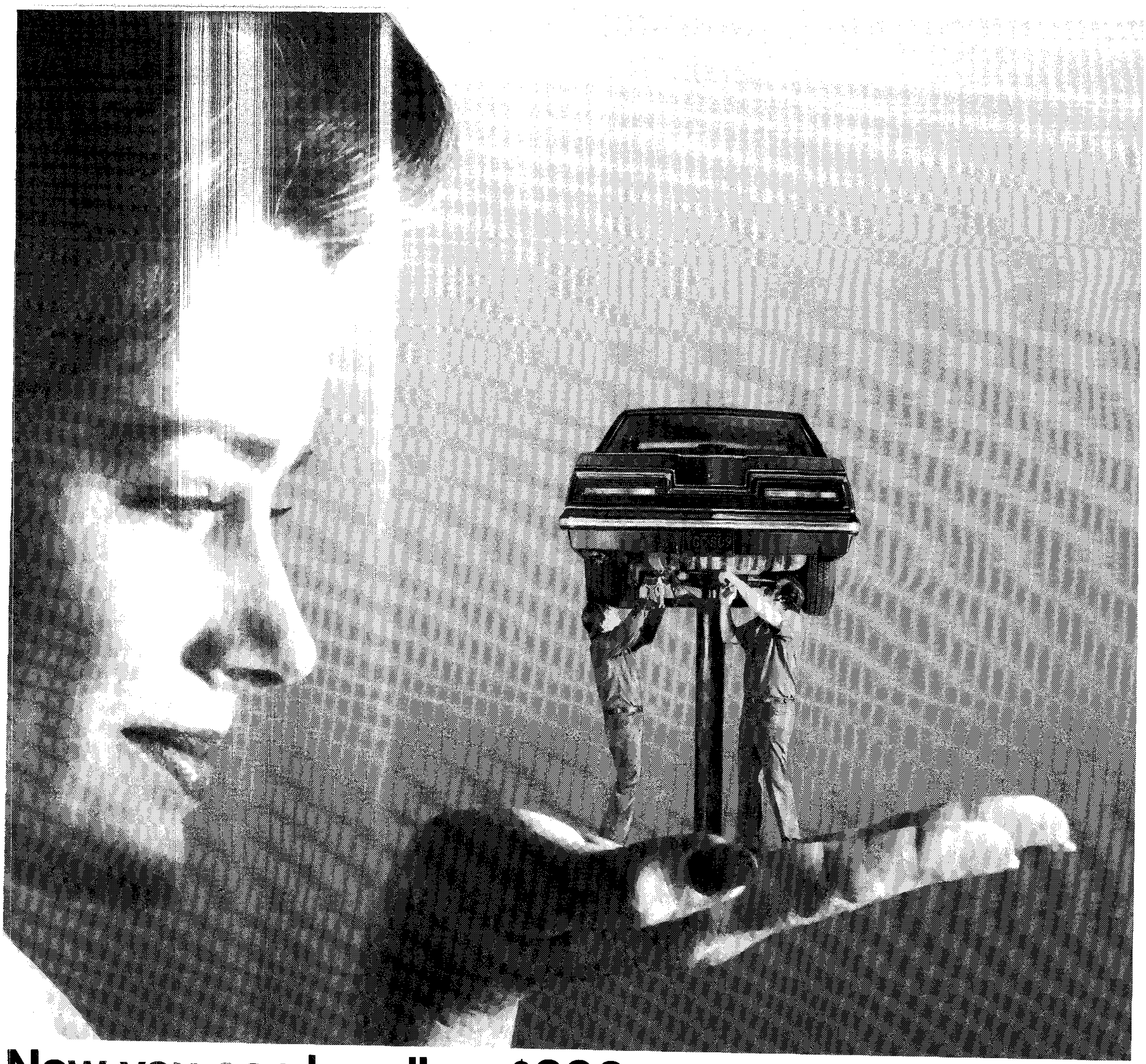

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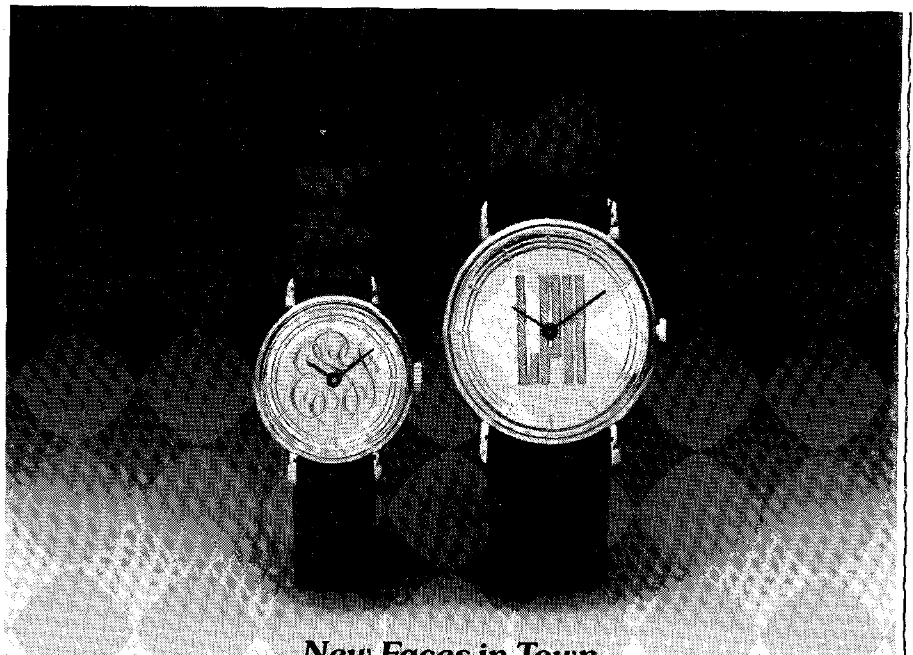

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legislative leader complained not long ago, echoing a view held by many people in the capital. One appointment commonly criticized in Albany is that of Commerce Commissioner William J. Donohue, whom Cuomo had known since he was lieutenant governor, who served as executive director of the Buffalo–Erie County Private Industry Council, and who is said to lack both the experience and the stature a commissioner needs in dealing with major corporate leaders. Another is the Environmental Conservation Commissioner, Henry G. Williams, a former aide who, though he has extensive experience in state government, is said to lack sufficient environmental experience and not to be a strong leader. The chairman and president of the Urban Development Corporation, William Stern, who was a success as a computer entrepreneur, has been criticized because of his lack of experience in building and his role as Cuomo's 1982 campaign chairman. ("I don't believe Cuomo's finance chairman should serve in a major development agency," one Democratic legislator said.) The appointment of James P. Corcoran, a former vice-president for government relations of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, as Insurance Superintendent has also been criticized. ("It's a mistake to put an insurance lobbyist in as head of your most sensitive regulatory agency," a prominent Democrat said.)

Other Cuomo appointees have drawn criticism. Harold D. Berger, of Valley Stream, Long Island, who was one of the first Democratic district leaders to endorse Cuomo for governor, was appointed Long Island regional director of the Department of Environmental Conservation—a move that drew editorial opposition from *Newsday* and prompted five Democratic assemblymen from Long Island to write Cuomo a joint letter urging him to withdraw the appointment, and saying, "The environmental problems facing Long Island cannot wait for a new appointee to 'learn' the job a regional director must perform." William Haddad, a former journalist who was Cuomo's official campaign manager for the 1982 election, was nominated to head the State of New York Mortgage Agency, but Cuomo withdrew the nomination when Senate Republicans let it be known that they would reject it because of Haddad's "political" background. Lucille Falcone, a lawyer who is a close friend of Andrew Cuomo's, was appointed to a

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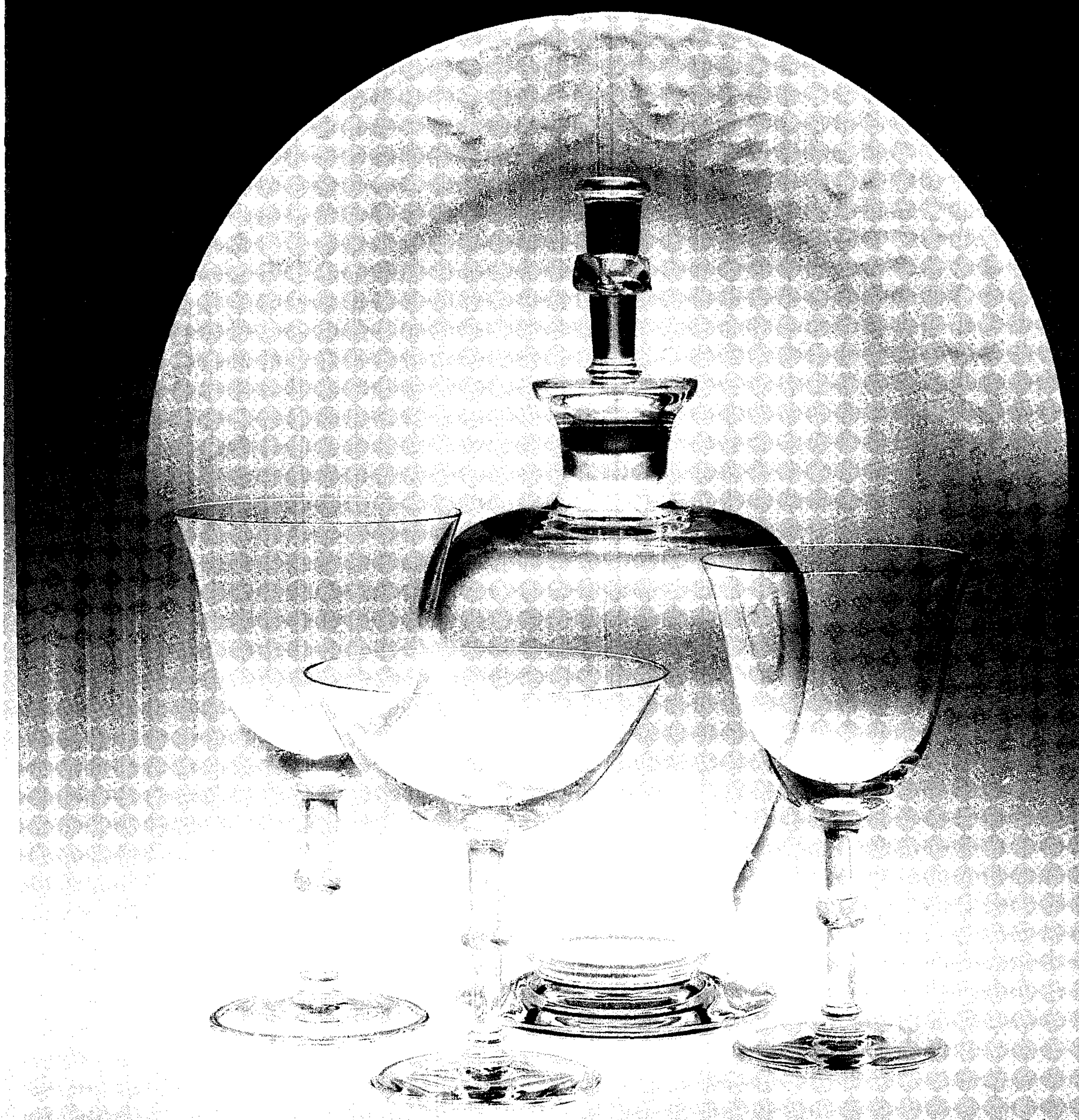

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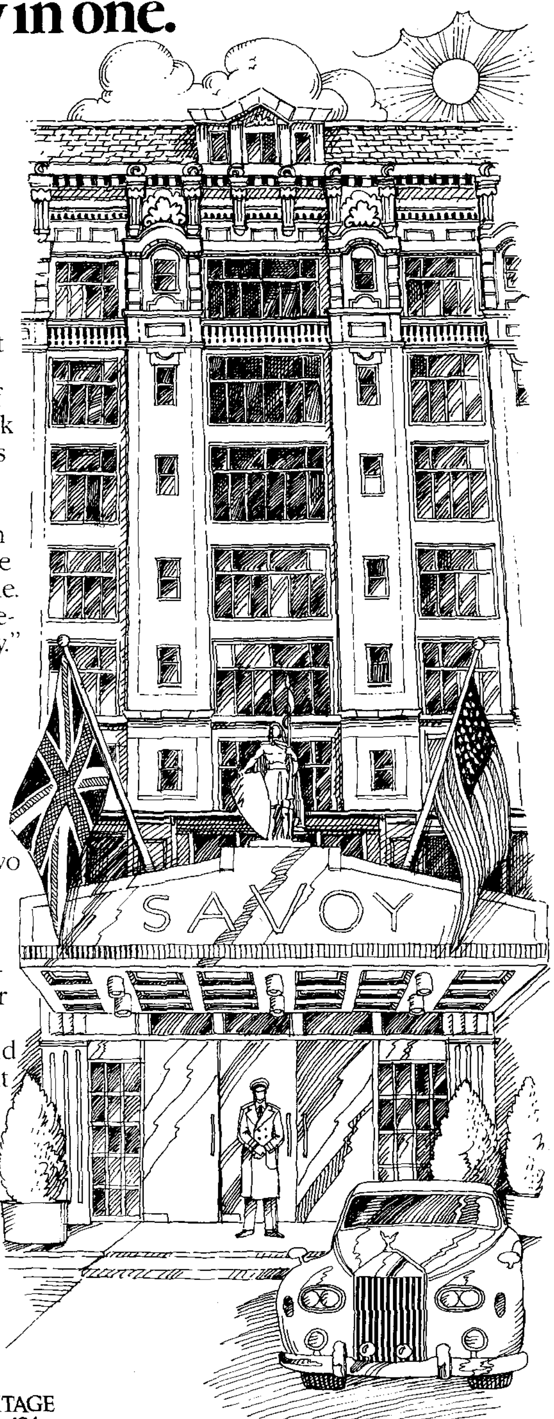
newly created position as assistant general counsel to the Urban Development Corporation, at a salary of eighty thousand dollars a year—five thousand dollars more than the Governor's counsel earns—but because the appointment immediately generated considerable publicity she asked to withdraw.

If Governor Cuomo has been faulted for some of the appointments he has made, he has also been faulted for appointments he hasn't made—a criticism voiced by Republican State Senator Frank Padavan, who represents Cuomo's home district, in Queens. Four state agencies—the Departments of Correctional Services and Transportation, and the Offices of Mental Health and Mental Retardation—account for almost half the state employees and for twenty-eight and a half per cent of the state operating budget; instead of financing local services, they actually deliver services. Yet Cuomo was late in filling three of these crucial positions. Carey's Commissioner of Mental Health departed in December of 1982, but no successor was chosen until June of 1983. A Commissioner of Mental Retardation was also not selected until that June. A Transportation Commissioner, James Larocca, was not chosen until March 10th. Cuomo kept his promise to avoid cuts in the budget for the Department of Correctional Services, but the three other agencies suffered the largest over-all reductions of employees (though some smaller agencies took deeper percentage cuts). Last summer, Cuomo said to a reporter, somewhat defensively, "We have three times as many appointees as for the same period in 1975"—1975 being Carey's first year as governor. He went on, "Why didn't I do it before? Because I was slashing the budget, which was not—which was kind of wrenching, kind of unsettling, and nobody wanted to take over the ship when it was moving that way, and I don't blame them. I don't regard that as late; that's the price we paid for doing a very hard thing in reducing payrolls."

In response to criticism that many of his appointees were of inferior quality, the Governor said, "Let's wait and see. You can't prove they're not excellent until you give them a chance. I'll give you a good case: Give me a B-plus for being governor. Give me a B. I got a D a year ago. Nobody knew me. Nobody knew anything about my performance. I'd never run



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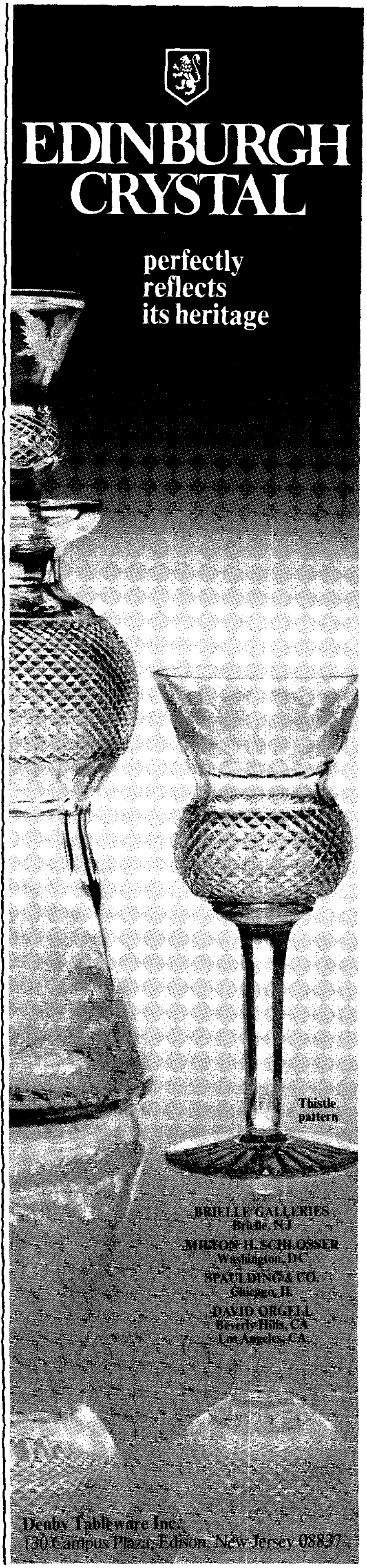
a state. They made the mistake of saying that if you don't have a blithering credential we're going to assume mediocrity. Assume nothing. Assume you don't know. Fine, that's fair."

Cuomo is not without supporters of his appointments. Senator Marchi, whose Senate Finance Committee must approve gubernatorial appointees, recently praised the quality of the agency heads. About credentials, he said, "Generals don't always make the best Secretaries of Defense or diplomats." And Cuomo's principal deputies are widely conceded to be of high calibre. "Del Giudice and Mike Finnerty haven't been properly recognized as the outstanding professionals they are," said Felix Rohatyn, the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation. "They are first-rate public servants." Timothy Russert, who enjoys the general esteem of reporters, has been masterly in making both Cuomo's personality and his philosophy known beyond the borders of the state. "I don't believe in the history of the state there's been a better articulator," Cuomo says of Russert. "He is responsible for much of the good press I've got." Although some in Albany disparage Andrew Cuomo and Fabian Palomino—a close friend from Cuomo's law-clerk days who serves as the Governor's special counsel—as cronies, in truth they are far more willing than any of his aides to tell the Governor what he doesn't want to hear. Cuomo's two appointments to the state's highest court—Richard D. Simons, a Republican, and Judith S. Kaye, a Democrat, who is the first woman to serve on the New York State Court of Appeals—have received general acclaim. Robert Kiley, the new chairman of the M.T.A., is considered a strong manager. Dr. David Axelrod, the Health Commissioner, who was reappointed, is rated at the top of his profession by Republicans and Democrats alike. And so is Rohatyn, who was recently reappointed the unsalaried chairman of MAC.

CUOMO was asked not long ago what he might have done differently in his first year as Governor, and he said, "I would have articulated the layoffs differently from the way I did. I would have explained them in terms of money-saving goals instead of numbers of employees to reduce"—in terms of the need to find two hundred million dollars in budget savings rather than the need for a reduction of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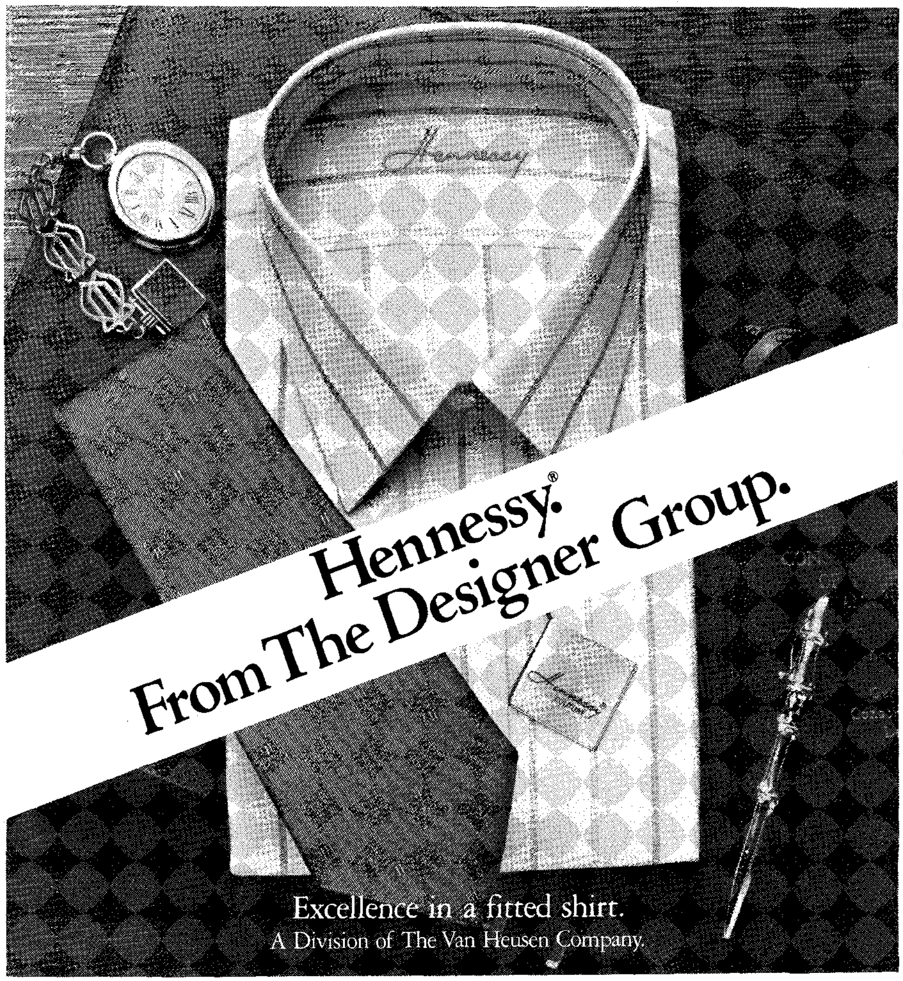
fourteen thousand employees, including eighty-four hundred layoffs. He conceded that because there were in the end only about a thousand layoffs he looked as if he had not been telling the truth. "I was telling the truth, but it got very difficult to convey," he said. Cuomo acknowledges that his own combative, lawyerly tendencies sometimes invite questions about his credibility. "That's the thing I have to get over," he says. "Feeling like I'm in a courtroom. The whole instinct in a courtroom is 'Never let a sentence pass.' Every word has significance."

To help ease tensions that spring up between reporters and those they cover, Governor Cuomo ordered displayed on a wall of the room where he conducts press conferences at the World Trade Center, as well as outside Russert's Albany office, a large sign that reads, "THE PRICE OF FREE SPEECH IS NEVER TOO HIGH—A. J. Parkinson." The Governor was eager to display a quote about freedom of the press for all to see. So he asked Russert to come up with an appropriate epigram. He also asked journalists for suggestions. Russert forwarded nominees to the Governor, but for one reason or another they were unsatisfactory. Cuomo took matters into his own hands, and one day arrived at the office with the Parkinson quote. It was perfect, he said. Russert concurred. Parkinson is treated with reverence by the Governor, who regularly takes note of the noble sentiment. It is a fitting motto for a governor who says he will not lie to the press, and a reminder to reporters that he sympathizes with their labors.

But there is no A. J. Parkinson. As a lark, Cuomo made him up. Walking around his World Trade Center offices one day recently with a visitor, Cuomo couldn't resist pausing before the sign and laughing. "Notice," he said, "there is no date. Why A. J. Parkinson? It sounds better than Mario Cuomo." Once again, Mario Cuomo gets in the last word.

This inside joke, however, became a joke on the general public last January, when the *Times* asked Cuomo for his reaction to excerpts from Mayor Koch's new book. Through a spokesman, Cuomo replied that A. J. Parkinson once wrote, "One should never write a book if one has lost an election."

Generally, Cuomo's relations with reporters, like his relations with legislators, are good. However, the Gover-



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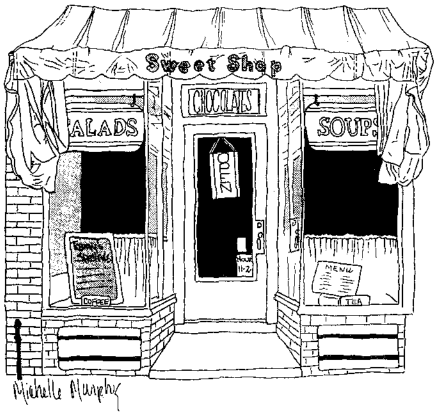
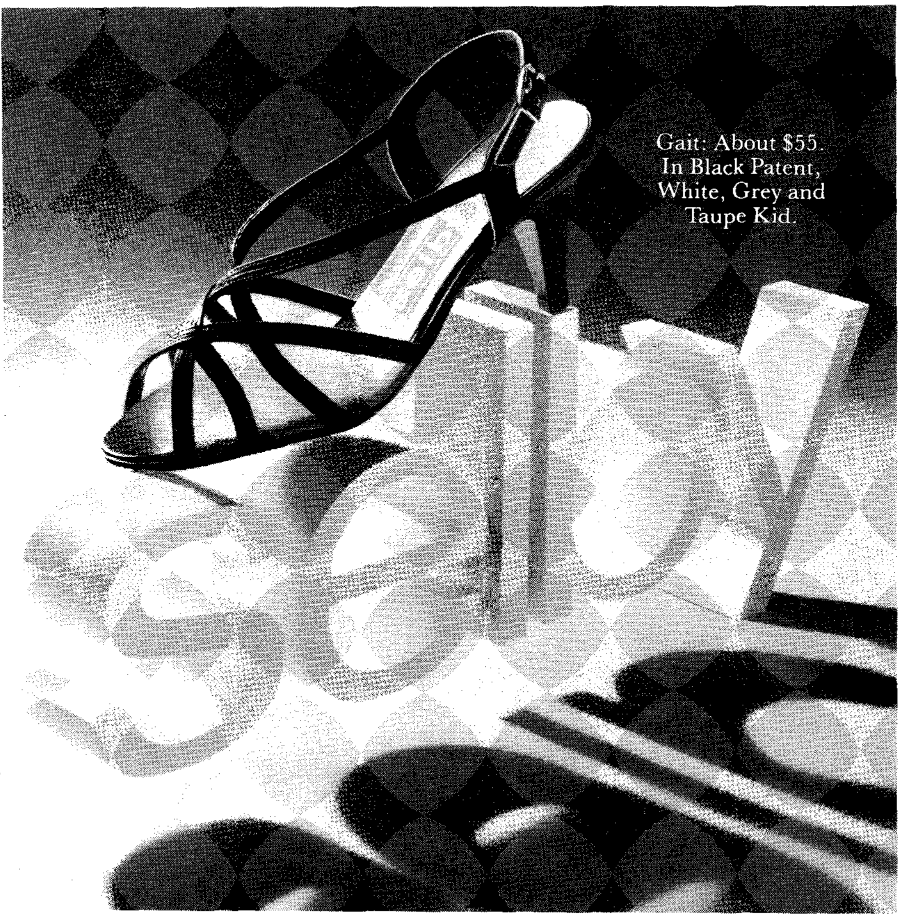
nor acknowledges that on occasion he has had troubles with the Legislature. By the close of his first full year in office, legislators were complaining that Cuomo had violated both the letter and the spirit of the agreements he had made in March to restore certain funds to the budget. Republicans and Democrats protested that despite plans to avoid layoffs in the state and city universities, the Governor had cut six hundred and twenty-nine jobs, and that the number of mental-health and mental-retardation workers had fallen, even though the Legislature had provided twenty-seven million dollars to avoid such reductions. "The Governor promised to restore money," said Democratic Assemblyman Mark Siegel, who is chairman of the Higher Education Committee. "It was not spent. He has broken his word." In February of this year, the four legislative leaders joined and approved legislation establishing the exact number of workers the Governor should employ at the four key state agencies, a move that circumscribes gubernatorial powers. Late last month, the leaders, still upset by Cuomo's lagging pace in restoring employees to these agencies, puzzled by his comparative unwillingness to call budget-negotiation sessions this year, and perhaps recognizing that they had more in common with one another than with the Governor, reached tentative agreement on a $35.6-billion budget, including a record increase of $445 million in education aid and also new spending and higher staffing levels at the four key agencies. Cuomo praised the Legislature for "suggesting changes" in his proposals and for producing a budget on time for the second year in a row.

Some aspects of Cuomo's policies which extend beyond state matters have also drawn political fire. For instance, he supported what was essentially protectionist legislation when, in September of 1983, he signed an

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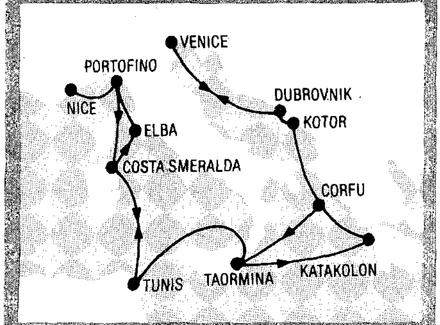

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executive order requiring the M.T.A. to give preference to domestic steelmakers in ordering subway cars. A *Times* editorial called Cuomo's proposal, which had been opposed by Governor Carey and by the M.T.A., a political favor to the steelworkers. "Governor Cuomo is asking New Yorkers to pay up to $50 million a year more in subway and commuter train fares to assist the steel companies of Gary and Pittsburgh," the *Times* said. Cuomo, who feels that the *Times* has often been unduly harsh toward him, and believes that many of its editors are too friendly toward Mayor Koch, retorted by saying that he was just trying to protect the jobs of state residents. Similarly, this past March Cuomo proposed that grocery stores in New York be permitted to sell wine—as long as it was New York State wine. He said that since most nations of the world, and some states, aided their industries, "reasonable" protectionist measures were needed to compete effectively.

The executive order concerning the M.T.A. was not Cuomo's first foray into the realm of foreign policy. In the wake of the Soviet Union's shooting down of a Korean jetliner with two hundred and sixty-nine people aboard, he had joined with New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean in declining a State Department request to permit Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and his entourage to land either at Kennedy Airport or at Newark Airport. (Since the invasion of Afghanistan, Soviet Aeroflot flights have been required to get special permission to land at domestic airports in this country.) Cuomo's explanation was that employees at the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey had recommended this course of action and that the Russians were free to arrive at military bases in New York or New Jersey, where they could be protected from angry American citizens. Gromyko reacted by cancelling his visit to the United Nations and a meeting with Secretary of State George Shultz. Cuomo's behavior in this matter troubled observers. First, he admitted that he had made the decision in ten minutes—hardly the studied approach he had taken with other issues. Second, by jumping into the fray he had helped exacerbate relations between the two superpowers while he was expressing concern that President Reagan's handling of foreign policy was too bellicose. Finally, when editorial writers and columnists

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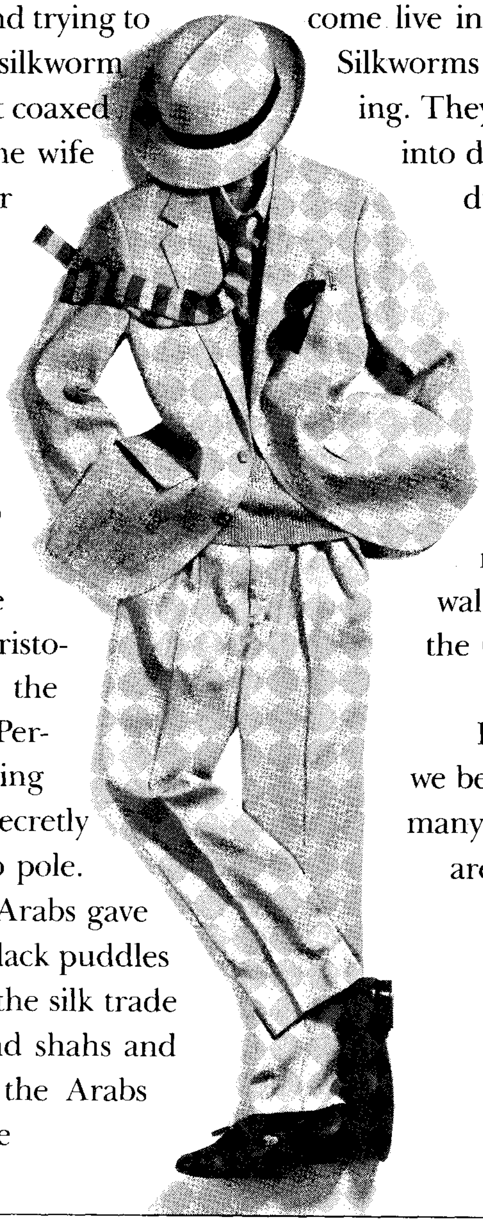

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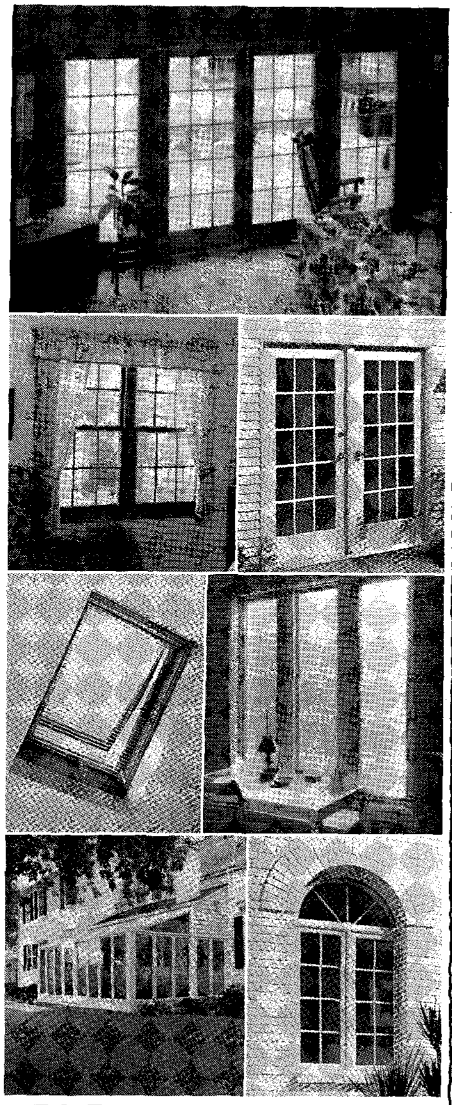

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who had been praising Cuomo took him to task for engaging in a dangerous publicity stunt, he answered that he knew he was right because New York City cabdrivers supported his action.

Cuomo's handling of certain other issues has also been criticized. For example, through the first year of his administration Cuomo avoided taking a definitive position on whether the Long Island Lighting Company's Shoreham nuclear power plant, in Suffolk County, built at a cost of over four billion dollars, was safe to open; the matter was of sufficient concern to Cuomo that he called on the federal government to clarify its role in developing an emergency evacuation plan for Suffolk County, thus bucking the problem to another level of government. At the same time, he insisted that the state would not impose such a plan. He has since taken a position with those who say that Shoreham, for safety reasons, should never be opened.

Some of Cuomo's actions contrast with his noble rhetoric, and raise puzzling questions. Those who claim to have detected a streak of self-righteousness in Cuomo when he was lieutenant governor maintain that it has not left him. Several legislators complained that he sold his budget as if it were a moral imperative but then proved pliable in reaching a compromise budget with the Legislature. As a gubernatorial candidate, he condemned the willingness of Mayor Koch, his opponent, to accept campaign contributions from firms doing business with the city. He cited one 1982 dinner at which Koch grossed $1.2 million, much of it from Wall Street and real-estate interests, yet at a single dinner, in November of 1983, Governor Cuomo raised a similar sum, for his future campaign efforts, from many of these same interests. Cuomo suffered indignities as Hugh Carey's lieutenant governor, but critics note that he now visits many of those same indignities on Lieutenant Governor Alfred DelBello.

Cuomo can be uncommonly generous in reaching out to opponents. He reappointed Karen Burstein, Governor Carey's executive director of the Consumer Protection Board, although she had supported Koch for governor, and later appointed her president of the Civil Service Commission. Despite Ohrenstein's support for Koch, Cuomo has developed a relaxed relationship with him. Yet the Governor can exhibit a rough streak. He and Andrew

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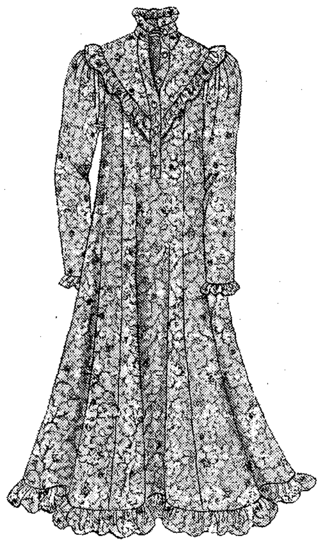

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have at times sought to purge or punish political adversaries. Cuomo leaked stories and made ungracious remarks about Richard Ravitch, the chairman of the M.T.A., nudging him to resign. In September, when Lieutenant Governor DelBello, who had also supported Koch in the primary, publicly complained that the Governor was ignoring his advice, Cuomo told Frank Lynn, of the *Times*, "He obviously chose Koch over me. He had to adjust to his own disillusioned expectations."

This weakness puzzles some of Cuomo's colleagues. They are uncertain whether he is deluding the public, a practice that is common among politicians, or deluding himself—one that is not. "Mario basically believes he is of a higher moral quality than his fellow-politicians," David Garth, a media adviser who has worked for several of Cuomo's rivals over the years, including Koch, observed shortly after Cuomo was sworn in as governor. "I'm not sure he's not justified. But when he turns around and does the kind of thing you expect ordinary politicians to do, it's a shock. The difference between Mario and most politicians is that they say, 'I made a mistake.' Mario never says it, because he believes he never made one. That's what worries me: self-delusion. It's almost a Joan of Arc complex." A year later, Garth commented, "The thing I was worried about—self-delusion—he has avoided. I now think he is very realistic about criticism." Someone who has worked closely with the Governor and admires him does not entirely share Garth's new optimism, and says, "He's compulsive. He has a need to reply instantly. He's combative as hell. When he makes a mistake, there's a refusal to recognize the mistake. It's just a human frailty."

Another weakness that is sometimes mentioned by associates of the Governor is that he spends too much time fighting the government he heads—that he is so suspicious of the bureaucracy he sometimes refuses to do the necessary cajoling and massaging. A key aide said that his chief complaint about Cuomo was that the Governor "occasionally tends to act on what his friends say without thought." He said that Cuomo's friends—particularly Jack Newfield, of the *Village Voice*—called the Governor regularly and triggered his "anti-establishment and anti-institutional biases." Newfield, this aide says, "exploits his friendship." Because Newfield's anti-

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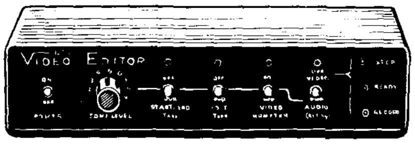

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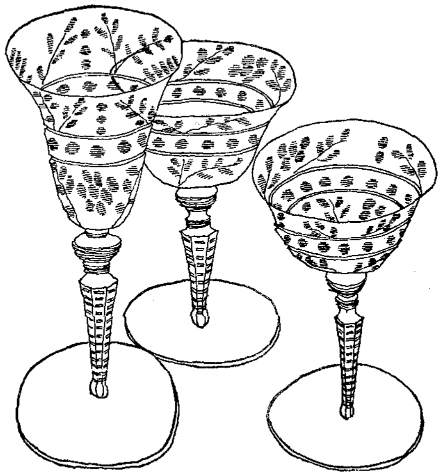
establishment view of the world appeals to a part of Cuomo, the aide complains, Cuomo sometimes "accepts on face value" the information given by Newfield, and "we spend hours tracking down information, or he makes statements based on erroneous information." Cuomo says that he and Newfield don't speak that often, and when they do it is usually because Newfield wants to argue about Cuomo's support for Westway. But the Governor concedes, for example, that Newfield called to say, "Bill Haddad should get a job," and to protest the appointment of James Corcoran as Insurance Superintendent. (Newfield denies making any such calls.) In any case, people say they have a hard time squaring the Cuomo who speaks eloquently of "the family of New York," of the virtues of government, and of the need for "reasonableness" and "conciliation" with the Cuomo who sometimes seems self-righteous and mistrustful.

Ironically, Cuomo is also taken to task by some for being too comfortable with the Albany colony at a time, such critics say, when leaders should challenge, not join, this club. That was the focus of Lewis Lehrman's campaign against Cuomo in 1982. And it is at the heart of the criticism of one former associate. Noting that Cuomo has said he wanted his tombstone to read, "He tried," this former ally said, "How? By making pretty speeches? Who cares how hard he tried? All I care about is whether he got it done. By his standard, the most honored President in history would be Jimmy Carter. He wants approval. His whole politics is a search for approval. When he says the truth is always in the middle, that's not so. The person who can recognize when it's not is a real person. Anybody else is just getting along. You never hear outrage. You



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never hear him speak about what's happening to the citizens of New York"—the crime, the filth, the poverty, the educational system, the high taxes and poor services—"with anything like the outrage he summoned against the electric chair." This former associate said that Cuomo's moderation might be no match for the social and economic challenges confronting the state. "We're in a desperate situation here, requiring a great number of things to be done," he said. "To the extent that things get done in Albany, I worry that they will be the result of great forces colliding and Mario trying to seesaw between them, looking for a middle ground. The thing is that if those problems don't find their way to Albany by themselves they'll never get attended to."

What some people see as weakness, of course, others see as a great strength. It could be said that the kind of confrontational approach advocated by Lehrman and this former associate was practiced by Governor Carey in his final years in Albany, when he railed against the system but repeatedly suffered legislative setbacks. A democracy requires consent, and consent is difficult to achieve in a state as geographically and politically diverse as New York. "I remember Hugh Carey's trying to initiate a jobs program for a particular area, and he wound up with 'I Love New York' ads," Carey's former secretary David Burke has observed. "State government is in a position where it is hard to be innovative, because it lacks the resources and it lacks the agreement. New York State is the strangest goddam collection of competing cultures bordered by lines drawn, usually, because a river runs along there. There is no connection between Queens and Jamestown. What you can do in state government is take a federal program and enhance it. You can respond to a city or to a transit crisis. But it's very hard to move the whole state as an entity. I was always disappointed. You're the recipient of demands. The state is more a reactor than an actor. That's a problem in a democracy. Except in a crisis, a successful government muddles through." A similar view is advanced by Richard Ravitch. "We all feel an immense emotional need to impart to the electorate vast differences," he says. "That's wrong. The real differences—thank God!—are at the margins." If they weren't, large portions of the budget could never be completed, and there would be no ability to reach a consensus on such issues as state support for urban mass-transit fares or rural highway construction.

"I enjoy the idea that we're being effective—I don't mean in any dramatic, earth-shaking way," Governor Cuomo said last year. "I don't expect to make any fundamental changes." Change, he says, "doesn't come in the form of great new ideas, it comes in the form of great new people—Jesus, Hamilton, Gandhi, Lincoln, Martin Luther King." Great leaders, he believes, move the public more by their character, their example, their words than by the laws they pass.

It can be argued that Cuomo's critics are missing the larger picture. In politics, personality matters. And Cuomo's successes spring, in part, from his congeniality and from an air of genuine goodness he conveys. In the first year of his governorship, his willingness to compromise and share credit helped fashion an atmosphere in which political leaders could agree. He was not partisan in his appointments to the bench. He was conciliatory toward Warren Anderson. He was accessible and straight with legislators. He was unyielding in his commitment to a set of goals, but reasonably flexible about how to achieve them. He vowed to preserve both law and human lives during the Ossining prison crisis, and he did. He pledged to officially balance the state budget, to do it on schedule for the first time in four years, and to do it without further weakening the state's competitive position by resorting to increases in the income, corporate, or statewide sales taxes, and he attained all three goals. After eight years of unsuccessful requests from local governments for Medicaid assistance, he won legislative concurrence for the state to reduce local governments' share of long-term Medicaid costs. He promised to raise the basic housing allowance for welfare recipients, for the first time since 1975, and he did—by twenty-five per cent. He helped pump extra state aid into New York City's coffers, so that the city ended its fiscal year with a surplus. He got first the Legislature and then the voters to approve his $1.25-billion infrastructure bond issue—a considerable feat when one considers that only two of the five previous statewide bond issues passed. On at least five separate occasions, he overcame Mayor Koch's public opposition to joint development projects, and together the two former political enemies stood before the press microphones and announced their

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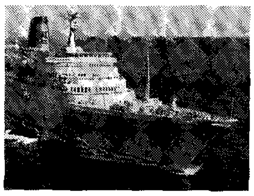
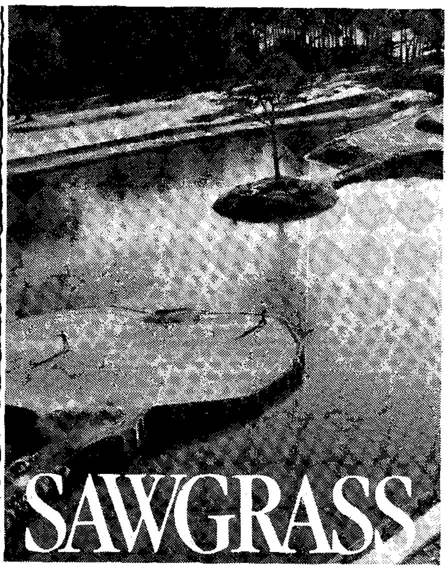


agreement. He helped unite various elements of the state Democratic Party behind Walter Mondale's Presidential candidacy. He prodded, and got passed, legislation raising unemployment-compensation payments and obtained legislation eliminating the state's Job Incentive Board, which he said was too generous in awarding tax breaks to companies; he toughened drunk-driving penalties; and he ended three years of squabbling with the major oil companies when, in return for the state's amending a disputed state tax provision by extending it to smaller oil companies, the big companies agreed to pay several hundred million dollars in additional taxes over four years. Finally, at a time when President Reagan and Congress have barely communicated with each other about eliminating the federal budget deficit of two hundred billion dollars, Cuomo has demonstrated that conciliation and compromise serve to produce agreements. In this sense, Cuomo has proved the validity of a central tenet of his faith: government works.

But one full year does not a successful governorship make. There are questions concerning the direction of state government in coming months and years that will test Cuomo, just as there are unanswered questions about the man. How will he help make New York State more economically competitive? With the economy improving, will he achieve a balance between the delivery of services and tax reductions? What role will the state play in retraining an unemployed blue-collar population for available white-collar jobs in the service sector? Will he succeed in altering the state's school-aid formula, in better coördinating the efforts of public and private higher education, in providing more housing and care for the homeless, in creating a master plan to meet future needs for plentiful—and cheap—energy? Can he salvage the Shoreham nuclear plant? Can he manage the state bureaucracy? Will his call for a ten-percent spending increase in the next fiscal year trigger other demands that will further drive up taxes? Can he say no to the many interests clamoring for more state support? Does the recent move by legislative leaders to circumvent the Governor and pass their own budget portend a return to the bickering of the Carey years?

The next few years will help answer some of the riddles about Cuomo as well. "I find it difficult to explain Mario Cuomo unless people can deal



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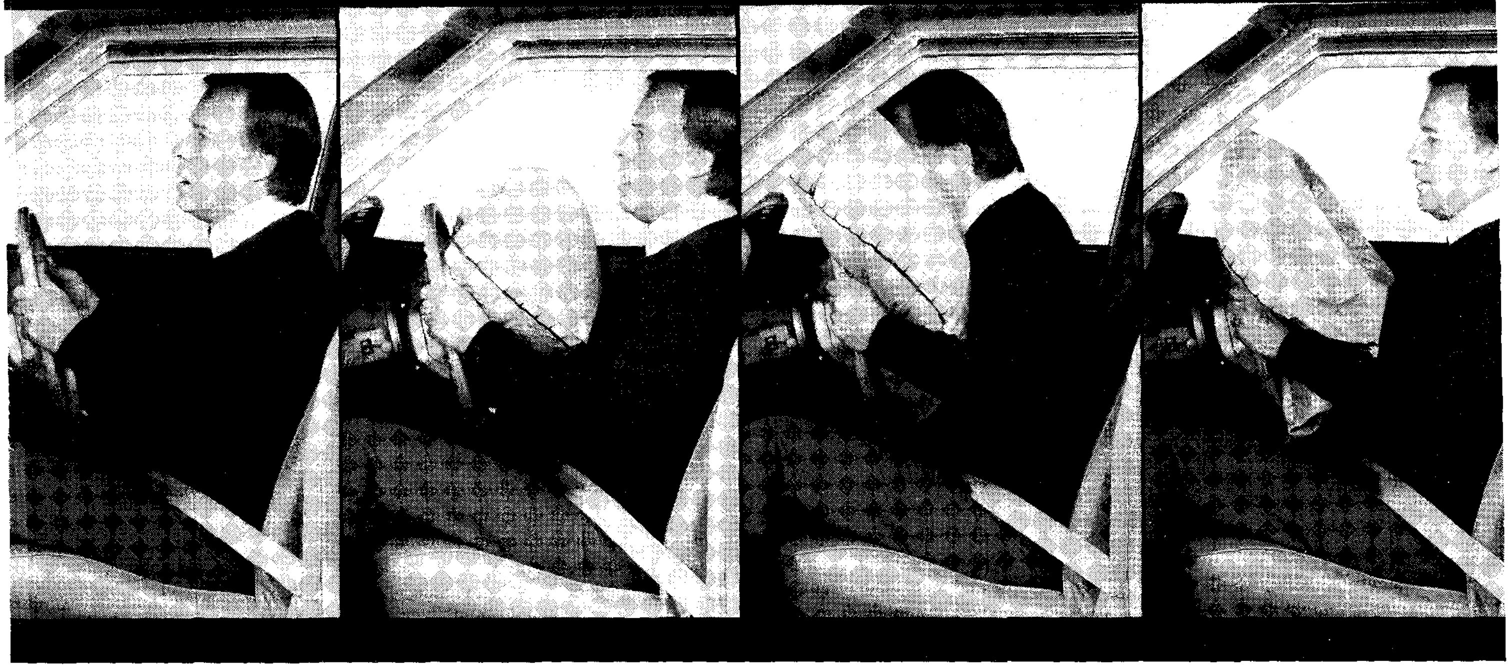

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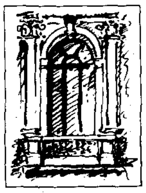

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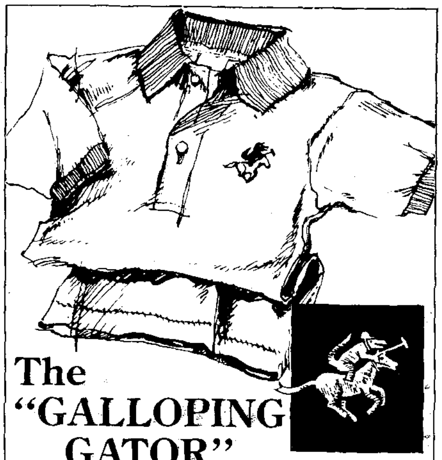
with contradictions," says the pollster Patrick Caddell, who has worked with him since 1977 and says it took him years to win Cuomo's confidence. "In one sense, he is a man possessed. Yet at the same time this does not do to him what it does to other politicians—make him believe his self-respect is on the line. He can see all the complexities in life, yet at the same time he can see things in black-and-white. He's a believer in reconciliation, and a believer in the sword. He's a man who wants to do good and be good. And at the same time he has a stringent moralism. Yet there is not a Cotton Mather in the hands of an angry God. He has all the appreciation of irony and humor." Cuomo's unpublished diary cites examples of individuals in the political arena who "lie," yet he has often been charitable to his enemies. He is a conciliator, yet has a visceral reaction against the establishment. He is hopeful, yet often looks for a person's "angle" and does not give his trust easily. He is an optimist and a fatalist. He is warm, yet keeps a distance. He can laugh at himself, yet he can be self-righteous. He is a liberal and a conservative. He is a self-professed incrementalist and a romantic. He believes that people want hope, yet he worries that they will suffer disappointment if their expectations are too high. He is haunted by the conflict between what he calls "human aspirations and the reality of our vulnerability." Like Sir Thomas More, whom he admires, he is a mixture of principle and practicality. "There are three elements within Mario—compassion, passion, and an enormous thirst for justice," observes Caddell. "If he didn't have compassion, the other two qualities would be a frightening combination."

ON a sunny day not long ago, Governor Cuomo sat in his office at the World Trade Center and discussed with a visitor some of the painful choices he would have to make in future years. He grew pensive, and at one point he spoke of Abraham Lincoln. "He understood how hard his job was, how hard it would be on him; that he was doing it for others, and not for himself; that he would be misunderstood; that he'd cause pain; that he might even cause deaths," Cuomo said. "I think his attitude was exactly appropriate for anybody who sees this business correctly. If you're in it for self-gratification, you shouldn't be in it. If you really understand it, it's



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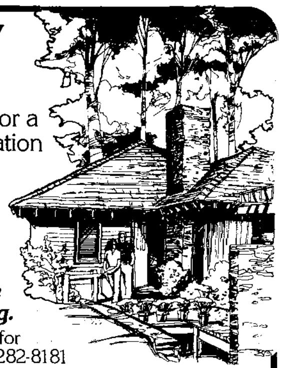

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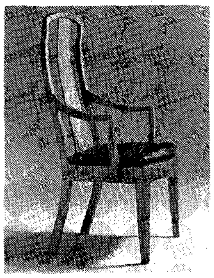

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painful. You're bound to be misunderstood, you're bound to suffer the judgments, and you're bound to be faced with agonizingly difficult questions that will affect people's lives no matter how you decide them. You're very seldom totally sure you're right, because the problems are so complex, the competing values are so many and so exquisite. These are all very, very difficult questions—except to idiots, panderers, or frauds. And he knew all of that. He knew how hard it was."

—KEN AULETTA

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*Memorandum distributed by the administration of Reed College, in Portland, Ore.*]

TO: THE COMMUNITY
FROM: John Drichas, Director of Community Safety
SAFETY MEMO CONCERNING ROOF WALKING

With Spring weather fast approaching it is a good time to review the practice of roof walking and especially its potential effects on the community:

1. The danger of falling,
2. The upset and fear caused to members of the community, and
3. The dollars and cents cost to repair roof damage.

The first category is self explanatory: The roofs are just not the appropriate place for spring's sap to rise. Many roofs are steep, old, and slippery, and the ground is a killing distance away.

The second category addresses itself to the calls we have already started to receive from frightened members of the community. They are frightened because people they cannot see are walking on top of their residences. They feel violated, and, especially now, extremely vulnerable. I believe that, at any time, these feelings are valid, reasonable, and should be respected.

The last category concerns money, specifically your money. The labor and materials costs for roof repairs each year have had a real negative impact on available funds, funds that rightfully could and should have been spent on enhancement of our environment. Instead, these monies are being spent in a desperate effort to maintain what we have now. We can all do something about this. Your support is requested in identifying those individuals who continue to roof walk at the cost of their safety, your peace of mind, and everybody's environment.

•

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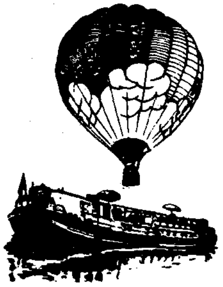

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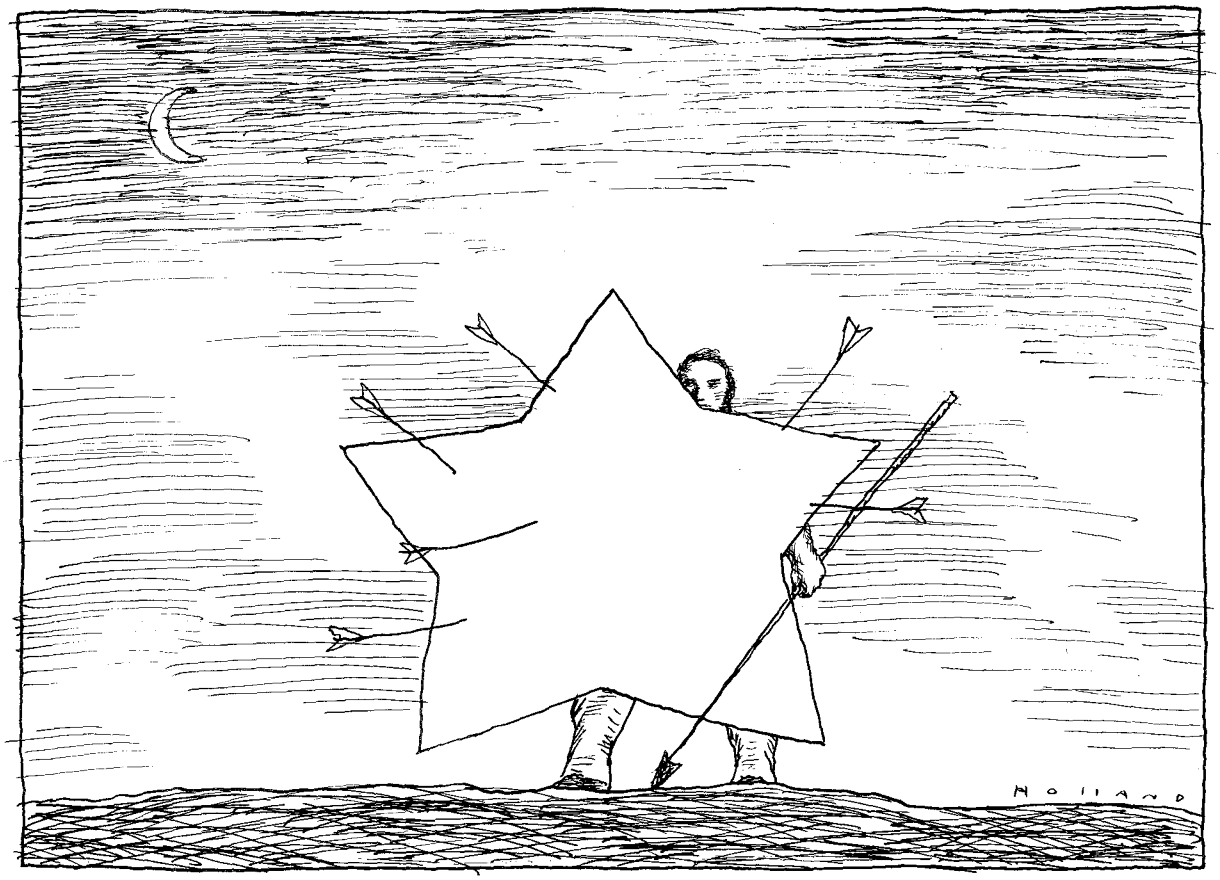

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THE ART WORLD

Late Picasso

PICASSO'S late work, currently the object of so much revisionist awe at the Guggenheim Museum—"Picasso: The Last Years," through May 13th—is consistent with everything we knew, or thought we knew, about the artist of the century. Nobody expected the old artificer to go out of life serenely. He went out, at the age of ninety-one, in a sustained burst of fanatic energy and mordant laughter, much of it directed against himself and his remaining obsessions—death, sex, and the history of Western art.

In the tremendous outpouring of Picasso's paintings, drawings, and prints from 1963 to 1973 there is not a hint of desperation or self-pity. Impatience, yes—a sort of frantic haste to get down on paper or canvas all the visual impulses that still demanded life at his hand. The rough, coarsely brushed look of the late paintings, with their violent or muddy colors, helped to make them unpalatable to almost everybody until the day before yesterday. A large number of the pictures in the Guggenheim show are on loan from dealers, whose relief must now be substantial; there had been virtually no market for the late paintings before. The sheer productivity of Picasso's last decade was an embarrassment in itself, although not nearly so much of an embarrassment as the subject matter. The old man couldn't seem to get his mind off sex. Naked women dominate the pictorial scene—naked women at rest or in motion, young and smooth-limbed, their voluptuous bodies reinvented in the new arrangements that Picasso liked to envisage, but nearly always presented in such a way that the organ of sex is central. Some highly graphic copulations occur in the paintings and in the narrative series of etchings known as "Suite 347" (there are three hundred and forty-seven of them, all done in a little over six months in 1968); more often, though, the youthful beauties expose themselves to older men who stare passively, transfixed by the power and majesty of their nakedness. In several etchings, the onlooker is Picasso himself, a wrinkled dwarf who appears bemused by the erotic spectacle.

The shift in critical attitude toward this clearly definable last "period" had not taken place at the time of the Museum of Modern Art's huge Picasso retrospective, in 1980. The relatively few works selected from the last decade by William Rubin, MOMA's director of painting and sculpture, and Dominique Bozo, the curator-in-charge of the Musée Picasso in Paris, the exhibition's organizers, received little attention and virtually no comment. In 1981, however, the Basel Kunstmuseum organized an exhibition of Picasso's last ten years, and in New York the Pace Gallery put on a show of late paintings from the Picasso estate, and the clank of critical gear-shifting could be heard on both continents. Such a revision was inevitable, according to Gert Schiff, the New York University art historian who put together the Guggenheim show. (It was originally supposed to have been at N.Y.U.'s Grey Art Gallery and Study Center, but that enterprising institution ran short of funds, and the Guggenheim stepped in and saved the day.) "The truth is that all through his career Picasso was ahead of his audience by just one 'period,' " Schiff writes in the exhibition catalogue. "The time has now come for a dispassionate assessment of his ultimate achievements." Perhaps—but the fact is that critical opinion has tended to dismiss a great deal of what Picasso painted in every decade since the late nineteen-thirties, when (it was said) his work stopped being ahead of any audience but the arrière-garde. And the sudden surge of interest in his late work, as Professor Schiff's catalogue essay indicates, is by no means dispassionate.

There has been a lot of talk about the "prophetic" influence of late Picasso on neo-expressionist painting here and in Europe, but I suspect that the influence

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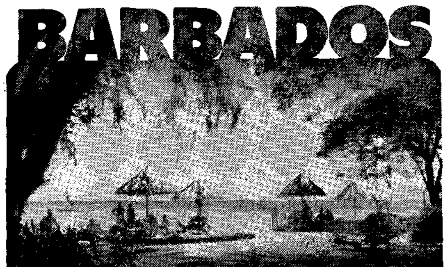

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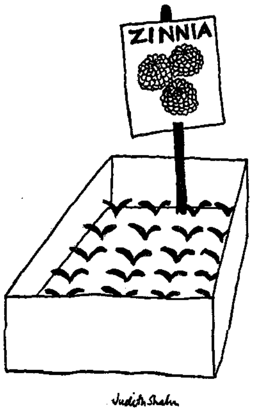
flowed in another direction: neo-expressionism has made it easier for us to accept late Picasso. Until someone instructs me to the contrary, I have my doubts that Georg Baselitz, Julian Schnabel, and the other leading Neos were influenced by, or even particularly aware of, Picasso's ultimate achievements. What neo-expressionist painting most clearly lacks, it seems to me, is the savage wit and the concentrated, iconic intensity of Picasso's final period. Impatient as he was toward the end, Picasso kept to the point without ranting. If he failed to exhaust the possibilities of a visual idea in one painting, he tracked them down in any number of others, attacking the subject over and over in a visual shorthand from which every amenity had been torn away—the subtle virtuosity of his earlier styles out the window, the hedonistic succulence of much of his nineteen-fifties work replaced by harsh color and brutal distortions of the human figure. Most of the paintings, drawings, and prints on view at the Guggenheim deal with the human figure, in contexts that were not new to Picasso: the artist and his model, the brothel, the circus, the family. The figures often fill the picture space, facing out toward the viewer and exerting the kind of violent assault on the senses that Picasso had last conjured up in his portraits of Dora Maar, in the nineteen-thirties. There are family groups in which the invariably male, prepotent child looks ready to obliterate the father and rape the mother. "Man and Woman" (dated August 18, 1971) is a frightening image—a naked male giant with hugely out-of-scale eyes in an African mask of a face, and a woman whose body is a maze of dislocated elements. Although the exhibition is not an unusually large one by museum standards, the visual battering is too much to assimilate on one visit. You leave the Guggenheim exhausted.



For all its wildness, though, Picasso's late work is never incoherent. The old man was after something, and was taking strength from all his own past work as well as from the artist predecessors he loved to paraphrase: Velázquez, Goya, Rembrandt, Delacroix, Ingres, Manet, Degas. The expressionist frenzy of the late paintings is countered by the meticulous control of the drawings and the prints, many of which are classical in feeling, if not in subject matter. Certain paintings, moreover, have been carried off with unerring perfection and economy. The 1971 "Crouching Nude," painted in subdued tones of ochre and rose, is one of those incredible feats of Picasso legerdemain—a woman shown from the front and the rear simultaneously. Her head is a double profile, split so that the two sides can kiss one another while she embraces with both arms her own luxurious and oddly logical body. Some of the most hurriedly and coarsely painted pictures have this on-target rightness and convincingness. Picasso did not really throw away anything; he merely condensed what he knew. He was after something that he had never quite achieved—to go beyond painting, perhaps, into that vortex of raw emotion where there was no difference between art and life. "I want to say the nude," he once said. "I don't want to do the nude as a nude. I want only to *say* breast, *say* foot, *say* hand or belly. To find the way to say it—that's enough."

It is an ancient dream, this urge to go beyond art. Picasso had always been fascinated by Balzac's "Le Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu," the story for which he etched a series of illustrations in 1927. A seventeenth-century master painter named Frenhofer has worked for years, in secret, on the greatest painting of all time, a life-size female nude that will incorporate everything he knows about art and about life; when two younger painters finally see the masterpiece, however, it turns out to be a chaos of meaningless lines and ruined colors—the long struggle with it has driven Frenhofer mad. Throughout his life, Picasso kept returning to the idea of the separation of art from life. It is implicit in his many reworkings of the artist-and-model theme, to cite merely one example. The female model, naked and lovely, is both desire and the object of desire. The artist who paints her or simply gazes at her is on the other side of an invisible wall; he is a voyeur, longing for the power to make her come to life (as Pygmalion did with his statue) so that he may possess her.

In "Suite 347," this theme undergoes several metamorphoses. The artist here, when it is not Picasso himself in mocking self-portraits, is often one of his "musketeers"—gentlemen in seventeenth-century cloaks and ruffled collars, who appeared suddenly in Picasso's paintings in 1966 as a result, according to Gert Schiff, of his renewed interest in Rembrandt. The musketeers pursue semi-naked prostitutes, carry them off, or simply bow low to them in courtly obeisance. Sometimes the lady poses for a musketeer who stands with brushes and palette before an easel. In two etchings, the musketeer-artist applies his brush directly to the nude model's body, handily bridging the gap between art and life. Twenty-four prints in the series play erotic variations on Ingres's famous painting "Raphael and La Fornarina": they show the artist (now in Renaissance dress) continuing to ply his paintbrush while passionately embracing and penetrating his mistress, oblivious of the gnomic figure of Picasso, robed and crowned as some grotesque monarch, who looks on with an expression of pained amusement.

What a fate for the artist, to be life's voyeur! Some are perfectly content with that role, as the Balthus exhibition now at the Metropolitan Museum (through May 13th) makes clear. Balthus' voyeurism has considerable power when it focusses on the pubescent eroticism for which he is best known; when he paints voyeuristic landscapes, with "ominous" light and murky shadows, the effect is merely theatrical in the bad sense—stagy. For all his "Old Master" techniques and references, Balthus is unable to settle for the representation of observed reality. He wishes to create works of art that are autonomous objects—things-in-themselves rather than imitations of "real" things—and in this sense he reflects the central dilemma of twentieth-century art. Abstract art is an attempt to deal directly with this problem. But an abstract painting that is a thing-in-itself does not thereby escape into the real world. The painting may have its origin in a powerful emotion or a mystical revelation, but it ends up on a wall somewhere, an art object in the context of other art objects—something to be looked at by people who, by and large, have more important things to do. Picasso himself drew back from the implications of total abstraction. "Abstract art is only painting," he said in 1935. "What about drama?"

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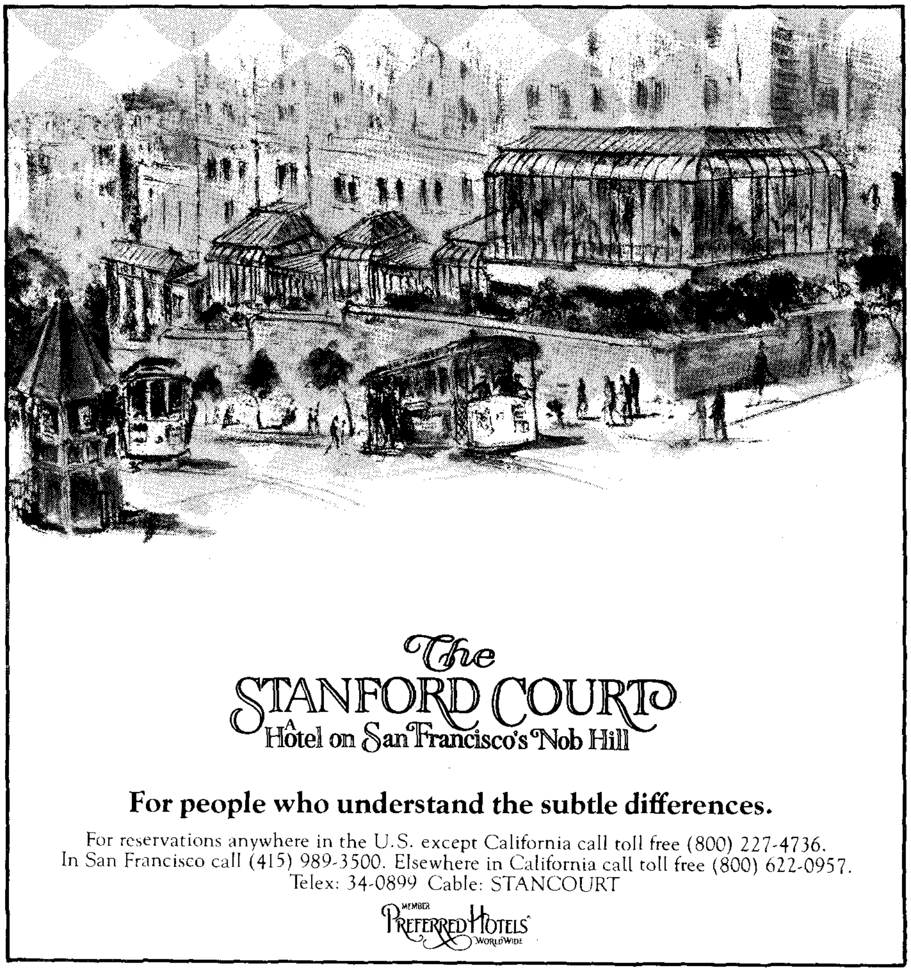

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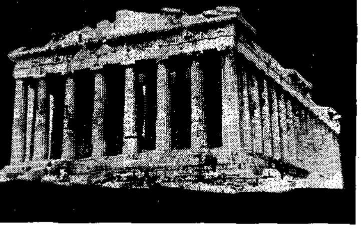

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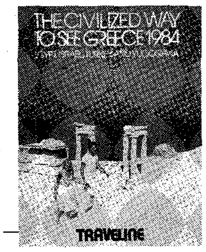

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lem of art versus life. From 1961, when he married Jacqueline Roque and moved into the villa called Notre-Dame-de-Vie, in Mougins, his life was concentrated almost totally on work. Shielded from the outside world by a much younger wife, he drove himself furiously, and the work he produced suggests that he went slightly mad. Not the madness of Frenhofer: the eclipsed vision of a perfect masterpiece. There had always been a streak of craziness in Picasso; it cropped up in some of his most important paintings, starting with "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." But the madness of his final years went hand in hand with a dreadful clarity. Nearing ninety, he was alert in every sense to the truths of old age and death. Still he worked on, day after day, year after year, in pursuit of the impossible goal of an art beyond art. —CALVIN TOMKINS

•

COUSINS

In time they fade away into
a kind of suburban haze
on the outskirts of your life—
you know they're there,
you just never see them now.
The result, though, is that they
always seem to be children
and you're sure those cards
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are clever fabrications. Actually
they're just dressing up again
in their parents' clothes, playing
house the way they did at seven.
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about them the younger they get
while you unfairly keep
getting older by the minute—
as you study those age spots
on your hands they seem
all freckles and pigtails.
Clearly it is unfair how
your memory peels their years
away and pulls your aging body
back to all that vague intensity
you felt on visits—so close,
so intimate, yet strangers, too,
with lives that went on nicely
without you when the visit
ended. If you called one now
you know a child would answer.

—VERN RUTSALA

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PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*Photo caption in Chemical & Engineering News*]

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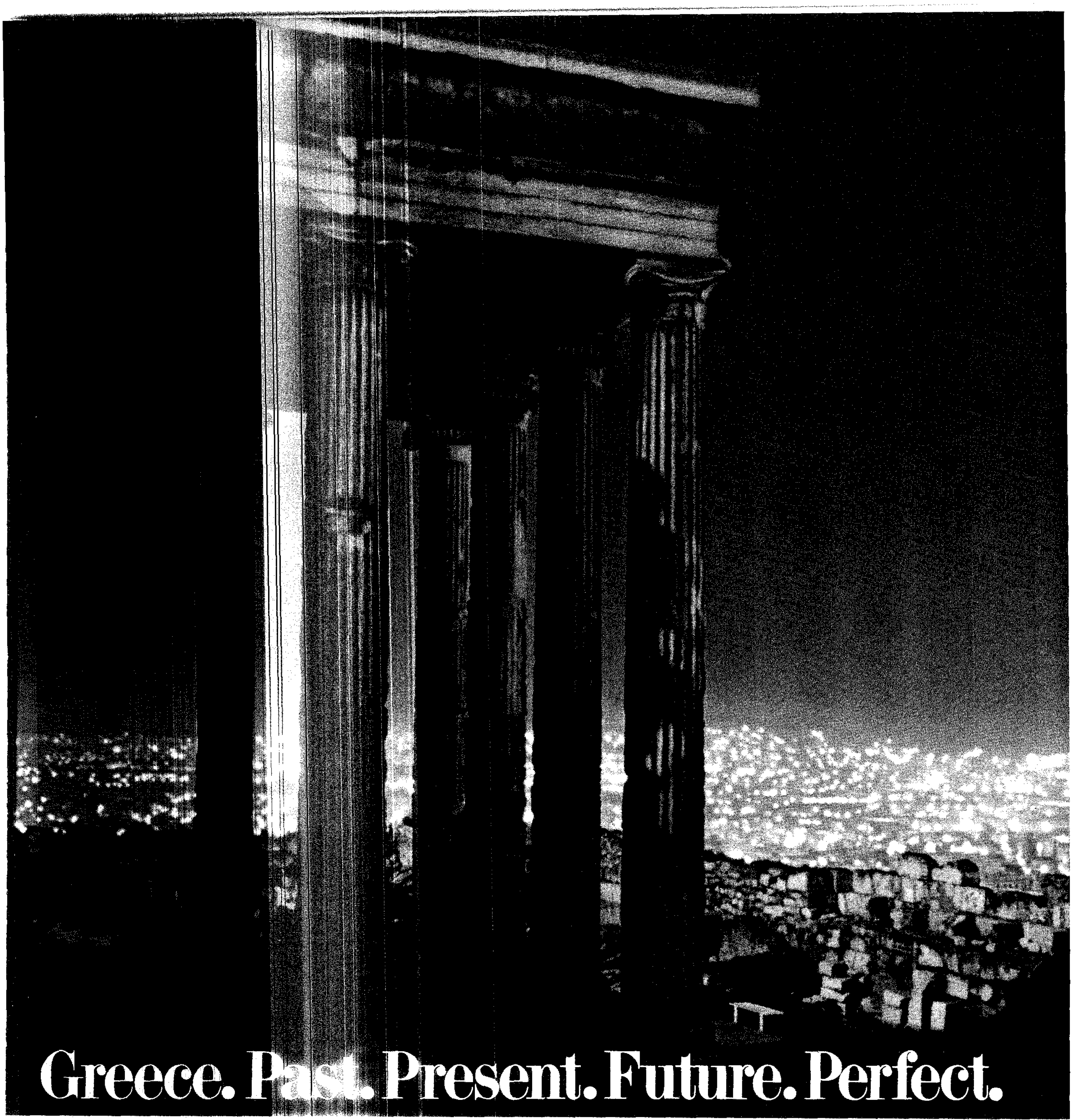

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JAZZ

Michel Petrucciani

JAZZ was once a spare, monosyllabic music. Improvisers thought in terms of individual notes, of bar lines, and of the twelve-bar (blues) or thirty-two-bar (standard) chorus. They grew up within the three-minute limitations of the ten-inch 78-r.p.m. recording, and they appreciated being given an eight- or sixteen- or twenty-four-bar solo. (Sometimes a slow number lasted only two choruses.) Such compression often resulted in beauty and high emotion. King Oliver and his protégé Louis Armstrong were wasteless players (Armstrong passed through a rococo period in his late twenties and early thirties), and so was Bix Beiderbecke, who hung his notes in the air like moons. They were joined in the thirties by Red Allen and Benny Carter and J. C. Higginbotham, by Lester Young and Ben Webster and Sidney Catlett and Jimmy Blanton. Some improvisers developed telegraphic styles—what they didn't play meant as much as what they did play. These included Count Basie, Joe Thomas, Emmett Berry, Bobby Hackett, Johnny Hodges, and Pete Brown. Then Art Tatum took hold. His travelling arpeggios, harmonic towers, virtuoso technique, and tireless desire to dazzle suggested that jazz could be a baroque music. Charlie Parker studied Tatum, Dizzy Gillespie studied Parker, Bud Powell studied all three, and by the time their countless students came forward jazz had become baroque. Improvisers filled their solos with arpeggios and with sixteenth and thirty-second notes. New multi-noted chords bloomed like orchids. Soloists, encouraged by the twenty-five minutes to a side of the new L.P. recording, became garrulous. Few ever knew what they wanted to say, because they had so much time to decide. By the sixties, soloists were going on for forty-five minutes, for an hour, for an hour and a quarter. Listening to John Coltrane and Cecil Taylor became an unselfish act: you gave up an hour of your life each time one of them soloed. During recent years, this floridity has struck pianists particularly hard. In the manner of the great nineteenth-century rhapsodists, they envision their pianos as theatres. Consider their forefather, Dave Brubeck, carrying his immense Wagnerian solos from campus to campus in the fifties. Also Oscar Peterson, Roland Hanna, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, McCoy Tyner, Roger Kellaway, and Keith Jarrett. At first, the tiny, twenty-one-year-old French pianist Michel Petrucciani seemed the newest member of this group. He likes to show off his technique. He likes to rhapsodize and to wander through ad-lib meadows. He likes the loud pedal. But much of this is adolescent fat, for the more one hears Petrucciani the clearer it becomes that the improvisational horses he is driven by are tough and original.

He was born in Orange, and grew up in Montélimar, not far from Avignon. His father is Sicilian and his mother French, and he has two brothers. All the men are musicians. He settled in Big Sur a couple of years ago, and did his American apprenticeship with the tenor saxophonist Charles Lloyd. Petrucciani first appeared in New York at the Kool Jazz Festival in 1983, and he made his New York night-club début in mid-March at the Village Vanguard. The girdling presence of a bassist (the Swede Palle Danielsson) and a drummer (Eliot Zigmund) helped bring his passionate style into focus. He has listened widely. He says that Bill Evans was "a god on earth," and he admires Debussy, Ravel, Bach, and Bartók—the idols of most big-eared jazz musicians. Evans is at the heart of his work, and there are passing allusions to Lennie Tristano, Erroll Garner, Thelonius Monk, Tatum, and Tyner. He has a strong touch. His hands are not large (he suffers from a bone ailment, and is just three feet tall), but they are steel. Petrucciani is a complete improviser, in the manner of Lester Young and Charlie Parker. He often plays his own compositions, and he rarely states their melodies. This can be confusing, since American listeners love the pleasant game of ferreting out an improviser's sources. Even when he does a standard, he disguises it, keeping his melodic flags in the far distance. Like most young improvisers, he has a great deal to say, and sometimes he tries to say it all at once. Chords are piled on chords, arpeggios surge and vanish and surge again, complex single-note figures collide in the middle registers. He is an avid new reader telling you the entire plot of his first Dickens. But the next number will be open and uncrowded and breathing. He will play well-spaced single notes, placing them carefully around the beat and shaping them into beautiful new melodies. He will construct a ladder of octave chords, cap it with a two-handed tremolo, go into a short, double-time arpeggio, and return to his single notes, three or four of which he will repeat over and over, changing them slightly each time. He may use an ascending staccato pattern, his hand rocking rapidly up the keyboard, or he may rumble around in the cellar the way Eddie Costa used to. It is not easy for a jazz pianist to transmit emotion. The piano has a fixed, almost nonexistent vibrato, its timbres are limited, blue notes can be only hinted at, there is no way to play a Johnny Hodges dying glissando. But the sheer intensity of Petrucciani's attack carries him through these obstacles, as does his use of certain emotion-producing devices: dynamics, placement of notes behind the

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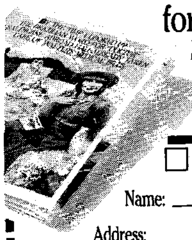

beat on fast tempos or ahead of the beat on slow ones, large intervals, tremolos, and sudden forays into the highest register.

I heard Petrucciani on two successive nights at the Vanguard. The first night he swung hard and kept his rhapsodizing at bay, and the second he was matter-of-fact. He was particularly impressive the first night on a very slow (unidentified) ballad, in which he spread out handsome single-note melodies in his right hand, backing them with offbeat notes and tremolos in his left hand. The number had a magisterial, slow-motion air. Danielsson and Zigmund were too loud both evenings, and they took advantage of Petrucciani's kindness by indulging in interminable solos. Every time they laid out, Petrucciani came startlingly into view.

The impresario George Wein has started producing records again, and his first release (to be distributed by Concord) is a solo excursion Petrucciani made in New York last summer. Called "100 Hearts," it has six lengthy numbers, most of them unbridled and puffy. He does an Ornette Coleman song, "Turn Around;" a long medley ("Someday My Prince Will Come," "All the Things You Are," "A Child Is Born," and "Very Early"); Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas;" two of his own tunes; and a medium blues. The blues, Charlie Haden's "Silence," is electric, especially in its first half. He states the theme twice, and then, after a reverberating pause, flings himself into a descending single-note passage that has the incandescence of early, prime Dizzy Gillespie.

PAUL WHITEMAN gave his first and most famous "Experiment in Modern Music" concert at Aeolian Hall on February 12, 1924. This past February, sixty years to the day, the conductor Maurice Peress and a twenty-one-piece orchestra offered a polished and imaginative re-creation of much of the original. (Praise should go to the percussionist Herbert Harris, who managed to find a way between swinging too hard and sounding stuffy; to the pianist Dick Hyman; and to Peress himself.) Whiteman gave the concert to enhance the reputation of his already celebrated orchestra, then ensconced at the Palais Royal, a night club at Broadway and Forty-eighth Street. He wanted the orchestra to be thought of not as a dance band but as the classiest, most accomplished musical ensemble in the world. Which is

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why at Aeolian Hall it played everything from a tongue-in-cheek Original Dixieland Jazz Band number to Irving Berlin and Zez Confrey to Victor Herbert and Edward Elgar, and why Whiteman invited Galli-Curci, Mary Garden, Leopold Godowsky, Fritz Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, and every New York journalist from Gilbert Seldes to Heywood Broun. But the actual reasons Whiteman offered for holding the concert are mystifying. His manager Hugh C. Ernst wrote in the original program, reproduced for the Peress concert:

> The experiment is to be purely educational. Mr. Whiteman intends to point out, with the assistance of his orchestra and associates, the tremendous strides which have been made in popular music from the day of the discordant Jazz, which sprang into existence about ten years ago from nowhere in particular, to the really melodious music of today, which—for no good reason—is still called Jazz.

Whiteman had probably heard little jazz beyond the stylized, imitative galloping of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Few jazz recordings had been made, and the best of them—by Clarence Williams, Kid Ory, the Creole Jazz Band, and James P. Johnson—were not well known. And almost no jazz was available in the flesh in New York—Fletcher Henderson, with Louis Armstrong in his trumpet section, would not arrive at the Roseland Ballroom on Broadway until the fall of 1924. (Whiteman, his fadometer always working, soon learned about the music. Three years later, his orchestra was filled with jazz musicians.) We remember the Aeolian Hall concert because it included the première of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," a piece commissioned by Whiteman, who liked to hand out such largesse. (Later on, he favored Aaron Copland, Duke Ellington, and David Diamond.) Peress dug up the original score, arranged for only a dozen or so instruments, and the piece—unwittingly such a stunning evocation of New York—sounded bony and exciting and newborn.

—Whitney Balliett

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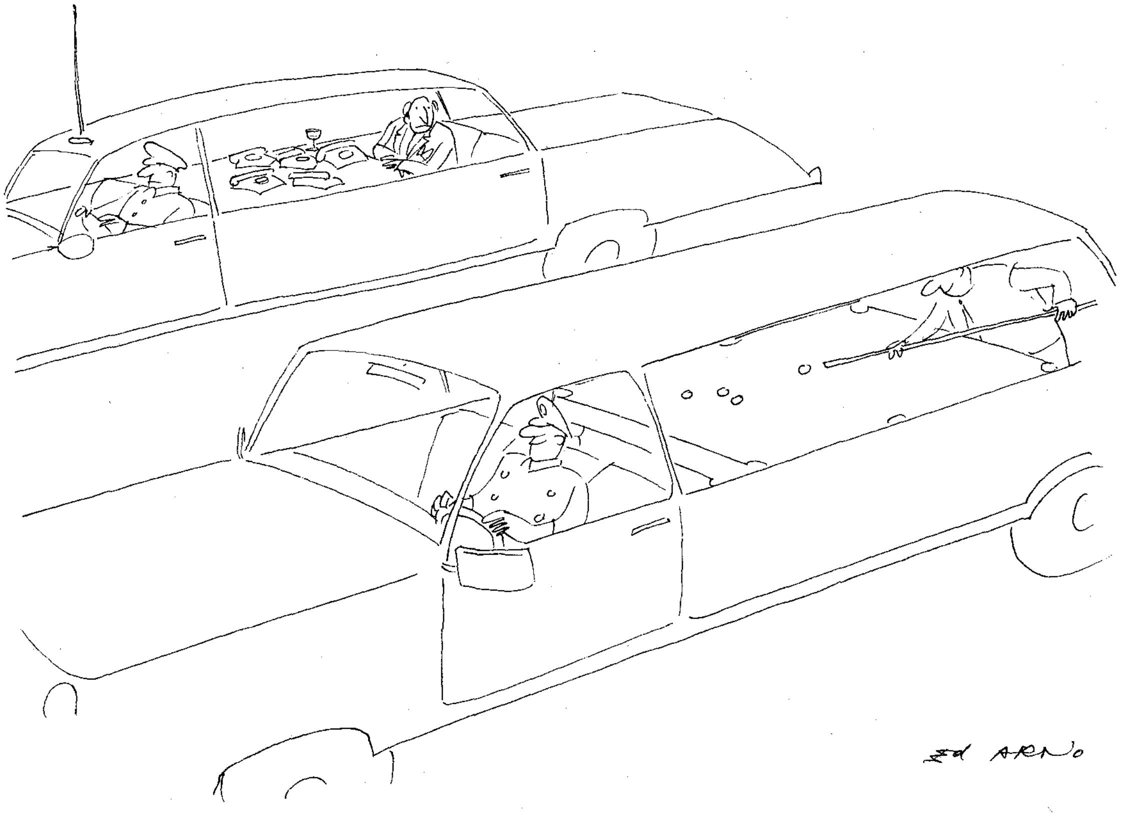
A DOCUMENTARY shown on television a few years ago—Vladimir Rif's "When I Think of Russia"—ended with two transplanted artists, Baryshnikov and the poet Joseph Brodsky, talking together late at night at a party; they were probably a little drunk and definitely very sad, and what came across was the bond between them. They knew they'd never get over their sense of loss. I didn't think a regular movie—a movie with actors—could communicate the emotions of Russian expatriates in the way that this glimpse did, but I was wrong. Paul Mazursky's "Moscow on the Hudson" does it. Mazursky has hit on just the way to go about it: with Robin Williams as his Russian saxophonist hero, he has made a comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about not being able to go home.

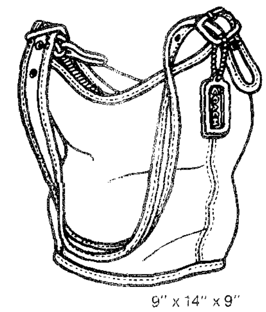
In the first part (which is in Russian, with subtitles), the sax player, the bearded Vladimir Ivanoff, who worships American jazz musicians, goes through his daily grind in Russia. He has a job in a circus band, lives among three generations of his family in a one-room apartment, and has to arrange to use a friend's place when he wants to be alone with his girl, who, before going to bed with him, hounds him to join the Party. Vladimir queues up automatically whenever he sees a line in front of a shop; he queues up even if it makes him late for rehearsals and he has to use half of whatever he's bought as a bribe, so that Boris, the K.G.B. man who supervises the circus, won't penalize him.

When Vladimir meets a friend who was a teacher before being sent to a mental hospital and now works paving streets, the friend asks, "Are you still with your music?" Vladimir says, "Still playing for tigers and bears." But he and the other band musicians love their instruments; you can see it in the way they hold them as they march, in close formation. (During a break, they sit close together, eating oranges.) Vladimir is a rumpled, uncomplaining survivor, accustomed to the endless lying and spying and toadying. He's also used to the temperamental outbursts of his friend Anatoly (Elya Baskin), the circus clown; Anatoly, who has the face of a clown even when he takes off his makeup, dramatizes his suffering—he cries out, "I hate my life!" Vladimir, who addresses his friend, with great courtliness, as "my dear clown," understands his emotion, but when Anatoly says that he has got to have his freedom and is going to defect when the troupe performs in New York, Vladimir doesn't want to take him seriously.

We know that Vladimir himself is going to defect, because the story is told as a flashback. In the opening scene, he's on a New York City bus giving directions to a Frenchman and saying, "It's pretty tough getting around here at first," with the look of satisfaction of someone who has mastered the bus routes. But we don't know how or why this fellow who loves his family (and adores his grandfather) will do it. By the time it happens—during the half hour that the circus troupe is given to shop in Bloomingdale's, on the way to the airport and home—we know Vladimir so well that it seems natural and inevitable. What makes him love his family deeply is what makes him lose them forever. Vladimir embodies the Russian tradition of the holy fool. His passivity is deceptive; he has inner strength—he can't help feeling the truth. Given an opportunity to say no to the K.G.B., he can't resist it; he can't *not* defect.

Bloomingdale's—no more than a bit player in "The Electric Horseman," where the store's name was used for a gag—is a star in both "Splash" and "Moscow on the Hudson." Mazursky uses it as the hub of the New York world, and the plot radiates from this temple of the mouth-watering temptations of capitalist decadence. The script (by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos) is slyly and gracefully designed so that the people Vladimir encounters in the store during the dizzying few minutes it takes him to escape from the control of the K.G.B.—people whom we at first assume to be minor players—become the most important people in his new life. Vlad (as these Americans call him) walks into this capitalist cornucopia and finds friendship and love. A black security guard (Cleavant Derricks) protects him from the K.G.B. "You're in my jurisdiction," the guard tells the Soviet agents—the workers at Bloomingdale's talk about it as if it were a country. And when matters are settled the





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guard, who has offered to put Vlad up, takes him home to Harlem, where three generations of *his* family live together. A shark-faced Cuban immigration lawyer (Alejandro Rey), who happens to be shopping in the store during the defection, leaves his card. And Lucia (Maria Conchita Alonso), an Italian girl who works in the perfume department, becomes Vlad's steady date. Yet it doesn't take long before he discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. The brutality of the city confuses him; in Russia, he says, he knew who the enemy was.

Nobody in New York wastes time offering Vlad sympathy, because there's nothing unusual about his plight. Perhaps the sneakiest, most original aspect of the movie is that just about everyone Vlad meets, except some of the black people, is foreign-born (or an out-of-towner). He starts as a busboy, hustles his way from one crummy street vender's job to another, drives a taxi, chauffeurs a limo; he studies English, saves enough money to buy a sax in a secondhand shop, and acquires an apartment in the East Village. And all this time he's surrounded by Puerto Ricans, Lebanese, Haitians, Iranians, Brazilians, Cubans, Vietnamese—every variety of Hispanic, Asian, and European. These "ethnics" are in the service jobs that white native Americans have scrambled out of, and they're on the streets hustling alongside him. They talk English mixed with their own languages, their lips twisting over the syllables in different ways. ("When you speak English, does your mouth hurt?" Vlad asks another immigrant.) He builds a new, makeshift family out of this disparate group, but it can't fill the void created by what he left behind. (The Russia of this movie is a country where the grandfathers look like Harpo Marx.)

Paul Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism is in the scene with Vlad outside Bloomingdale's waving goodbye to the circus troupe in the chartered Liberty Lines bus that's taking them to the airport; he already knows that he has cut himself off from his own life. (And from then on there may be some extra moisture in his shining eyes when he laughs, or a smile will end a little abruptly.) The lyricism is in the way Vlad tries to dance American style; it's in the double joke of his pleasure at the first joke he makes in English. It's in the Old World politeness of his manner as he talks to an F.B.I. man, and in the courtesy he

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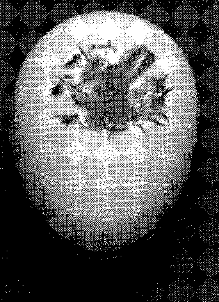

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extends to a gay, whom he smiles at, taking him for another F.B.I. man. And it's in the delicacy of the scene in which a newly arrived legal émigré—a Russian Jewish young man, very shy and looking a bit like Kafka—brings Vlad a letter from his family. It's the magical element in some parts of the movie. You may be saying to yourself, "This scene *shouldn't* work, it can't work," while you're laughing because it's working. That happens when Vlad and Lucia are in the bathtub eating mu shu pork and fooling around while she studies for her naturalization exam and recites the Bill of Rights. And it happens again in the naturalization ceremony.

The film wins your good will by its comic rhythms (especially in the first half). It's shaped so that when the band, in New York, strikes up the circus march you're eager for both the circus and the escape, and then you're in Bloomingdale's (what a place to get lost in!), which turns out to be another circus. And Mazursky's instinct was really working for him when he paired Robin Williams with Maria Conchita Alonso, a Venezuelan beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, like the young Sophia Loren, and has a glorious, full-choppered grin. Her Lucia is outgoing, independent, sunshiny; she has come to this country to make something of herself—she would like to be a newscaster. Robin Williams' Vlad is an anonymous Soviet man hoping for the creature comforts of a home and a family—a supplicant always. The bathtub scene, in which Lucia leans back against his furry chest while his furry arms enclose her, is physical in a way that disposes of the steam-house contortions of the lovers in "Against All Odds." These two suggest real people.

That's the plain, open secret of what makes this movie so pleasurable: you get to know the people in it, and Mazursky shows you how normal it is to be a little crazy. (Alejandro Rey's Cuban, who seems to be gleaming with predatory intentions, turns out to be a decent fellow who has oversold himself on the natty Latin look.) In spirit, "Moscow on the Hudson" is like a more imaginative "Harry & Tonto," with a mellowed style; Mazursky has become a far more skillful filmmaker, and his cinematographer, Don McAlpine, and the rest of his team help to give the picture a textured simplicity that is rare in a comedy. When you actually see Mazursky (he plays a tourist called Dave bask-

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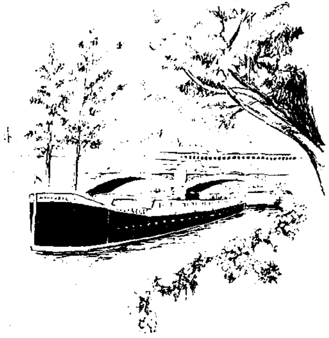

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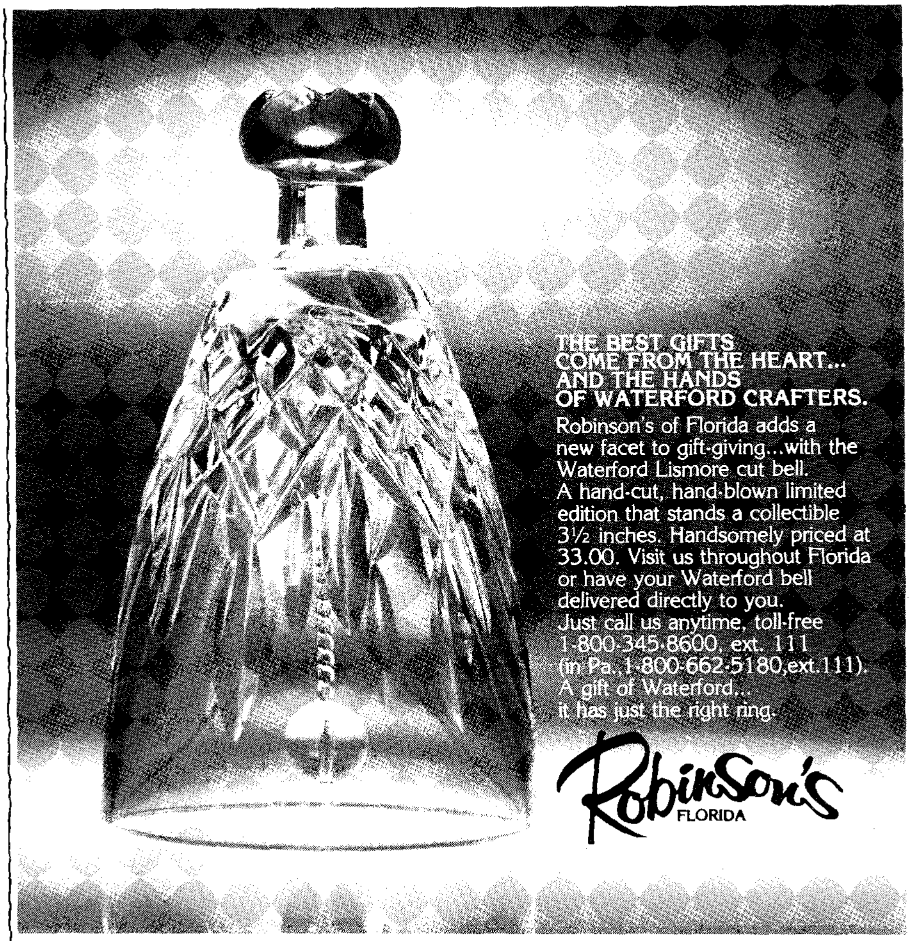
ing on a Florida beach and complaining about the rotten service at the hotel), he gives the film a manic zap—a heightened comic tension—that the other scenes don't have. What they do have is a smoothness—a relaxed appreciation of what the performers are doing, as if Mazursky were as surprised and exhilarated as you are.

Vlad is the most Chaplinesque of Mazursky's heroes. The term is often used as a put-down, but this film provides a reminder of the good side of Chaplin. There's nothing wrong with suggesting an ordinary reasonable man who doesn't want to cause any trouble, as long as he isn't pathetic about it, and Vlad doesn't slip into that—not even in the scene in Russia where he plays his sax for the circus animals, and definitely not in the scene in the East Village where he goes on playing despite the complaints of a neighbor but retreats farther and farther into his apartment and winds up in the water closet. Robin Williams' Vlad is sturdy and resourceful—that's what's touching about him. Robin Williams was extraordinary in his last picture (Michael Ritchie's "The Survivors"), and he gets better and better. He isn't a comic "doing" a Russian; he just plays a Russian, and it's as if he'd been born one. (I could have been fooled if I hadn't seen him before.) He has nothing of the pixillated Mork about him; his Russianized pronunciation of American names is just funny enough, and when he cries it's Russian style, starting around the mouth.

A few scenes are poorly acted—one in an Immigration office with a noisy black woman officer, and several involving Boris, the K.G.B. man, who's much too coyly aware of being a comic bad guy, and who turns up for a final hammy bow when we'd thought we were rid of him. There's also a misconceived scene—Vlad, alone and drunk, having a vision of his grandfather capering on the street. And one sequence seems truncated: when Vlad gets to sit in with the black saxophonist he idolized from records back in Russia the film cuts from their playing together to a scene of Vlad's despair afterward—presumably because his idol had not been enthusiastic about his work. We really needed to get a sense of what the man told him; the way it is, we can't gauge if Vlad is over-reacting or if his playing is too derivative and his idol made that clear to him. These weaknesses are minor; the only larger one is the faltering of the film's rhythm (though not its mood) in the



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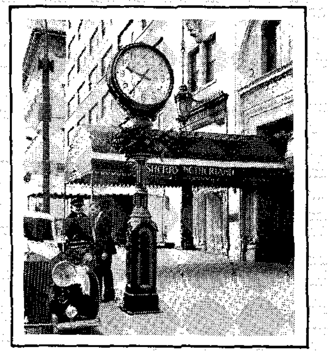

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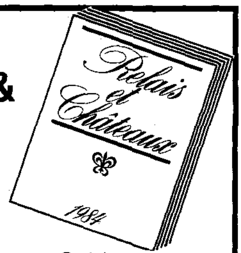

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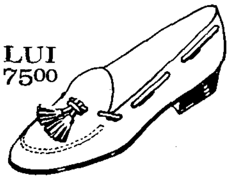

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last third. Mazursky seems to need several things going on at once (as in that bathtub), and offhand, peripheral jokes, too. When Vlad and Lucia quarrel and the black friend goes to Alabama for a time, Mazursky doesn't have enough elements to juggle. Vlad trots around by himself and visits people, and a few scenes feel insecure, as if nothing's going on.

In terms of what this comedy offers, this, too, is minor. What counts is that it tackles a wonderful subject without preening, and brings it off unassertively—so unassertively that the movie is in danger of being overlooked. (*Variety* has already dismissed it as something "for a very limited audience.") We're getting to the point where the press assumes that movie audiences won't be willing to bring anything to a picture, and warns them off. This is a movie in which you are expected to understand the hero when he tries to explain to his girl the difference between being unhappy in New York and in his homeland. "In Russia," he says, "I did not love my life but I loved my misery, because it was mine." Those who respond to his words may, I think, love this picture as much as I do. Back in Russia, Vlad waited in line and bought two pairs of shoes (the wrong size but the only size) and gave one pair to the K.G.B.; in New York, he buys flashy red, yellow, and white shoes that look like part of a pimp's ensemble, and when Lucia objects to them he points out, "They were made in Italy." It's a one-world circus.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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—*Majorca Daily Bulletin.*

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There are two things wrong with microcomputer documentation: most of it is largely incomprehensible, and users wouldn't read it enough even if it was.
—*Interface Age.*

Right.

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT
[*From the Boston Jewish Times*]

AN APOLOGY

An error in the paste-up phase of last week's edition resulted in a rearrangement of certain paragraphs in the article "Computerized Tzedaka?" by Bernie Dov Cooperman. We apologize to our readers and Dr. Cooperman for this mistake and invite our subscribers to try switching the paragraphs around until they find an order which appears to make some sense.

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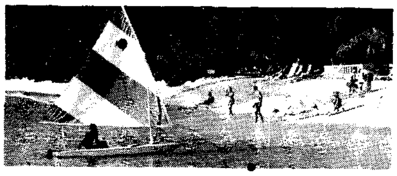

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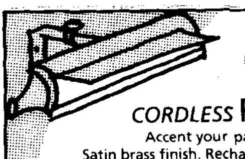

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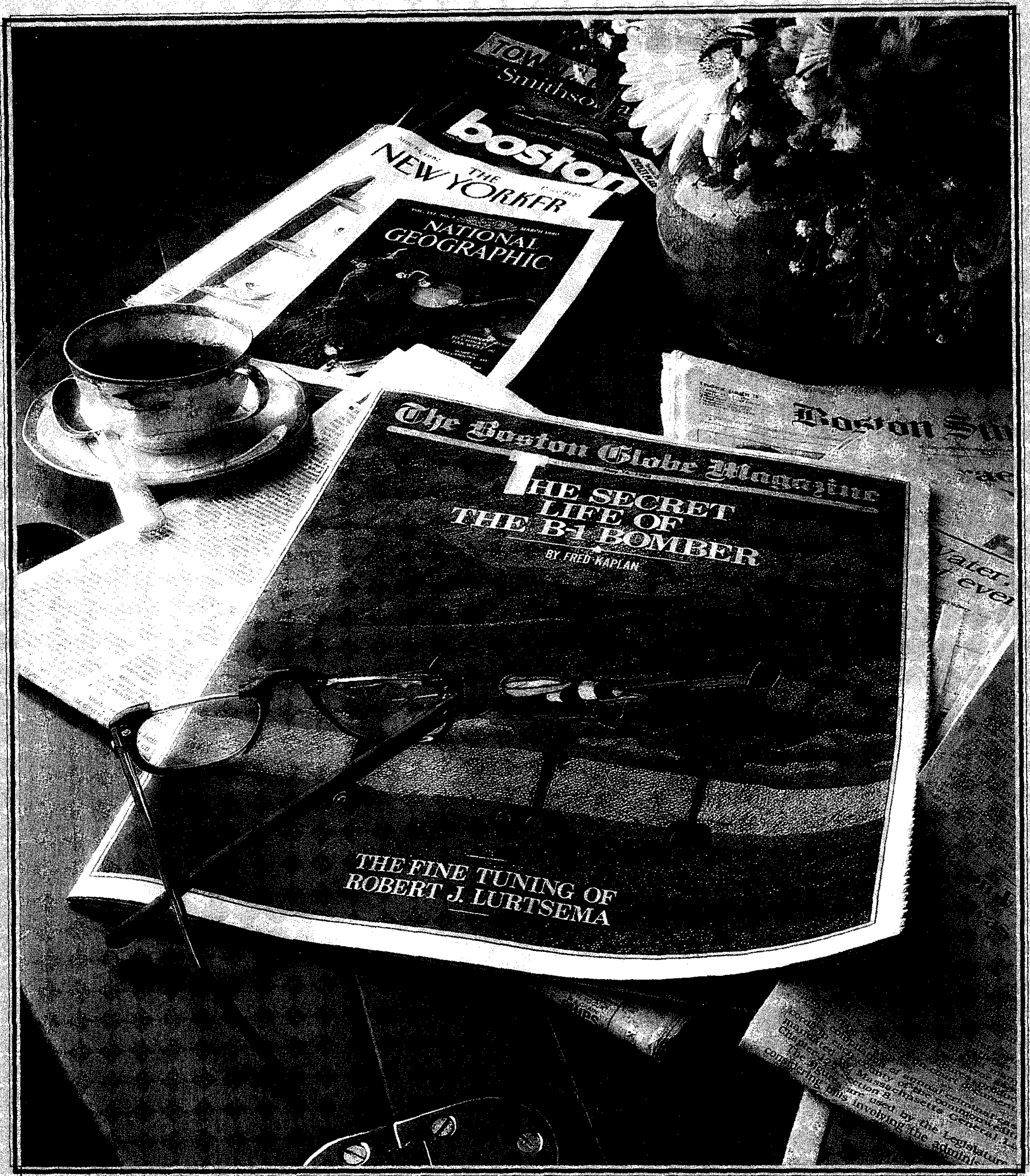
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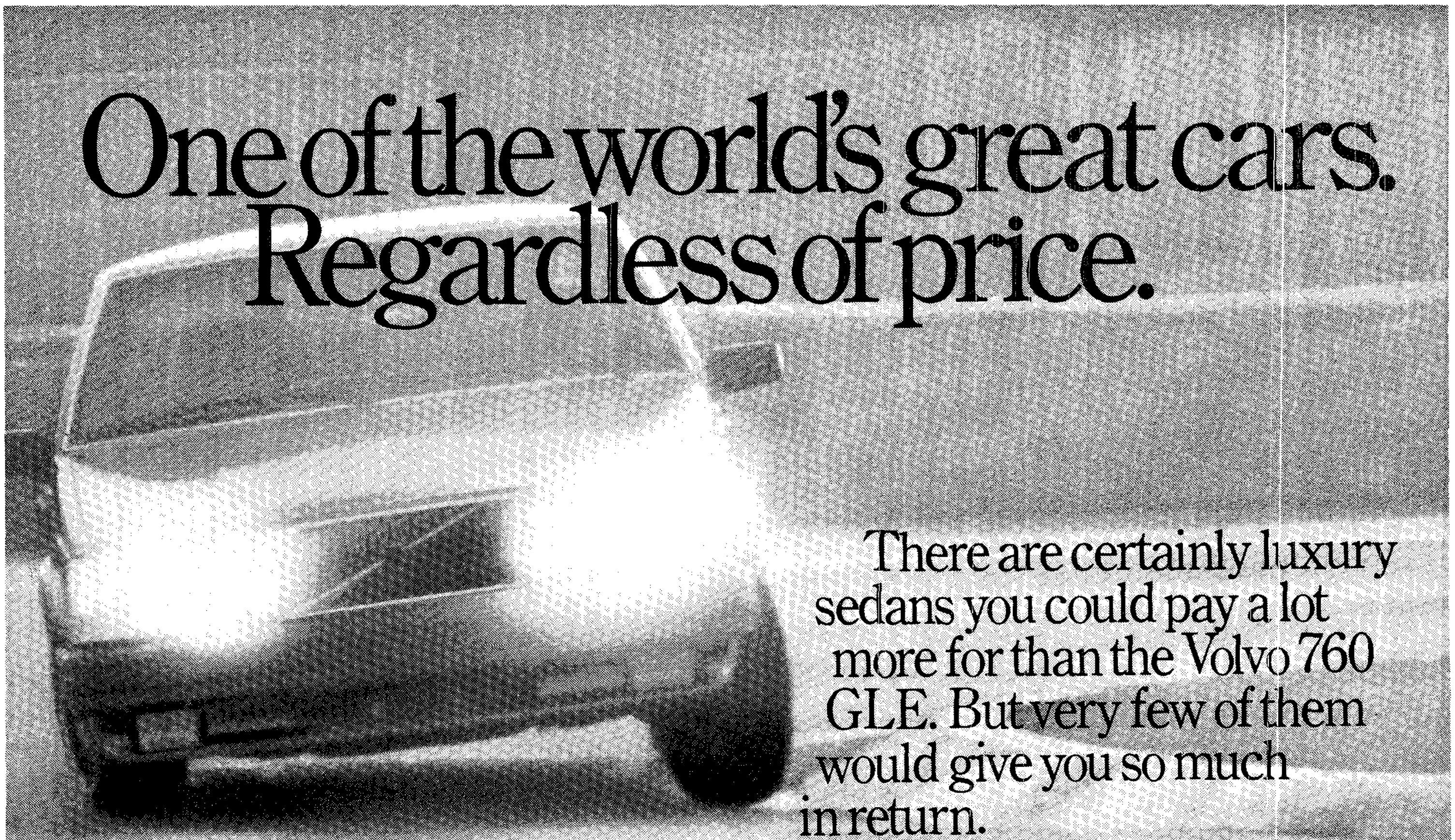

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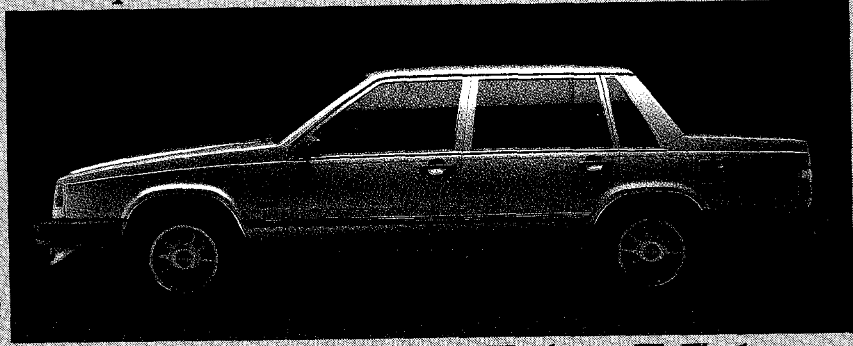

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*Though the 760 GLE is capable of this, it should never be attempted by anyone other than a professional driver under controlled test track conditions.

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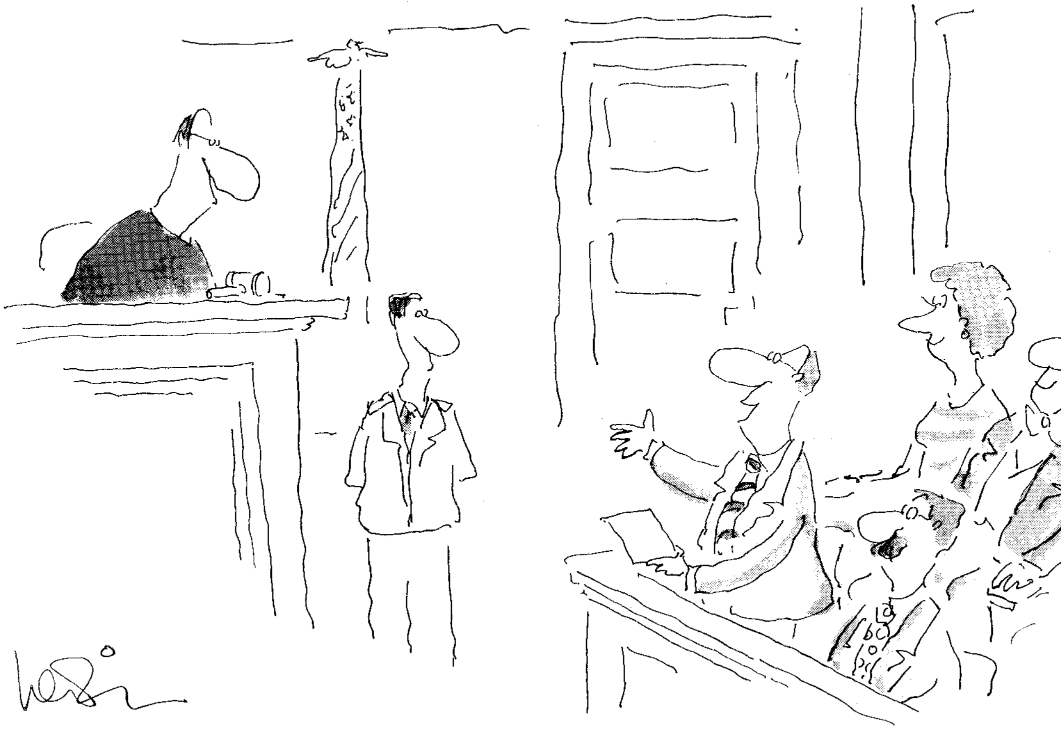
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Tide of Pomp

IT is hard to assess “Dom Sébastien,” Donizetti’s last and largest opera—first performed at the Opéra in 1843, and revived last month in Carnegie Hall by the Opera Orchestra of New York—without having seen it in the theatre. One calls it “Donizetti’s” opera, but during its troubled genesis the musical structures he planned were mutilated both for the sake of the staging and at the behest of the singers. The baritone’s barcarolle was cut by half, because the prima donna—Rosine Stoltz, *favorite* of the Opéra director, Léon Pillet—flatly refused to remain onstage, as the plot requires, and listen to all of it. An adagio from the Act III finale was shifted to Act IV, “reducing my finale to mere chatter,” Donizetti said—“my third-act finale ruined because M. Scribe stubbornly insists that the scenic effect will gain.” Donizetti himself initiated changes: among the Scribe papers in Paris I discovered an affidavit to the effect that the composer had rewritten the baritone’s principal air, “Ô Lisbonne,” between the dress rehearsal and the first night, and had required the poet to invent new lines to music already composed. (The next day, I found the original air—a beautiful piece—in the baritone’s partbook, which survives in the Opéra library.) Donizetti went on making revisions during the Paris run, and made more for the Vienna première of the opera, in 1845. Arias come and go. Ensembles are rewritten. No two editions of the score coincide. In a preface to the libretto distributed at the Carnegie performance, Donizetti’s biographer William Ashbrook tabled four differing versions of the opera (two French, one Viennese, one Italian), and could have added more: the work “as first composed,” including the numbers that were dropped or replaced during the rehearsals and have never been performed or published but are recoverable from the Paris material; an Italian version put together by the Scala conductor Giacomo Panizza for the very successful Scala première of the piece, in 1847; Emanuele Muzio’s attempt to straighten out—with the help of stray Donizetti pages from Vienna and elsewhere—the botch that he declared Panizza had committed. “It’s a devil of a job,” Muzio wrote in a letter; and preparing a critical score of “Dom Sébastien” would indeed make editing even such intricate pieces as Verdi’s “Don Carlos” or Bernstein’s “Candide” seem like child’s play. There can be no “definitive” edition; in any case, the notion is inapplicable to operas of the period, which, like modern musicals, were altered during rehearsals, runs, and revivals to match most effectively the abilities of particular casts and the expectations of particular audiences. Some changes are forced on the composer against his will; others he himself effects or approves; still others represent his attempt to heal the wounds inflicted by cuts. (Some noble passages in the revised “Don Carlos” fall into that category.) What one needs is a critical score containing *all* the possibilities, with a clear account of what was done where, when, and—insofar as the evidence survives—why. Scores of this kind are now being prepared for Rossini’s and Verdi’s operas.



“*Your Honor, the jury has reached a sensational verdict.*”

Is “Dom Sébastien” worth the labor? In these pages nine years ago, I called it “probably Donizetti’s best *grand opéra*.” Mr. Ashbrook said in his preface, “There is small room to doubt that ‘Dom Sébastien’ is the most considerable achievement of Donizetti’s busy career.” But, after the Carnegie performance, I feel that we both somewhat overrated it. Julian Budden, in the New Grove, notes rightly that “Dom Sébastien” is the most patently Meyerbeerian of Donizetti’s *grands opéras*. Of the three he completed, it was the only one planned as a *grand opéra* from the start. (“Les Martyrs” was an expansion of the shining, beautiful “Poliuto,” which had been banned by the Naples censors when it was already in rehearsal there, and “La Favorite” is an expansion of “L’Ange de Nisida,” which had been composed for the Théâtre de la Renaissance and shelved when that theatre went bankrupt.) Scribe’s libretto—one learns, with some surprise, from Meyerbeer’s diary—was originally meant for Mendelssohn. (Paris had hoped to be amused by seeing Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer locked in rivalry at the Opéra.) Meyerbeer got hold of it and said that at a first glance it seemed good but at a second glance too heavy by half. It went to Donizetti only when Meyerbeer, early in 1843, withheld once again the “Prophète” he had been working on since 1836, and Pillet commissioned Donizetti to provide the new work the Opéra needed. Meyerbeer eventually took thirteen years over “Le Prophète” and twenty-seven—ended only by his death—over

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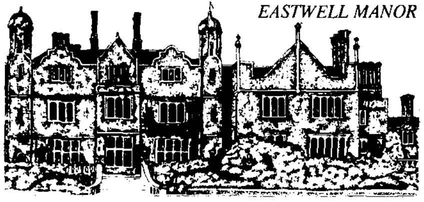

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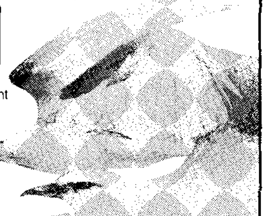

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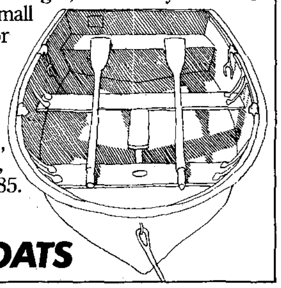

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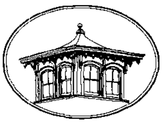

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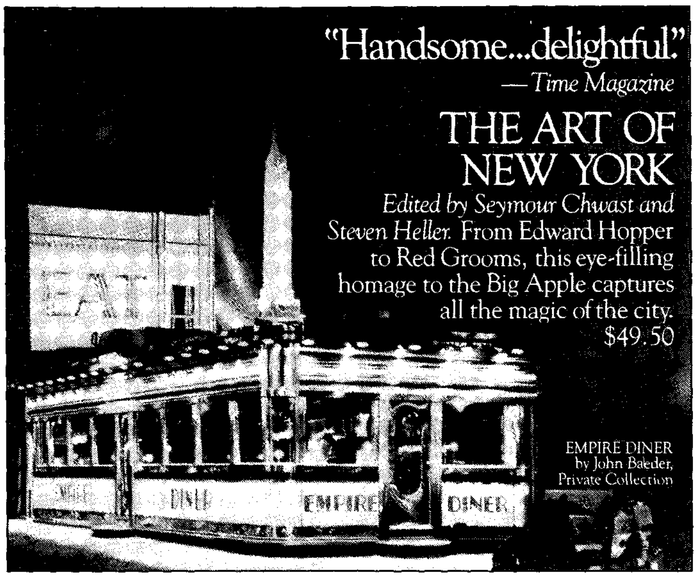

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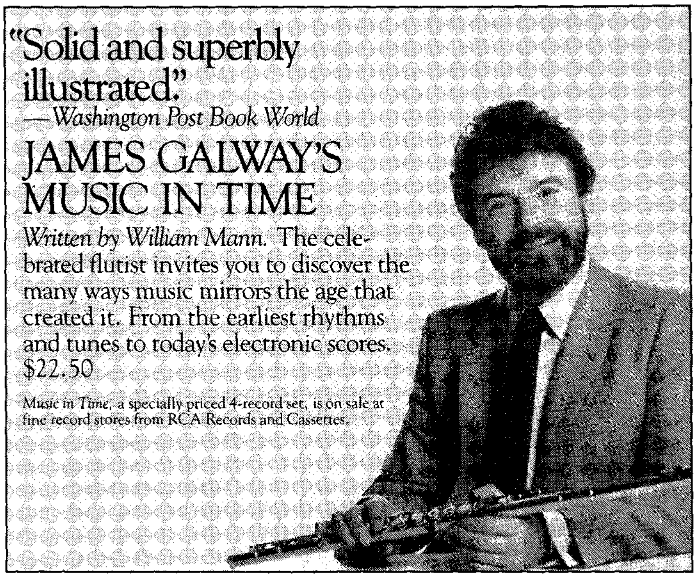

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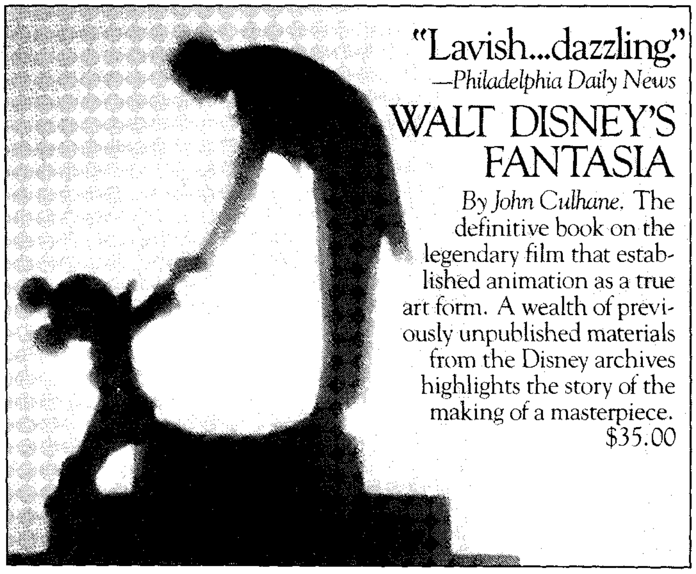

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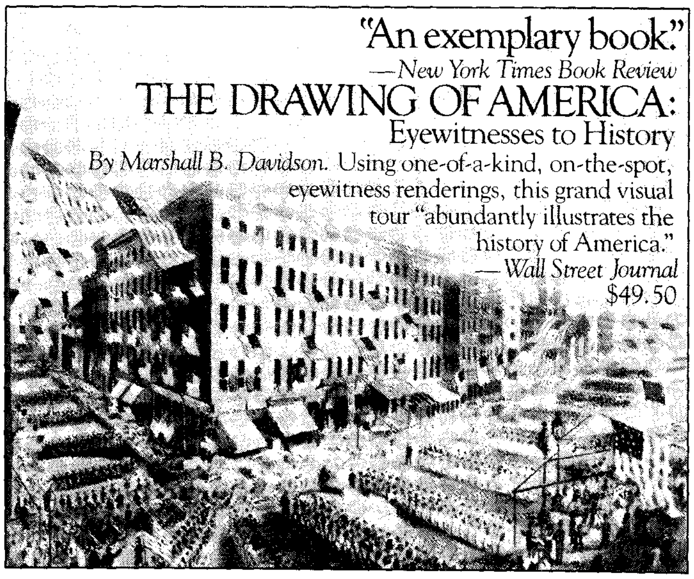

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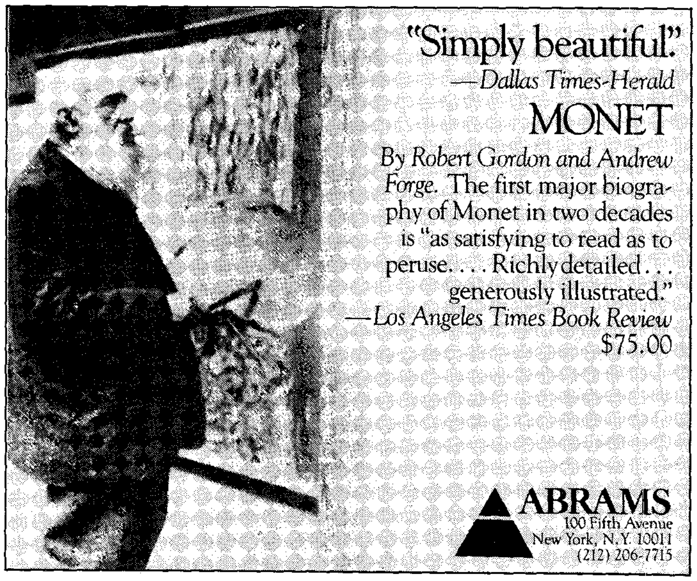

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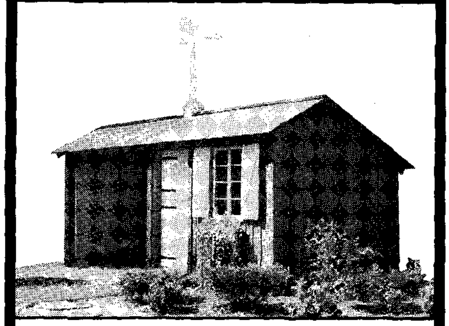

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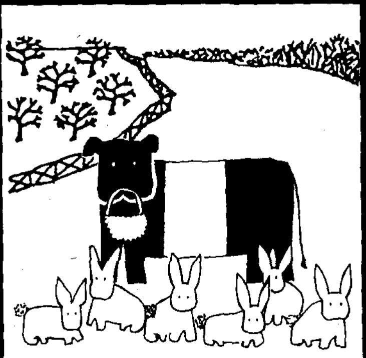

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not all of them flawed, some left unfinished—that stricken composers, in pre-penicillin days, produced at what was possibly literal as well as metaphorical fever heat: such works as Schubert's amazing Tenth Symphony, Schumann's underrated Mass and Requiem, Smetana's "The Devil's Wall" and Second String Quartet, Hugo Wolf's Michelangelo settings and scenes for "Manuel Venegas." But it is simpler to conclude that a magnificent, visionary opera was compromised by Opéra exigences.

The libretto has plenty of Opéra spectacle. Act I shows the embarkation of a great armada. In Act II, a lush African oasis is followed by a desert battlefield, lone and level sands stretching far away. Act III contains—according to the version—either an immense funeral procession (in which, at the Opéra, six hundred performers took part) or a splendid coronation scene. Act IV is set in subterranean vaults where masked Inquisitors gather and the flicker of torches and braziers reveals torturers and their instruments. In Act V, there is a final coup de théâtre: the tenor, with the soprano in his arms, attempts to escape from a high tower by means of a rope ladder, but a marksman's bullet severs the rope, and the pair tumble down into the sea. (In the Archives Nationales I found a sketch of the machinery needed.) Donizetti's music for the large chorus or solo-plus-chorus set pieces is grand but a little contrived; there is a certain stiffness of invention and shortness of musical breath. It is not for grandeur, however, that one loves Donizetti. His response to the personal scenes is more characteristic: Zaida, restored in honor to her native land, thinks of the Christian king who rescued her from the Inquisition's stake but has now come to make war on her people; Sebastian, defeated, alone on that desert battlefield, gazes bleakly at the future (to save his life, Zaida has promised her hand to a Moorish chieftain); in the great square of Lisbon, one tattered veteran begs alms of another, and Sebastian and Camoëns, who had set out so bravely in Act I, meet again. "Dom Sébastien" is essentially a sad opera punctuated by scenes of extravagant spectacle. To what extent they are "effects without causes" only a stage production will show; Scribe does seem to have planned dramatic contrasts with some care. Yet it is perhaps significant that, while the huge Paris production was a success (despite such critical

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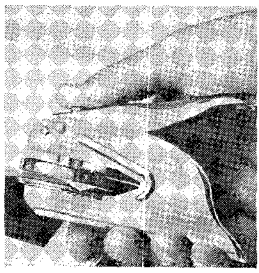

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sneers as "a funeral ceremony in five acts"), the trimmer Vienna and Scala productions were triumphs.

Eve Queler, the conductor of the Opera Orchestra, who had already set us in her debt by revivals of "La Favorite" and "Le Duc d'Albe" (in Matteo Salvi's Italian completion), presented "Dom Sébastien" in an edition based on that of the Paris première. The displaced adagio, however, was duly returned to its original position, and the third-act finale was further enriched by a bass solo that Donizetti added later. The ballet music was omitted. It was good to hear the opera (the previous New York performance seems to have been in 1864), even if the high expectations one had of it were—well, less than decisively fulfilled. The cast was hardly on Miss Queler's usual level. Klara Takacs, the prima donna (Zaida), was often unsteady, out of tune, and strained of timbre. Lajos Miller, the baritone (Camoëns), and Sergej Kopchak, the bass (the Grand Inquisitor), were monotonously loud. Richard Leech, the tenor (Sebastian), brought more light and shade to his singing, but his high C's and D-flat from the chest—a specialty of Gilbert Duprez, who created the role—did not fall pleasantly on the ear. (Rossini likened Duprez's *ut de poitrine* to "the squawk of a capon having its throat cut.") Miss Queler, as if not quite confident in the piece, as if afraid of losing our attention, tended to push things along too insistently; to allow the music too little room to breathe and expand; to let her singers attempt conquest by force, not subtlety. A bigger, broader, more relaxed and various approach—such as she used in "Rienzi," two years ago—would have made "Dom Sébastien" more exciting.

DVOŘÁK'S "Dimitrij," the sixth of his ten operas, also sets textual problems for anyone who would perform it. The composer made minor changes and cuts after the première, in 1882; recomposed the last act in 1883, altering the dénouement; added a prelude and a beautiful tenor aria to Act III in 1885; and then subjected the work to a thoroughgoing—and, commentators tells us, regrettable—revision in 1894. In 1906, the conductor Karel Kovařovic, the opera director at Prague's National Theatre from 1900 to 1920, and a committed "improver" (Janáček's "Jenůfa" has only recently been de-Kovařoviced), brought out a new version of "Dimitrij," based on the 1882-85 scores but with passages

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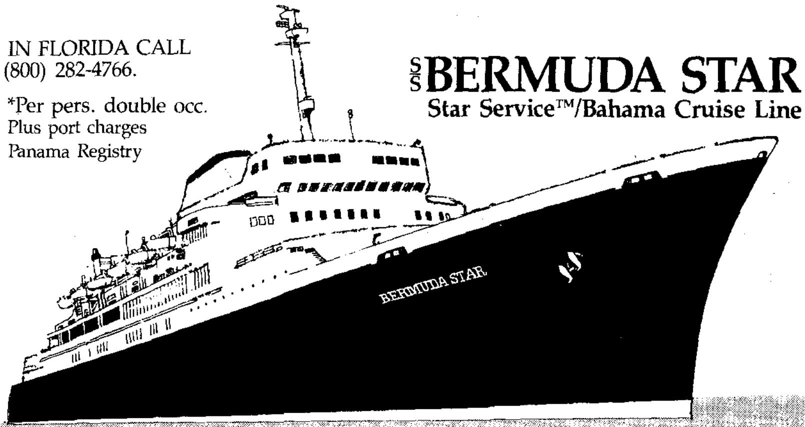

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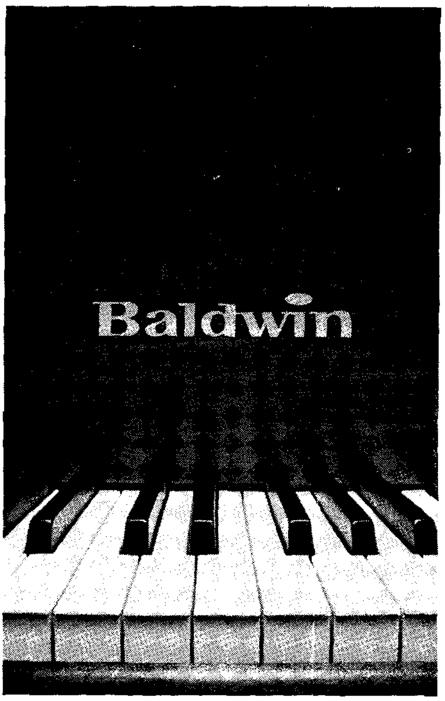
of 1894 inserted, with vocal lines rewritten, and with many cuts. A 1941 vocal score edited by Otakar Šourek threads some of this maze, but the performing material that Dvořák's publishers supply is still the Kovařovic version. When the Nottingham University Opera Group, for the British première of "Dimitrij," in 1979, sought to reinstate an 1882 or 1885 score, it could do so only in part, by the recovery (after burrowing in Czech theatre archives) of some of the passages Kovařovic cut. At the American première of "Dimitrij," given in Carnegie Hall last month by the Collegiate Chorale, there were two large, clean cuts (the finale of Act II, which recalls a scene in "Ernani" as Shuisky and conspirators, in Ivan the Terrible's mausoleum, are surprised by Dimitri; and the 1885 Act III prelude and aria mentioned above) and several smaller snips. The opera was sung in the English translation John Tyrrell made for Nottingham. A libretto was distributed.

The Dvořák operas I have seen in the theatre—"The Cunning Peasant," "Kate and the Devil," "Rusalka" in several productions—hold the stage well. ("Kate," I'm sure, could be a hit at the City Opera.) There is something so heartwarming about the flow of the music and the way it is scored that the occasional dramaturgical clumsiness seems unimportant. I'd tend to mistrust anyone not moved by Dvořák's concord of sweet sounds. The Nottingham "Dimitrij" was greeted with enthusiasm, and so was the Collegiate Chorale performance. The opera is a sequel to Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov." Boris has died, and the false Dimitri claims the throne. Marfa, Ivan the Terrible's widow, professes—for complicated but honorable reasons—to recognize in him her son. Shuisky denounces him. By chance, Dimitri meets Xenia, Boris's daughter, and they fall in love. There has been trouble between him and Princess Marina: he criticized the dress she wore at their wedding, and he deplores her attempt to Polonize the Russians. There is a tense encounter between the two women. In the 1882 version, Xenia is killed; in 1883, she takes the veil. Marina denounces Dimitri as an impostor. Marfa is appealed to again—to swear, this time on the cross, that the Pretender is indeed her son. Dimitri, his life at stake, nobly tells her not to perjure herself; and Shuisky shoots him. It's a big opera, with many big



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Dimitri is a long, taxing role. It was well taken by the young heroic tenor Cornelius Sullivan, who is very promising. He has a Slezak-like physique that supports a strong, firm, and well-focussed voice of fine quality. At the moment, both his demeanor and his musical manner rather suggest a sedate, solid, old-fashioned concert tenor—something very different from, say, René Kollo or Peter Hofmann. But if all goes well—if his imagination and responses quicken, if he learns to act with eyes, posture, and voice at once, and if he acquires the habit of joining good notes into a molded, expressive legato line, determined by the words—he should become a notable Lohengrin and Siegmund, and then Siegfried, Tristan, and Tannhäuser. The three women of the drama are well contrasted, and they were strongly cast. Martina Arroyo was a passionate, volatile Marina. Maralin Niska was a dramatic Marfa. Pamela Coburn, an American soprano who sings with the Munich Opera, was a clear, touching Xenia. In the cadet roles, Donald Osborne and Kevin Deas, as a pair of lively, lustful Polish soldiers, were outstanding. The orchestra, half of its players women (in contrast to the all-male Vienna Philharmonic and the all-but-one-harpist-male Czech Philharmonic that played in Carnegie recently), included some eminent names—Jerry Grossman leading the cellos, John Wion the flutes, Stephen Taylor the oboes—and sounded good. The Collegiate Chorale, a hundred and thirty strong, and very well prepared, sang with spirit and justified the "chorus-as-hero" claim in Milan Pospíšil's program note on the opera. Robert Bass, the Chorale's energetic conductor, often rendered downbeats as enthusiastic upbeats, and the burden of his direction seemed to be "More, more!" There were long sections in which the dynamic range was between loud and louder. But his enthusiasm proved infectious, and the performance was stirring.

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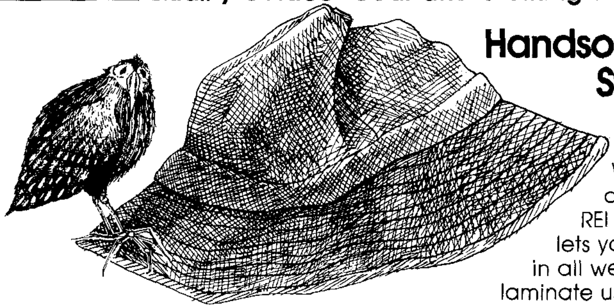

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Short Shrift

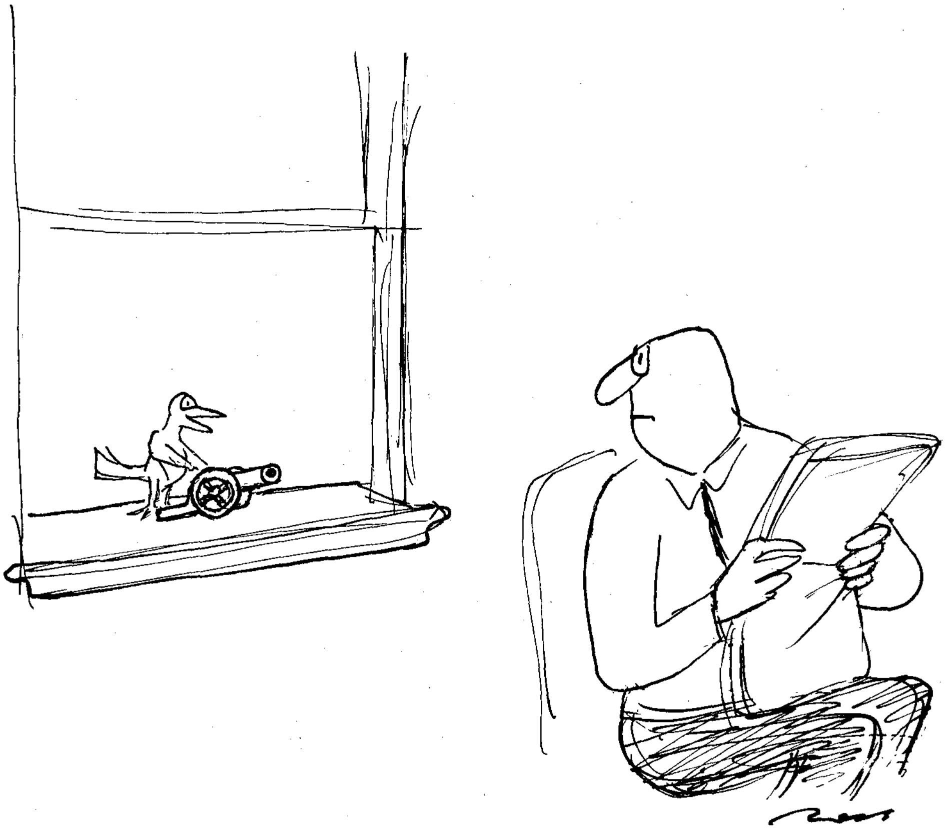
SHOWN an epigram of a line and a half, Nicolas de Chamfort (1741-94), himself a master of mordant brevity, remarked that it would have exhibited greater wit if it had been shorter. The epigram, the aphorism, the maxim are the haiku of thought. They seek to compact the greatest pointedness of insight into the fewest possible words. Almost by definition, and even where it sticks strictly to colloquial prose, the aphorism nears the condition of poetry. Its formal economy aims to startle in a flash of authority; it aims to be singularly memorable, as does a poem. Indeed, celebrated maxims or apothegms often modulate between great poetry or drama and the anonymity of the proverbial. Momentarily, we are at a loss to recall the exact and personal source. Who first taught us that "discretion is the better part of valor." or that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"? In what text do we find the dictum, which helped to initiate an entire revolution in the history of perception and of form, that "nature imitates art"? The terse revelations of Shakespeare, Laurence Sterne, and Oscar Wilde have passed into the glory of common speech.

In French literature, aphorismic and epigrammatic modes play an exceptional role. The composition of *pensées*, of "thoughts" or "reflections" formulated as briefly as possible, is a distinctively Gallic tradition. In Pascal—and this is a rare accomplishment in any language or literature—the aphorismic strategy extends to the most complex, sublime reaches of theology and metaphysics. In Paul Valéry, it affords a supremely concise elegance to a lifelong meditation on the nature of poetry and the arts. The maxims of La Rochefoucauld, of Vauvenargues, of Chamfort are very likely the most eloquent in the Western tradition. A contemporary poet, René Char, has deliberately effaced the distinction between the *sententia* (the Latin name for a one-sentence dictum or proposition) and the short lyric. At his best, Char, like Valéry, articulates a musical moment in thought.

Why this French predilection for the aphorismic? (In German, the aphoristic manner of Lichtenberg and of Nietzsche is openly indebted to the French precedent.) One answer lies with a proud, explicit Latinity. French literature and thought take pride in their affinity to the Roman source. Roman mores, in the domains both of political power and of discourse, attached eminent value to terseness. Not only was brevity the soul of wit, it was a convention of masculine command and self-command even under extreme pressure of private or civic peril. Much in the French practice of maxims and *pensées* appears to go back directly to the marmoreal authority and lapidary concision of Roman inscriptions. "*Ci-gît Gide*" was André Gide's recommendation for his own epitaph. It is from its Latin inheritance that the French language itself draws its ideal of *la litote*. "Understatement" is a lame translation. A *litote*, as we find it persistently in the greatest of all French writers—in Racine—is the tightly, densely concentrated expression of some central immensity, or even enormity, in human recognitions and emotions. It is, at its most characteristic, that rush of silence which pilots report at the center point of a hurricane.

As I have said, the French tradition encompasses within the bounds of the maxim areas as diverse as religion and aesthetics, psychology and politics. But the dominant focus is that of the *moralistes*. Again, translation is awkward. A *moraliste*, particularly as he flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, brings to bear universal values and principles on problems of social conduct. He looks sharply at, he "needles," mundane conventions in the implicit light of eternity. The true *moraliste* moralizes only obliquely, by isolating laconically, by giving monumental formulation to some ephemeral but symptomatic gesture, rite, or received verity in the society of his day. The genius of La Rochefoucauld or of Vauvenargues consists in the exact wealth of observed human behavior which underwrites the sparsity, the seeming generality of his notations. Behind La Rochefoucauld's tranquil observation, as radical as any in the annals of insight, that there is something which does not displease us in the misfortunes of a good friend there lies not only a flash of individual scrutiny but a felt knowledge of the ways of the court and of the *beau monde* as comprehensive as that of Saint-Simon or of Proust.

Having emigrated from Bucharest



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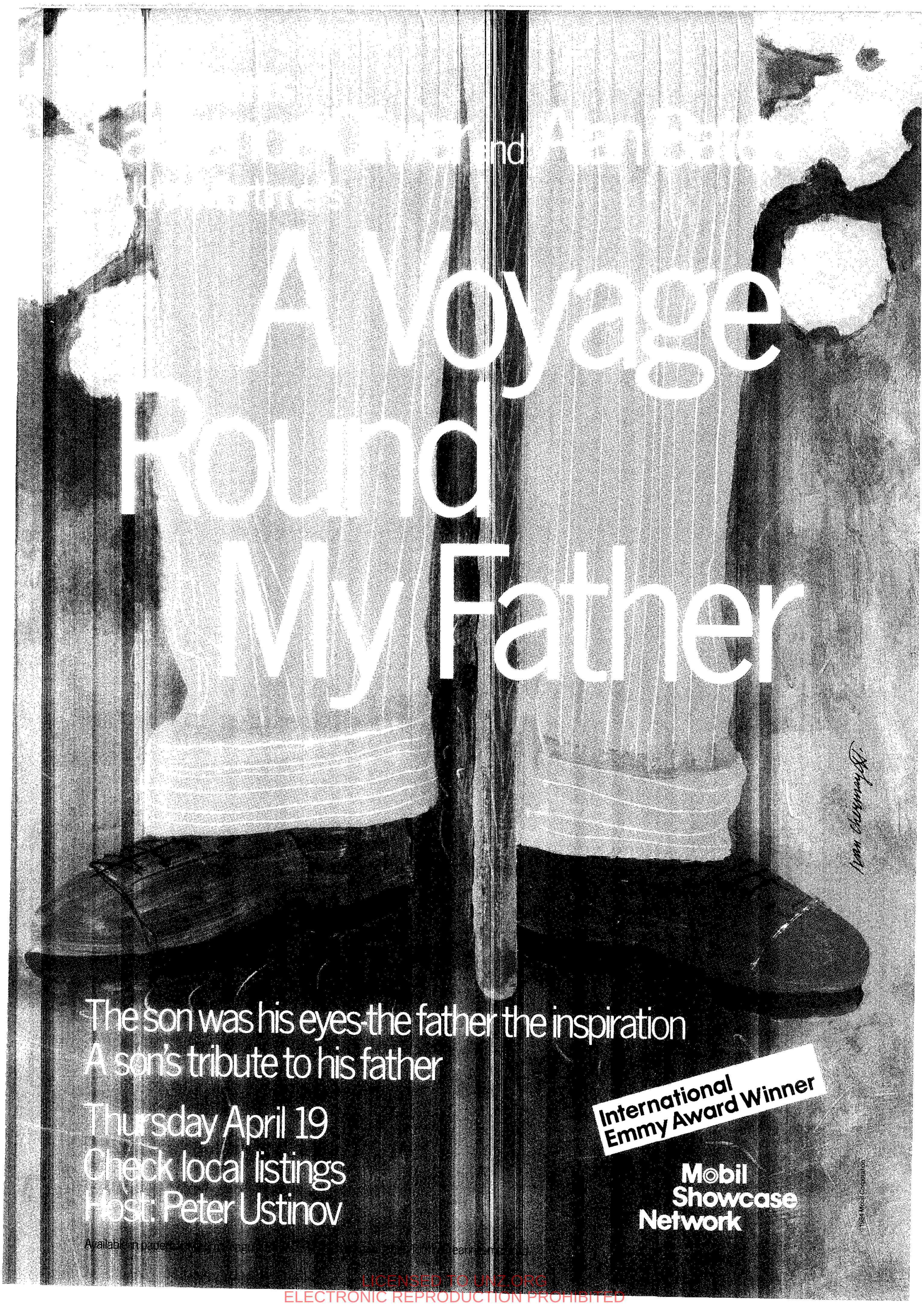

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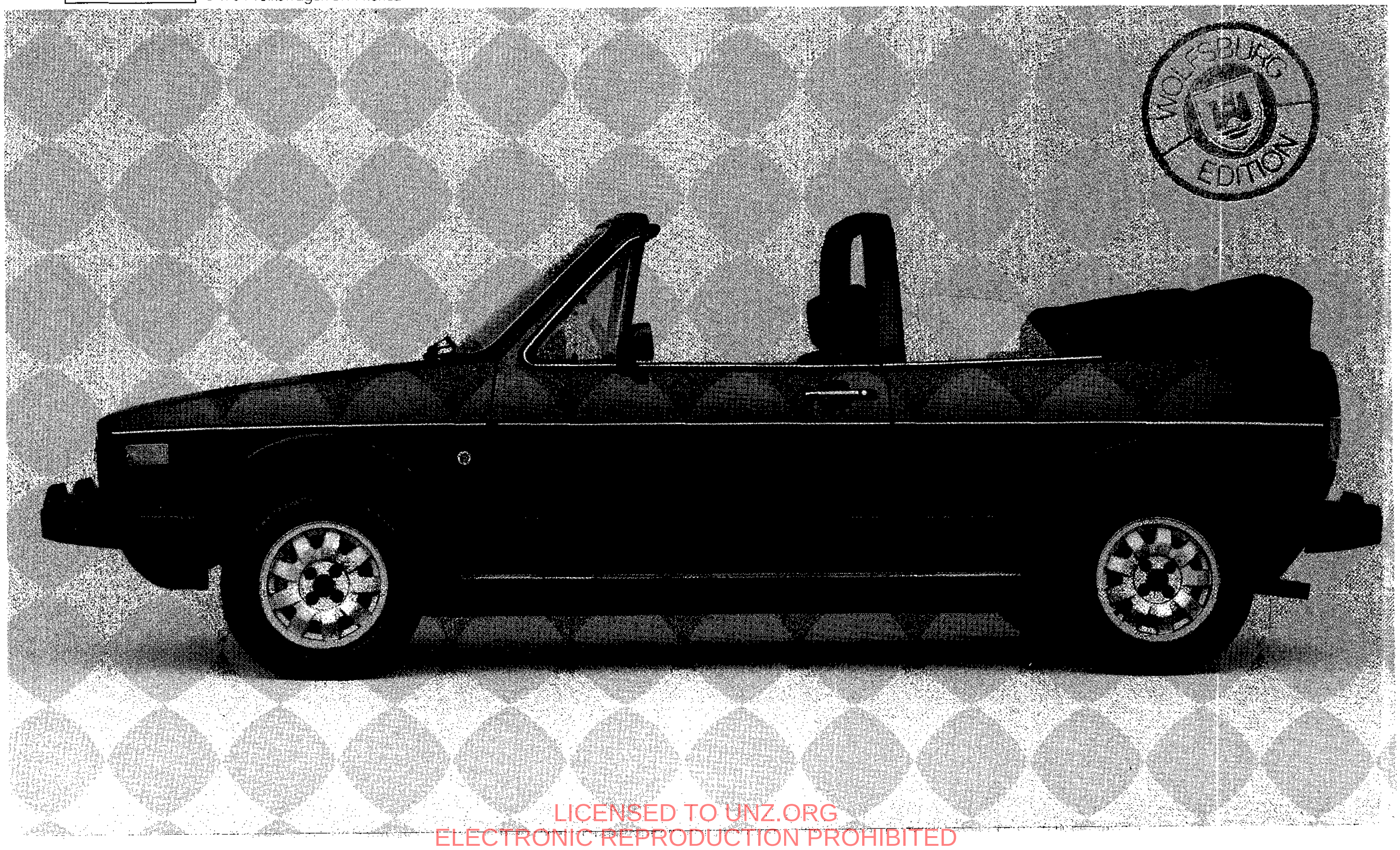

to Paris on the eve of the Second World War, E. M. Cioran has, over the past four decades, established for himself an esoteric but undoubted reputation as an essayist and aphorist of historical-cultural despair. "Drawn and Quartered" (Seaver Books; $9.95) is the translation of a text published in French, as "Écartèlement," in 1971. The maxims and reflections that make up the main part of "Drawn and Quartered" are preceded by an apocalyptic prologue. Gazing upon the immigrants, the hybrids, the rootless flotsam of humanity that now tide through our anonymous cities, Cioran concludes that it is indeed—as Cyril Connolly proclaimed—"closing-time in the gardens of the West." We are Rome in its febrile and macabre decline: "Having governed two hemispheres, the West is now becoming their laughingstock: subtle specters, end of the line in the literal sense, doomed to the status of pariahs, of flabby and faltering slaves, a status which perhaps the Russians will escape, those *last* White Men." But the dynamics of inevitable degradation extend far beyond the particular situation of the capitalist and technological Western sphere. It is history itself that is running down:

> In any case it is manifest that man has given the best of himself, and that even if we were to witness the emergence of other civilizations, they would certainly not be worth the ancient ones, nor even the modern ones, not counting the fact that they could not avoid the contagion of the end, which has become for us a kind of obligation and program. From prehistory to ourselves, and from ourselves to posthistory, such is the road toward a gigantic fiasco, prepared and announced by every period, including apogee epochs. Even utopianists identify the future with a failure, since they invent a regime supposed to escape any kind of *becoming:* their vision is that of *another* time within time . . . something like an inexhaustible failure, unbroached by temporality and superior to it. But history, of which Ahriman is the master, tramples such divagations.

The human species, intones Cioran, is beginning to put itself out of date. The only interest a *moraliste* and prophet of finality can take in man stems from the fact that "he is tracked and cornered, sinking ever deeper." If he continues on his doomed, sordid path, it is because he lacks the strength needed to capitulate, to commit rational suicide. Only one thing is absolutely certain of man: "He is stricken in his depths . . . he is rotten to the roots." (The plangent but self-mocking lilt of "rotten to the core, Maude" comes irresistibly to mind.)

What, then, lies ahead? Cioran replies:

> We advance *en masse* toward a confusion without analogy, we shall rise up one against the other like convulsive defectives, like hallucinated puppets, because, everything having become impossible and unbreathable for us all, no one will deign to live except to liquidate and to liquidate himself. The sole frenzy we are still capable of is the frenzy of the end.

The sum of history is "a futile odyssey," and it is legitimate—indeed, compelling—"to wonder if humanity as it is would not be better off eliminating itself now rather than fading and foundering in expectation, exposing itself to an era of agony in which it would risk losing all ambition, even the ambition to vanish." After which rumination, Cioran bows out with a little pirouette of self-teasing irony: "Let us then renounce all prophecies, those frantic hypotheses, let us no longer allow ourselves to be deceived by the image of a remote and improbable future; let us abide by our certitudes, our indubitable abysses."

The quarrel with this kind of writing and pseudo thinking is not one of evidence. The century of Auschwitz and of the thermonuclear-arms race, of large-scale starvation and totalitarian madness may indeed be hastening toward a suicidal close. It is conceivable that human greed, the enigmatic necessities of mutual hatred which fuel both internal and external politics, and the sheer intricacy of economic-political problems may bring on catastrophic international conflicts, civil wars, and the inward collapse of aging as well as of immature societies. We all know this. And this knowledge has been the undercurrent of serious political thought, of philosophic debates on history, since 1914-18 and Spengler's model of the decline of the West. Nor is it possible to refute an intuitive sense, a persuasive intimation, of a sort of nervous exhaustion, of entropy, in the inward resources of Western culture. We seem to be governed by more or less mendacious dwarfs and mountebanks. Our responses to crises display a certain somnambular automatism. Our arts and letters are, arguably, those of epigones. Per se, Cioran's funeral sermon (and it has been uttered by many before him) may well turn out to be right. As it happens, my own instincts are only marginally more cheerful.

No, the objections to be urged are twofold. The passages I have quoted bear witness to a massive, brutal oversimplification. The grain of human affairs is, always has been, tragicomic. Hence Shakespeare's centrality and his refusal of absolute darkness. Fortinbras is a lesser being than Hamlet; he will very probably govern better. Birnam wood will reflower after it has marched on Dunsinane. History and the lives of politics and of societies are far too manifold to be subsumed under any one grandiloquent pattern. The bestialities of our age, its potential for self-ruin are evident; but so is the plain fact that more men and women than ever before in the history of this planet are beginning to be adequately fed, housed, and medically cared for. Our politics are indeed those of mass murder; yet for the first time in recorded social history the notion is being articulated and realized that the human species has positive responsibilities toward the handicapped and the mentally infirm, toward animals and the environment. I have, often enough, written about the venom of current nationalism, about the virus of ethnic and parochial fury which impels men to slaughter their neighbors and reduce their own communities to ash (in the Middle East, in Africa, in Central America, in India). However, subtle but forceful countercurrents are beginning to emerge. Multinational organizations and businesses, the freemasonry of the natural and applied sciences, youth cultures, the revolution in the dissemination of information, and the popular arts are generating wholly novel chances and imperatives of coëxistence. They are eroding frontiers. The chances do remain slight; but it may be that they will come in time to inhibit the scenario of Armageddon. It would be fatuous arrogance to rule otherwise. To put it anecdotally, I recall a seminar given by C. S. Lewis. Knowing Lewis's profound nostalgia for what he called "the unbroken image" of the medieval and early-Renaissance cosmos, knowing Lewis's displeasure at the vulgarities and moral confusions of the twentieth-century tone, a graduate student launched on an encomium of times past. Lewis listened for a few moments, his massive head buried in his hands. Then, brusquely, he turned on the speaker. "Do stop mouthing easy rot," he enjoined. "Do close your

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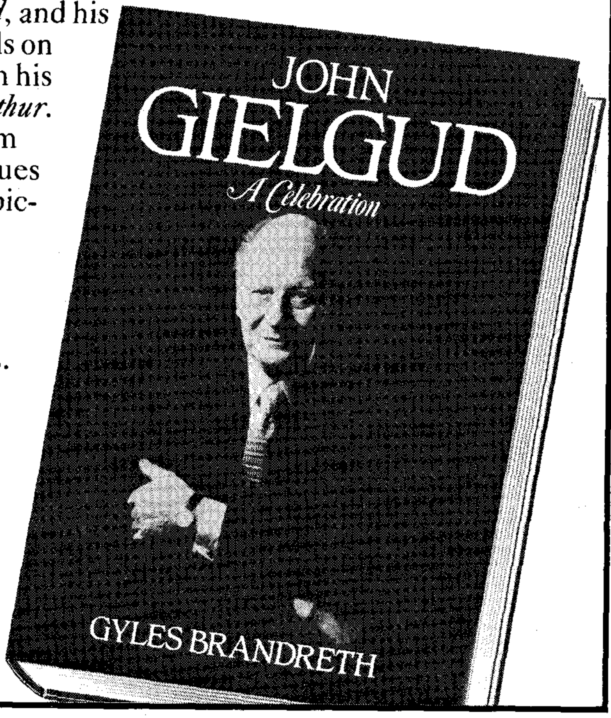

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The key word here is "easy." There is throughout Cioran's jeremiads an ominous *facility*. It requires no sustained analytic thought, no closeness or clarity of argument to pontificate on the "rottenness," on the "gangrene," of man, and on the terminal cancer of history. The pages on which I have drawn not only are easy to write, they *flatter* the writer with the tenebrous incense of the oracular. One need only turn to the work of Tocqueville, of Henry Adams, or of Schopenhauer to see the drastic difference. These are masters of a clairvoyant sadness no less comprehensive than Cioran's. Their reading of history is no rosier. But the cases they put are scrupulously argued, not declaimed; they are informed, at each node and articulation of proposal, with a just sense of the complex, contradictory nature of historical evidence. The doubts expressed by these thinkers, the qualifications brought to their own persuasions honor the reader. They call not for numbed assent or complaisant echo but for reëxamination and criticism. The question that remains is this: Do Cioran's apocalyptic convictions, his mortal pessimism and disgust occasion original and radical perceptions? Are the *pensées*, the aphorisms and maxims, that constitute his title to fame truly in the lineage of Pascal, of La Rochefoucauld, or of his immediate exemplar Nietzsche?

"Drawn and Quartered" contains numerous aphorisms on death. This is always a favorite topic for aphorists—for, indeed, is there ever much to be *said* about death? "Death is a state of perfection, the only one within a mortal's grasp" (the point implicit is a feeble, traditional wordplay on the Latin sense of "perfection"). "There is no one whose death I have not longed for, at one moment or another" (echoing La Rochefoucauld). "Death, what a dishonor! To become suddenly an *object*"—which is followed by the wholly unconvincing assertion that "nothing makes us modest, not even the sight of a corpse." The tone rises to a macabre chic: "Whatever is exempt from the funereal is necessarily vulgar." The climax of portentous silliness is this: "Death is the solidest thing life has invented, so far."

Let us try another theme, that of the acts of writing and of thought. "A book should open old wounds, even inflict new ones. A book should be a *danger.*" Quite so—and said, a long time ago, almost verbatim, by Franz Kafka. "One does not write because one has something to say but because one *wants* to say something." Fair enough. "Existing is plagiarism." A witty, suggestive hit. "When we know what words are worth, the amazing thing is that we try to say anything at all, and that we manage to do so. This requires, it is true, a supernatural nerve." True enough; but professed often, and with irrefutable authority, by Kafka, by Karl Kraus, by Wittgenstein and Beckett. "The only *profound* thinkers are the ones who do not suffer from a sense of the ridiculous." Cf. Rousseau and Nietzsche, who arrived at the same finding, but with far greater circumstantial force. (To which caveat, Cioran might reply, "I have invented nothing, I have merely been the secretary of my sensations.") "An author who claims to write for posterity must be a bad one. We should never know *for whom* we write." The admonition may be unexceptionable; a moment's thought of Horace, Ovid, Dante, Shakespeare, or Stendhal reveals its shallowness.

Cioran is the author of an interesting essay on De Maistre, the great thinker of counterrevolution and antidemocratic pessimism. A number of aphorisms—and they are among the more substantial—point to this strain in Cioran's own nocturnal politics: "Never lose sight of the fact that the plebs regretted Nero." "All these people in the street make me think of exhausted gorillas, every one of them tired of imitating man!" "The basis of society, of any society, is a certain *pride in obedience.* When this pride no longer exists, the society collapses." "Whoever speaks the language of utopia is more alien to me than a reptile from another geological era." "Torquemada was *sincere,* hence inflexible, inhuman. The corrupt popes were charitable, like all who can be bought." I happen to believe that Cioran's stoic élitism, his rejection of meliorism *à l'américaine,* has more truth in it than most of the currently modish brands of ecumenical liberality. But nothing very fresh or arresting is being added here to the plea for darkness in De Maistre, in Nietzsche, or in the visionary politics of Dostoyevski. The aphorism on Torquemada, for instance, with its modish *frisson,* comes directly out of De Maistre's immensely powerful tractate in favor of the hangman.

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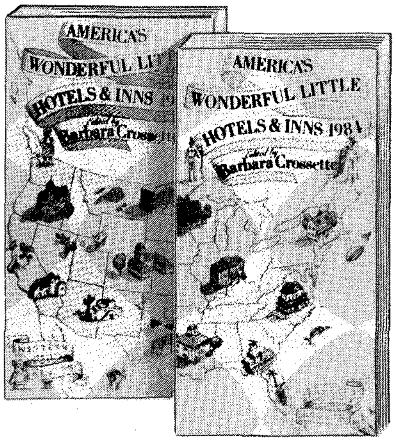

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those in which Cioran testifies to his own bleak, fatigued condition: "All my ideas come down to various discomforts debased into generalities." "I feel effective, competent, likely to do something positive only when I lie down and abandon myself to an interrogation without object or end." There is a lucid pathos in Cioran's confession that he could more easily found an empire than a family, and immediate persuasion in his remark that original sin can be doubted only by those who have not had children. One instinctively trusts and ponders the proposition "I do not struggle against the world, I struggle against a greater force, against my *weariness* of the world." But, as a British idiom has it, a little world-weariness does go a very long way. One hundred and eighty pages, climaxing in the (ludicrous) cry "Man is *unacceptable*," leave one recalcitrant.

The trouble may well lie with Cioran's dictum that in aphorisms, as in poems, the single word is king. This may be true of certain types of poetry, mainly lyrical. It is not true of the great aphorists, for whom the *sententia* is sovereign, and sovereign precisely insofar as it compels on the reader's mind an internalized but elided wealth of historical, social, philosophic background. The finest aphoristic text of recent decades, T. W. Adorno's "Minima Moralia," brims with the authority of a true shorthand, of a script whose concision retranslates, compels retranslation, into a full-scale psychology and sociology of observant historical consciousness. Any honest comparison with "Drawn and Quartered" is devastating. No doubt there are better examples of Cioran's work, particularly from before the time when his writings turned into self-repetition. But a collection of this order, all too faithfully rendered by Richard Howard, does raise the question not so much whether the emperor has any clothes as whether there is any emperor.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE KING'S WAY: RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNÉ, MARQUISE DE MAINTENON, WIFE TO THE KING OF FRANCE, by Françoise Chandernagor, translated from the French by Barbara Bray (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95). "Lodged at the King's expense" is Mme. de Maintenon's wry phrase for her father's status in 1635, when she was born in the provincial prison where he was an inmate. It foreshadows nicely her own precarious position as the wife, and then the pensioned widow, of Louis XIV. Writing in her eighties from the security of Saint-Cyr, a girls' school she founded back in 1686, she begins her story with the thirty-odd years before she met the King: hazardous years, spent currying favor among Court favorites in Paris salons. The most striking passages, however, deal with her life as the Sun King's "*première amie*." (Their marriage was kept secret.) Generous notes at the back of the book distinguish between "the entirely documented and the partly invented passages in the narrative." The result is a dignified and shrewd novel, enlivened by its narrator's delight at the chance, at last, to complain about a life spent in thrall to "a uniquely self-regarding man": about "perishing symmetrically" in cramped, cold quarters at Versailles (shutters would have spoiled the view from without), and about making room for its other inmates, from some unfettered bears (hard on the woodwork) to Louis's homesick (Spanish) queen, whose rooms reeked of chocolate and garlic.

I WISH THIS WAR WERE OVER, by Diana O'Hehir (Atheneum; $13.95). "Only not drunk and crazy": otherwise, just like Mama. The thought is the narrator's, her subject is herself, and her story, spanning a few months during the Second World War, is about her drunk and crazy mother and the handsome, hopeful labor organizer, a married lieutenant, who dated the mother four years before, when the daughter was fourteen, and who is now the daughter's lover. This is a busy and emotional story, framed by two cross-country train trips; crisscrossed by side trips to Utah, Chicago, West Virginia, and Maryland, and by digressions into the daughter's offbeat, artsy childhood, in Berkeley and Carmel; and peppered with the trio's wisecracks and half truths. Their semi-incestuous triangle seems, at times, unlikely, but that is perhaps because Diana O'Hehir, a West Coast poet and teacher, whose first novel this is, has caught the mood of reckless people rushing to settle matters of the heart while war rushes on in the opposite direction.

NOTE: "Edisto," a novel by Padgett Powell, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($11.95). Some of the contents first appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

SAILING THROUGH CHINA, by Paul Theroux, illustrated by Patrick Procktor (Houghton Mifflin; $8.95). Mr. Theroux, whose last travel book was a long and sour walk around the coast of the United Kingdom, here sails down the Yangtze with a group of American millionaires, with much less effort to himself. His account, a mere sixty pages, seems more a set of notes than a finished work, and has the charm of fragments. The millionaires played cards to win, and the famous gorges on the river lived up to their billing. The Chinese cities, however, were "poisonous-looking," "the air pollution gives China the look of existing in a permanent sunset," and "the land looked scraped—no trees, only tiny houses, or huts, and cultivation everywhere." Waxing apocalyptic, the Anglo-American traveller concludes that threadbare, overused, birdless China is the future: "In a hundred years or so, under a cold uncolonized moon, what we call the civilized world will all look like China, muddy and senile and old-fangled. . . . Our future is this mildly poisoned earth and its smoky air. We are in for hunger and hard work, the highest stage of poverty—no starvation, but crudeness everywhere, clumsy art, simple language, bad books, brutal laws, plain vegetables, and clothes of one colour. It will be damp and dull, like this." Enough to make one nostalgic for 1984.

WE ARE YOUR SISTERS: BLACK WOMEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, edited by Dorothy Sterling (Norton; $22.50). An eighteen-volume collection of W.P.A. interviews with ex-slaves is one of dozens of sources (listed in a first-rate scholarly apparatus, at the back) that Dorothy Sterling has mined and then refined into five hundred extraordinary pages. The whole tragedy of black American history seems summed up in the fate of one Virginia slave and her husband. He had been freed by his father—and master—and went up North, where he tried to

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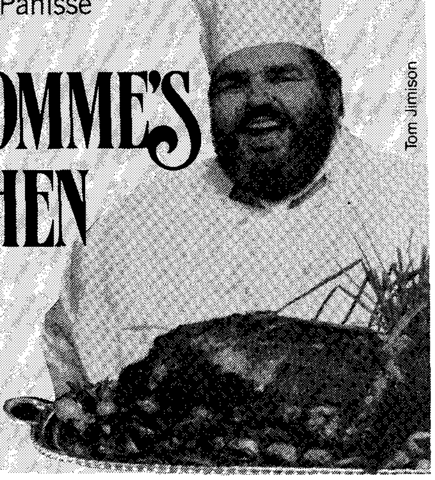
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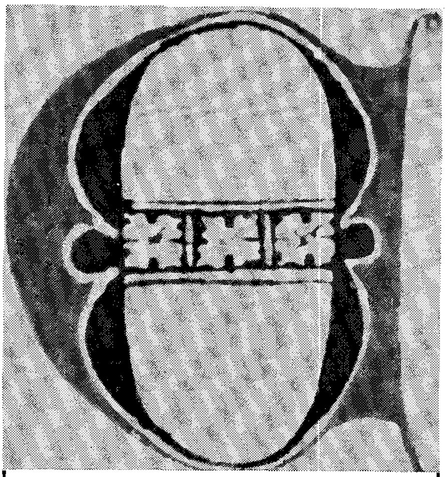
buy the freedom of his wife and their six children. When he returned with John Brown, in 1859, and was killed in the attack on Harper's Ferry, her letters (two of them are reproduced here) were found on his body, and "she was sold to the Deep South." Rarely could black women afford to show sheer anger, or sheer joy; their canny sense of irony illuminates the plain facts they report. In 1866, an ex-slave scolded her negligent husband, off with the Union Army, in a letter she dictated to her ex-master: "I have been confined, just got up, have a fine *daughter* four weeks old, and a little *brighter*, than you would like to see." One of the six women in the ten-person troupe called the Jubilee Singers, organized in 1871 and soon popularizing their parents' songs, reported on one high point of their first European tour. "Tell them we are delighted with their songs," Queen Victoria intoned, "and that we wish them to sing John Brown."

ALL STALIN'S MEN, by Roy Medvedev, translated from the Russian by Harold Shukman (Doubleday; $14.95). Compact biographies of six Russian political figures—Kliment Voroshilov, Anastas Mikoyan, Mikhail Suslov, Vyacheslav Molotov, Lazar Kaganovich, and Georgy Malenkov—who served Stalin and survived. The author, the Russian dissident historian, thinks their careers typify Russian government after Lenin. Mikoyan was intelligent and Molotov good at paperwork, but otherwise the group had little to offer except subservience to Stalin. With the exception of Malenkov, all these leaders had demonstrated revolutionary enthusiasm in their youth, but their idealism or disinterestedness ebbed with age and with the precariousness of the eminence they achieved by Stalin's favor. Stalin encouraged disharmony among his subordinates, so that the six spent years intriguing against their colleagues. In addition to their failures of character, Mr. Medvedev stresses their inadequacy for the tasks they were assigned—an ineptitude that caused almost as much suffering as their cowardice. He argues that only political democracy can improve the quality of Russia's leadership.

IN THE LAND OF NYX: NIGHT AND ITS INHABITANTS, by John Bowers (Doubleday; $13.95). Mr. Bowers



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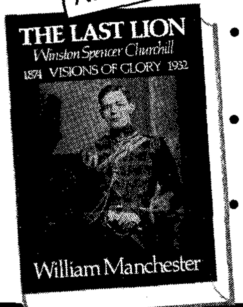

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asks what makes some human beings night people—"owls," he calls them—who function best, or who can function only, when others are sleeping, and considers the effects of night work on people who, like one out of five in the American labor force, must work at night if they are to have jobs at all. He dips, but not very deeply, into science in discussing nocturnal animals and the psychic dislocations that result when man interferes with his "internal circadian clock." But what brings the book to life is Mr. Bowers' tales of night people he has known—bartenders, cops, hookers, carnival workers, Duke Ellington, ramshackle intellectuals in Village bars, and the dizzying company that used to see the night through at Andy Warhol's Factory. This is an uneven book, but its high spots are truly high—a portrait sketch of a night doorman of a Village apartment house, for one, and some fine evocations of life in New York in the little hours.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DANGER, by Dick Francis (Putnam; $15.95). Mr. Francis's new novel (his twenty-second), like its immediate predecessors, is twice the length of those novels ("Nerve," "For Kicks," "Odds Against") with which he so compellingly introduced himself, it is twice as heavily plotted, and horse racing, the subject of all of his best work, has only a token presence. His practically faceless narrator, here called Andrew Douglas, is a star operative for a British anti-kidnap agency. We meet him in Italy, where he recovers the jockey daughter of a rich industrialist, follow him back to England, where he recovers the three-year-old son of the owner of a famous racehorse, and follow him finally to Washington, where he recovers the senior steward of the Jockey Club of England. The thirty-mile-an-hour gallop that Mr. Francis was once capable of is now no more than a jog trot.

•

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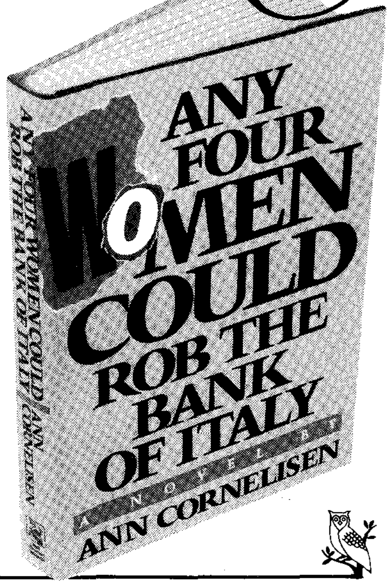

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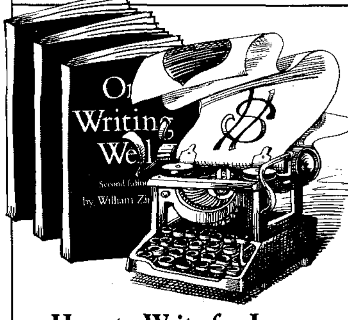

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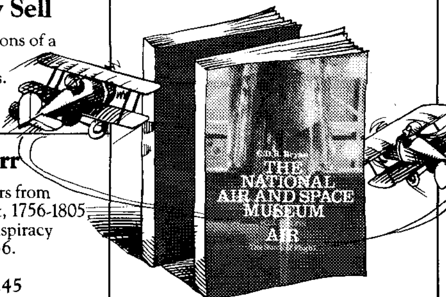
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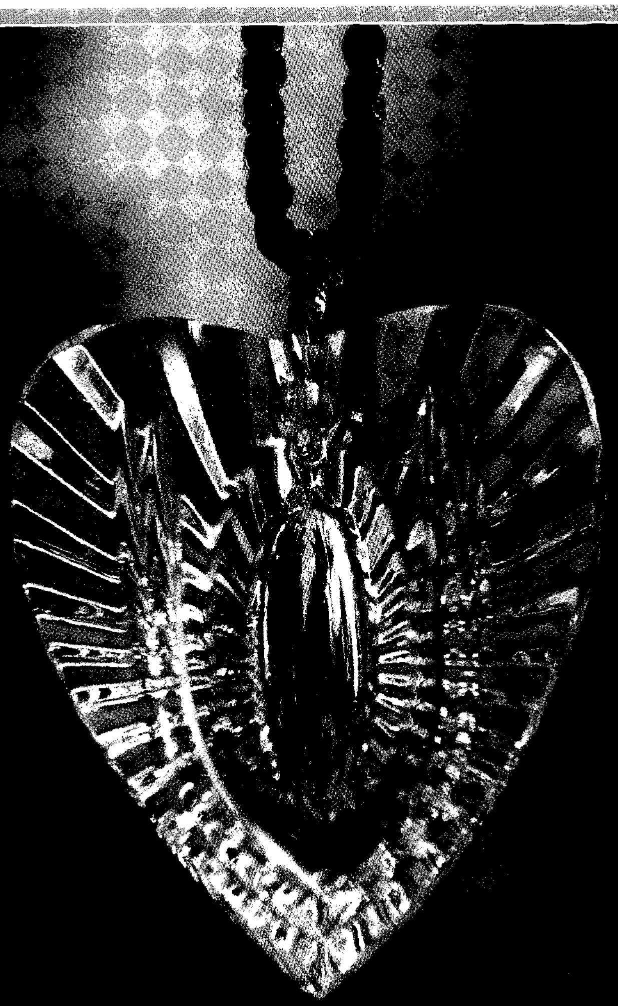

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